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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Spring Fashion Issue

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MARGARET VYNER *Doesn't Want* TO LIVE *in* HOLLYWOOD

"A Lovely Spot" But—She Will Remain a Mannequin

By Cable from BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood

"It's a lovely spot, the climate is grand, and some of the people are charming. But I'd hate to feel I had to spend my life here!"

Those are the words with which Margaret Vyner, Australia's famous beauty, mannequin, and film player, summed up Hollywood and announced her decision to stick to her job in Australia.

When she left Australia, Miss Vyner declared that she had no ambition to be in films—she did not feel that it was her particular work—but she admitted that if Opportunity knocked at her door and offered something worth while she would take advantage of it.

Opportunity did knock—three times as a fact—but the beautiful Margaret has decided to keep to her own job as a mannequin and return to Australia, for which she has developed a renewed affection through having been away from it so much.

MARGARET VYNER, photographed at Hollywood with Bing Crosby.

MARGARET VYNER has been in Hollywood for several weeks, has met all the best people, attended the best parties at exclusive night clubs, has been taken through the studios and even been offered a contract by Universal, so she has had ample chance to form a concise opinion of the place.

Beautiful Australian turns down picture offers, she loves Australia so.

I had gone to pay her a farewell visit in her little bungalow on Sunset Boulevard a couple of days before she left for New York and London. Over a cup of tea, which she made in the tiny kitchen, she explained her reason for declining the Universal contract and also a one-picture offer from M.-G.-M.

"I was terribly flattered by the offer of a contract," she said. "For a few days I felt very pleased with myself—a complete outsider receiving such an offer in such a short time.

"But just as I was about to sign it, I suddenly realised what it would mean. Giving up my good job in Australia, spending five years in Hollywood, never quite sure of good parts. So I turned it down and felt even more pleased with myself for being able to resist it."

Patriotism Wins

WE laughed heartily over a stock of American movie magazines she had collected. Margaret gets more fun out of them than from all the straight-humor magazines—the ridiculous and highly-imaginative stories of the stars, the totally-untrue gossip that is spread through them, and the candid camera snapshots of the various romantic pairs of Hollywood, snapshots in which they look anything but glamorous.

"I'm so terribly anxious to get back to work," she continued. "I can't bear to just sit around and do nothing. I must either work or travel."

British Gaumont pictures are keen on getting the good-looking Vyner lady to do a picture for them, but she is very afraid of signing any contracts, preferring to feel herself free.

She is an exceedingly patriotic Australian now, especially since her most recent visit to her native land.

"Before, Australia was just the place I'd come from," she explained. "Now I find myself raving about it. I think one needs to get away and then return to realise what a marvellous country it is."

Then we discussed Hollywood parties. Margaret thinks they're lots of fun, but can't understand why the big stars are not more careful about clothes and coiffures when visiting the smart night clubs.

Poor stars! They spend so much time worrying about appearance before the camera that they have no time to fuss about off-screen dress.

Miss Vyner confessed great admiration for handsome Bob Taylor on the screen, but said that while talking to him at a party she refused to look at him for fear of disappointment!

She noticed what many people find in Hollywood. The stars who are not particularly attractive on the screen are often charming, while those with good screen personalities are frequently disappointing.

There are no violent movie ambitions in this young lady's head, so perhaps the world will be deprived of a new star, while she goes back to her old job without a scrap of regret for the fame and money that might have been hers.

"I can earn enough money at my own job to give me a good time, and I am free," she said, before she glimpsed the glamor of Hollywood. Having peeped behind the scenes in the Capitol of Filmdom, she is more than ever impressed with the wisdom of that philosophy.

WIDE AWAKE CELIA . . .

stole a march on Beauty. Went to her dressing table looking just ordinary, (such an indifferent skin!) came away a vision of breath-taking loveliness. She found the gift of a radiant complexion waiting her in her pretty box of Revelry.

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OUR OLYMPIC GIRLS *Ready for* "DER TAG"

Terribly Excited . . . But They are Not Nervy!

By Cable from Our Special Representative with Australia's Olympic Team

BERLIN, Sunday.

Doris Carter and Kitty Mackay will be the first of the Australian girls to compete in the Olympic Games. Both the 100 metres freestyle and the high jump occur on August 8.

All the girls are in splendid condition, and although they are terribly excited they are not nervy. They are looking forward keenly to the days when they will compete.

PAT NORTON, baby of Australian Olympic team, in action.

"WHAT a trying time it is going to be between August 2 and the day we meet the best from all over the world!" exclaimed Kitty Mackay when I asked her how she felt about her prospects. "It will be simply awful watching the others competing and waiting for our day.

"But it will be much worse for Pat Norton and Evelyn De Lacy. Pat does not swim until the 11th, and Evelyn until the 13th.

"We are terribly excited already, and it is going to be worse. Still, it is good to be that way, I suppose; it shows we are getting up to concert pitch.

"Even the American girls, who have been in lots of big races, are excited. They mightn't say so, but their manner shows that they are.

"Though excited, we are not suffering from nerves," Kitty insisted. "At least, I don't think so. Excitement and nerves are two different things. Of course, we may have nerves when 'der tag' comes, but even world's champions suffer from nerves then."

Pat Norton, too, admitted that she was terribly excited, and said she couldn't help thinking how she would feel when she took her place on the starting board with thousands of people from all quarters of the world looking on.

"But it is all so terribly interesting," she declared. "We've so much to occupy our minds when not training. I do not think we are likely to suffer from nerves."

Film Backwardness

PAT has made friends with many of the Americans, and spends a lot of time with Marjory Gestring, the 13-year-old diver.

"We think the American girls awfully attractive," Pat said. "The German girls might think they use overmuch make-up, but they admit that the Americans have splendid figures, and dress more fashionably than any of the other competitors.

"We find the Americans just as friendly as Australians. They are always joking and having fun, and they have given us lots of training tips. That is what I like about them—they don't mind answering questions and giving information."

Pat is known as "The Student" by the other members of the Australian team. She spends hours watching the Japanese, Americans, Germans, and others in the swimming-pool and studying their methods.

It is seldom that the Australian girls go into the city, but they have been to several cinemas. They are disappointed with Berlin's picture shows, and say the programmes do not compare with those in Australia. "Fancy! they were showing 'King Kong' at one place, while at another there was a Clark Gable picture I saw long ago in Australia," said Miss Mackay.

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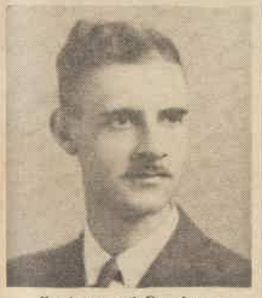
Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Hobart Musician

MISS LYNDA SHEEN, deputy leader of the newly-formed A.B.C. Tasmanian orchestra, comes from a very musical Hobart family, and is remembered as the wonder-child who played the concertos of Bach, Beethoven, Meldelssohn, Vieuxtemps, and Tschaikowsky. Studied in Sydney with Josef Kretschmann, and later in England with the eminent Austrian, Hans Wessley, professor at the Royal Academy of Music.

Returned to Hobart in 1929 to take the position of leader of the orchestra at His Majesty's Theatre. Will be heard over National network.



Professor of Dentistry

DR. ROY ELLIS, Associate Professor of Operative Dentistry, University of Toronto, Canada, is another Australian who has made good overseas. He finds Church work his most absorbing interest apart from his profession.

Dr. Ellis graduated at the University of Adelaide in 1926, went to Canada in 1928, and studied at the Toronto Dental School. Has been on a brief visit to South Australia.

—Raymond Sawyer Photo.

Manager of Hockey Team

MRS. F. J. DAVY, well known to women hockey players throughout Australia, will accompany the team which will leave next month for America to compete in international matches.

In 1927 Mrs. Davy was manager of the Australian hockey team which played the visiting Englishwomen.

In 1930 she held a similar post when the Australian team toured Africa, England, and Europe, and managed the N.S.W. team that visited Fiji in 1933.

She is hon. secretary of the Australian and of the New South Wales Women's Hockey Associations.

THE TRUTH *about Us* MDIVANIS

Lovely Women Loved and Left Them

Told for the first time by Prince David Mdivani himself.

BRIDES OF THE MDIVANI BROTHERS

LEFT: Pola Negri, famous film star, first wife of Serge Mdivani. CENTRE: Glamorous and beautiful millionaress, Barbara Hutton, was married for two years to Alexis. RIGHT: Mae Murray, blonde beauty of the screen, was at one time Princess Mdivani, wife of David.

Prince David Defends a "Much Libelled Family"

Real Story of Alexis and Barbara Hutton

The story of the three Mdivani Princes reads more like romance than sober fact. When the Russian revolution swept away their money and position these young aristocrats—Princes Serge, David, and Alexis—went to America and worked as laborers, waiters and clerks.

Then in a paddock in California they discovered an oil well which swept them back into the world of ease and luxury.

And then followed their series of amazing marriages that astounded the world. Consider the brides they wooed and won—heiresses, opera singers, screen stars, and social headliners; Pola Negri, Mae Murray, Louise Van Alen, Mary McCormick and Barbara Hutton being Princesses Mdivani at one time or another.

Then Alexis and Serge were killed in spectacular accidents. The surviving brother, Prince David, now sets out their amazing and fascinating true life story for the first time.

By PRINCE DAVID MDIVANI
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

HEADLINES across the world have recklessly, libellously painted a lurid, truthless picture of my brothers, my sisters, and myself. It seems, for some years past, it has been open season to besmirch the Mdivani name, Mdivani traditions. Carelessly and sometimes maliciously, critics have had great sport at the expense of our lives, our careers, our ambitions.

That is why I, Prince David Mdivani, have decided in this series to write the truth about us Mdivanis for the first time. I shall start with my brother Alexis.

Death has brought to a tragic close the career of Alexis Zacharian Mdivani, our younger brother.

I believe that the time now has come to tell the story of the real Alexis, the man as he was known to his friends. Were he alive to-day, and not the victim of that heartbreaking automobile accident in Spain, he probably would ask that his career be left to speak for itself.

He was only 27 years old when he was killed. A tiny piece of ground on that shaded hillside of Spain holds all that was mortal of dear Alexis.

But the real Alexis lives on in the hearts of his brothers and in the hearts of the few who really knew him.

Alexis, again, were he alive, with his deep sense of modesty, would no doubt resent my opening the doors into the world from which we sprang, tearing open the private, sacred chapters of our lives for all to see.

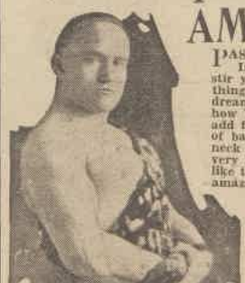
But if one is willing to lay down his life for a brother—which any brother should be willing to do for another—then one should be willing to fight for him also with words.

I have before me a bundle of clippings, crammed with the libel of cruel and unkind imaginings. When our father's fortune was swept away in the revolution of 1924—which also swept away the independence of our country—Serge and I were "too proud to drive taxicabs as other noblemen did," a writer said. Instead, "our lovely sister, Russie (Roussa danna) came to Hollywood and lined up wealthy women for us to wed."

No mention is made that Serge and I were not too proud to work our way through school washing dishes and serving table, working as laborers in paper mills and oilfields. This was omitted; it might have been giving us a break.

Please turn to Page 24

80,000 People Have Read This AMAZING BOOK!



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Placed as the World's Leading Women

(1) MISS FRANCES PERKINS, American industrial leader.

(3) DR. MARIE JOLIOT CURIE, French Minister for Scientific Research.

(4) MRS. AMY MOLLISON, English aviator. We're always reading of her achievements.

(5) SELMA LAGERLOF, Swedish writer and Nobel prizewinner.

(6) MRS. ROOSEVELT, wife of the United States President, social and fashion leader.

(7) LADY ASTOR, English member of Parliament.

(2) MADAME ALEXANDRA KOLLONTAI, Russian Ambassador in Norway.

(7) MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, England's first woman Cabinet Minister.

PICTURED here are the world's eight most outstanding women, in the order in which they were placed in a ballot of representative women at the International Congress of Business and Professional Women in Paris last week.

The eight have won to an outstanding place in world affairs by their own brains and energy.

You will see that no country has a monopoly of brilliant women, although English women hold three of the places—Amy Mollison, famous aviator, placed fourth; Margaret Bondfield, ex-M.P. and Cabinet Minister; and Lady Astor, M.P. (who, though American-born, has developed her career in England), dead-heat for seventh.

Miss Frances Perkins, U.S.A. Secretary for Labor, was voted the most outstanding woman of them all, for it is freely conceded that her portfolio with the Roosevelt administration is one of the most important positions in the world.

Australia was not officially represented at the conference, but the Paris ballot inspires the thought as to how Australians would place our own eight foremost women. Here is a list. What do you think of it?

Mrs. J. Lyons, wife of the Prime Minister.
Lady Cilento, doctor and humanitarian.
Elsa Stralia, world-famous singer.
Mary Edwards, painter.
Ethel Turner, writer.
Dame Constance D'Arcy, famous surgeon.
May Holman, woman pioneer in politics.
Mrs. Hugh Munro, founder and foundation president of the Country Women's Association.

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VACUUM PACKED

NO "HUSH HUSH" *Over* T.B. *Infected* MILK

Veterinary Surgeons' Charge Denied by the Medical Profession

Can it be justly claimed that there is grave danger of Australian children contracting tuberculosis from T.B. infected milk, and that this fact is being minimised by the medical profession?

Last week we published a charge of this nature made by Dr. I. Clunies Ross in the official organ of the Australian Veterinary Association. An emphatic denial is now given to the charge by two acknowledged leaders of the medical profession.

THERE is danger to Australian children in tubercle-infected milk; but that the danger is not so immediate as Dr. Clunies Ross claims, nor is it substantiated by adequate scientific evidence, is the contention of Dr. H. G. Wallace, Senior Medical Officer of Health and Director of the tuberculosis division of the N.S.W. Public Health Department.

"Dr. Ian Clunies Ross says 'the published statement that approximately 25 per cent. of tuberculosis in young children is of bovine origin should brook of no argument.' This is ridiculous," said Dr. H. G. Wallace, in an interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

Dr. Wallace said that he could speak authoritatively for the medical profession and its attitude in connection with the menace of bovine tuberculosis in young children. "The medical profession is fully aware of the seriousness of the presence of bovine tuberculosis and (as stated in last week's article) has given impartial evidence on the subject before Governmental commissions in various States."

Welcome Publicity

DR. WALLACE claimed that instead of hiding the facts, as has been charged, the profession was anxious to have the fullest publicity given to the menace of the disease, but such publicity must necessarily be backed up by the results of scientific investigation.

The figures quoted by Dr. Clunies Ross, said Dr. Wallace, could not be considered to be conclusive evidence of the position regarding bovine tuberculosis as obtaining in Australia. In the first place, the investigation covered a field of only 60 cases, all of which were in one hospital in one State (Victoria), and took place over 13 years ago.

"While I have every regard for the work done by Dr. Penfold, who conducted the research, and have no doubt that the figures, as far as they went, were correct, it cannot be assumed that with such a small number of cases reviewed it is representative of Australian conditions generally.

"As a fact, it has not been established that the bovine tuberculosis in these children was due to drinking milk. In any case, I am firmly of the opinion that there has been a great improvement in the Victorian position since 1923."

Dr. Wallace said that the medical profession would whole-heartedly support a scheme for testing dairy herds, thereby detecting infected beasts.

Pure Milk

DR. D. R. W. COWAN, president of the South Australian branch of the British Medical Association, was very outspoken on the subject of tuberculosis, and in his presidential address on retiring from office recently said:—

"The incidence of bovine tuberculosis in the community is by no means inconsiderable, but the mortality among human beings is low, having declined rather rapidly in recent years.

"This is particularly evident in the cities, and may reasonably be ascribed to improvement in the milk supplies. Tuberculosis of bovine origin is seldom found except in children under the age of 15 years and principally under the age of four.

"Concerning the incidence of tuberculosis among dairy cattle in Australia, we have little definite information, but in the case of infants, whose chief source of nutriment is milk, it cannot be ignored. Part of the campaign against tuberculosis must be directed to a pure milk supply.

"The ideal would be milk from tuberculosis-free herds, but for economic reasons this is difficult of attainment, and a wise practical alternative would be to boil all milk used for infant feeding.

"The inconsistency of our Governments is amazing. They will spend huge sums each year on the care of patients with established disease, but cannot see that money spent on prevention is a better investment.

"They will legislate for betting shops and appoint a commission to inquire into lotteries; but they turn the cold shoulder to a carefully-considered recommendation, from an authoritative source, concerning the maintenance and improvement of the health of the people."

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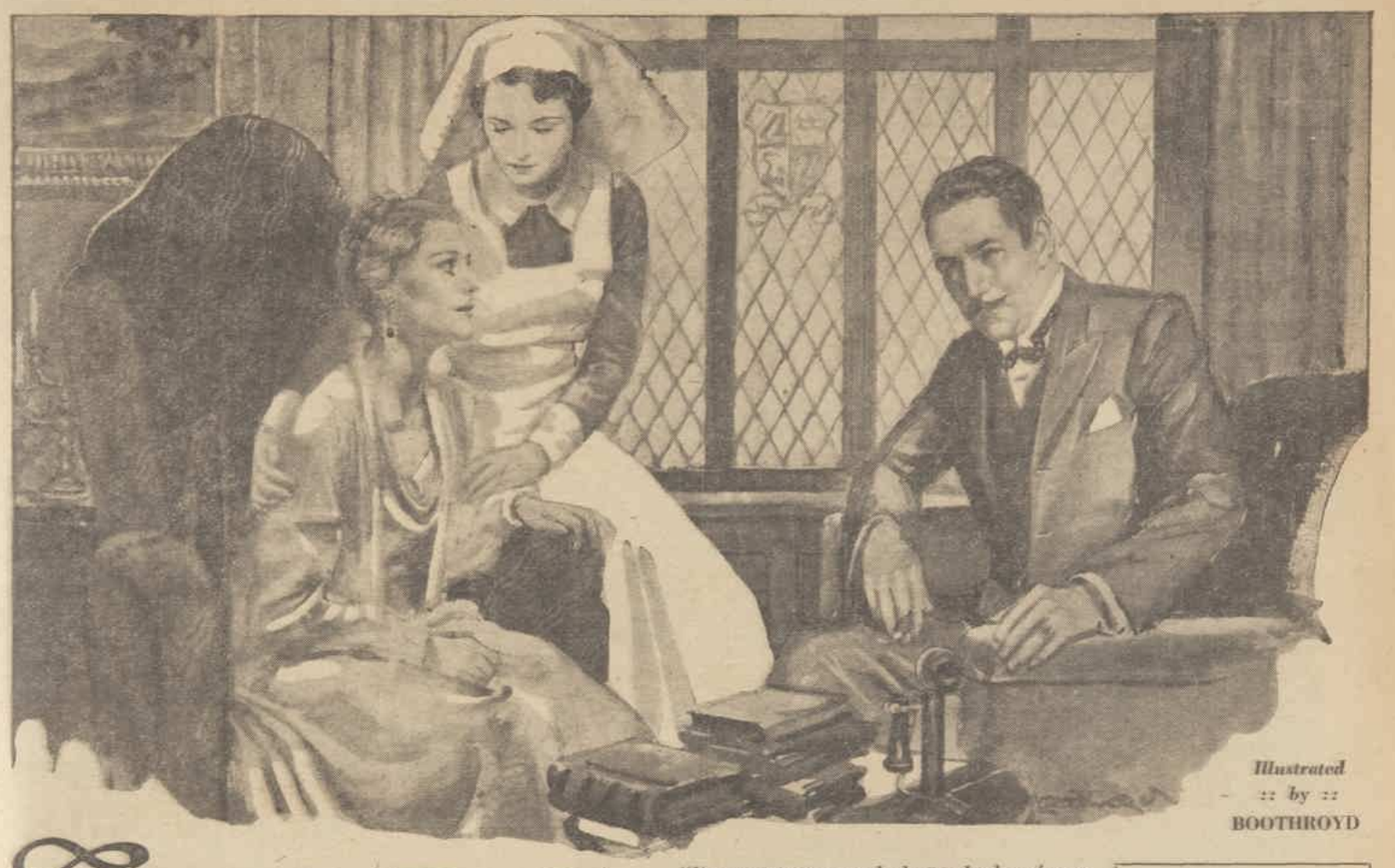

Illustrated :: by :: BOOTHROYD

The A.B.C. MURDERS

DEATH in the Alphabet

"No stranger came to the house the day of your husband's death," said Poirot. "Miss Grey said so." "That girl is telling lies," said Lady Clarke.

By . . . AGATHA CHRISTIE

ANDOVER, Bexhill and Churston have been the scenes of the A.B.C. murders—crimes committed by a maniac who calls himself A.B.C.

M. POIROT, famous French detective, is working on the case with his friend, Captain Hastings.

LADY CLARKE, widow of the murdered man at Churston, has a strange dislike for Miss Thora Grey, the dead man's secretary. Suspicion points in her direction. Now read on:

"HAS Lady Clarke always disliked her?"

"No—that is to say, not disliked. As a matter of fact, I think she rather liked her to begin with. But there, I mustn't keep you gossiping. My patient will be wondering what has become of us."

She led us upstairs to a room on the first floor. What had at one time been a bedroom had been turned into a cheerful-looking sitting-room.

Lady Clarke was sitting in a big armchair near the window. She was painfully thin, and her face had the grey, haggard look of one who suffers much pain. She had a slightly far-away, dreamy look, and I noticed that the pupils of her eyes were mere pin-points.

"This is M. Poirot whom you wanted to see," said Nurse Capstick in her high, cheerful voice.

"Oh, yes, M. Poirot," said Lady Clarke vaguely.

She extended her hand.

"My friend Captain Hastings, Lady Clarke."

"How do you do? So good of you both to come."

We sat down as her vague gesture directed. There was a silence. Lady Clarke seemed to have lapsed into a dream.

Presently with a slight effort she roused herself.

"It was about Car, wasn't it? About Car's death. Oh, yes."

She sighed, but still in a far-away manner, shaking her head.

"We never thought it would be that way round . . . I was so sure I should be the first to go . . ." She mused a minute or two. "Car was very strong—wonderful for his age. He was never ill. He was nearly sixty—but he seemed more like fifty . . . Yes, very strong . . ."

She relapsed again into her dream. Poirot, who was well acquainted with the effects of certain drugs and of how they give their taker the impression of endless time, said nothing.

Lady Clarke said suddenly:

"Yes—it was good of you to come. I told Franklin. He said he wouldn't forget to tell you. I hope Franklin isn't going to be foolish . . . he's so easily taken in, in spite of having knocked about the world so much. Men are like that . . . They remain boys . . . Franklin, in particular."

"He has an impulsive nature," said Poirot.

"Yes—yes . . . And very chivalrous. Men are so foolish that way. Even Car . . ." Her voice tailed off.

She shook her head with a febrile impatience.

"Everything's so dim . . . One's body is a nuisance, M. Poirot, especially when it gets the upper hand. One is conscious of nothing else—whether the pain will hold off or not—nothing else seems to matter."

"I know, Lady Clarke. It is one of the tragedies of this life."

"It makes me so stupid. I cannot even remember what it was I wanted to say to you."

"Was it something about your husband's death?"

"Car's death? Yes, perhaps . . . Mad, poor creature—the murderer, I mean. It's all the noise and the speed nowadays—people can't stand it. I've always been sorry for mad people—their heads must feel so queer. And then, being shut up—it must be so terrible. But what else can one do? If they kill people . . ." She shook her head—gently pained. "You haven't caught him yet?" she asked.

"No, not yet."

"HE must have been hanging round here that day."

"There were so many strangers about, Lady Clarke. It is the holiday season."

"Yes—I forgot . . . But they keep down by the beaches, they don't come up near the house."

"No stranger came to the house that day."

"Who says so?" demanded Lady Clarke, with a sudden vigor.

Poirot looked slightly taken aback.

"The servants," he said. "Miss Grey."

Lady Clarke said very distinctly:

"That girl is a liar!"

I started on my chair. Poirot threw me a glance.

Lady Clarke was going on, speaking now rather feverishly.

"I didn't like her. I never liked her. Car thought all the world of her. Used to go on about her being an orphan and alone in the world. What's wrong with being an orphan? Sometimes it's a blessing in disguise. You might have a good-for-nothing father and a mother who drank—then you would have something to complain about. Said she was so brave and such a good worker. I dare say she did her work well! I don't know where all this bravery came in!"

"Now don't excite yourself, dear," said Nurse Capstick, intervening. "We mustn't have you getting tired."

"I soon sent her packing! Franklin had the impertinence to suggest that she might be a comfort to me. Comfort to me, indeed! The sooner I saw the last of her the better—that's what I said! Franklin's a fool! I didn't want him getting mixed up with her. He's a boy! No sense! 'I'll give her three months' salary, if you like,' I said. 'But out she goes. I don't want her in the house a day longer.' There's one thing about being ill—men can't argue with you. He did what I said and she went. Went like a martyr, I expect—with more sweetness and bravery!"

"Now, dear, don't get so excited. It's bad for you."

Lady Clarke waved Nurse Capstick away.

"You were as much of a fool about her as any one else."

"Oh! Lady Clarke, you mustn't say that. I did think Miss Grey a very nice girl—so romantic-looking, like someone out of a novel."

"I've no patience with the lot of you," said Lady Clarke feebly.

"Well, she's gone now, my dear. Gone right away."

Lady Clarke shook her head with feeble impatience, but she did not answer.

Poirot said:

"Why did you say that Miss Grey was a liar?"

"Because she is. She told you no strangers came to the house, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then. I saw her—with my own eyes—out of this window—talking to a perfectly strange man on the front doorstep."

"When was this?"

"In the morning of the day Car died—about eleven o'clock."

"What did this man look like?"

"An ordinary sort of man. Nothing special."

"A gentleman—or a trad-sman?"

"Not a tradesman. A shabby sort of person. I can't remember."

A sudden quiver of pain shot across her face.

"Please—you must go now—I'm a little tired—Nurse."

We obeyed the cue and took our departure.

"That's an extraordinary story," I said to Poirot as we journeyed back to London. "About Miss Grey and a strange man."

"You see, Hastings? It is as I tell you: there is always something to be found out."

"Why did the girl lie about it and say she had seen no one?"

"I can think of seven separate reasons—one of them an extremely simple one."

"IS that a snub?" I asked.

"It is, perhaps, an invitation to use your ingenuity. But there is no need for us to perturb ourselves. The easiest way to answer the question is to ask her."

"And suppose she tells us another lie?"

"That would indeed be interesting—and highly suggestive."

"It is monstrous to suppose that a girl like that could be in league with a madman."

"Precisely—so I do not suppose it."

I thought for some minutes longer.

"A good-looking girl has a hard time of it," I said at last with a sigh.

"Dismiss your mind of that idea."

"It's true," I insisted, "everyone's hand is against her simply because she is good-looking."

"You speak foolishly, my friend. Whose hand was against her at Cornheside? Sir Carmichael's? Franklin's? Nurse Capstick's?"

"Lady Clarke was down on her, all right."

"Mon ami, you are full of charitable feeling towards beautiful young girls. Me, I feel charitable to sick old ladies. It may be Lady Clarke was the clear-sighted one—and that her husband, Mr. Franklin Clarke and Nurse Capstick were all as blind as bats—and Captain Hastings."

"You've got a grudge against that girl, Poirot."

To my surprise his eyes twinkled suddenly.

"Perhaps it is that I like to mount you on your romantic high horse, Hastings. You are always the true knight—ready to come to the rescue of damsels in distress—good-looking damsels."

Please turn to Page 50

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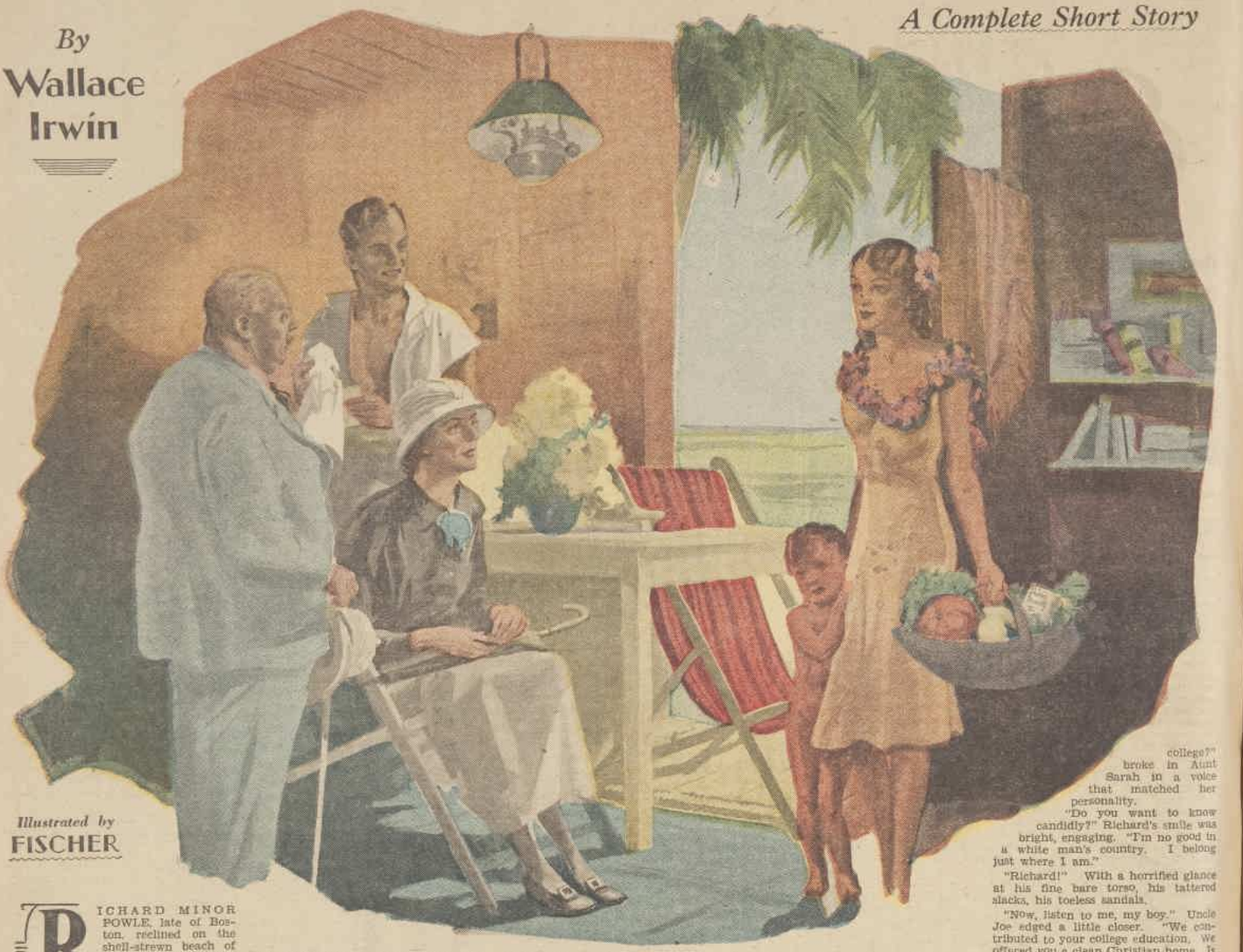
BAD NEWS *from* BOSTON

A Complete Short Story

By
Wallace Irwin



Illustrated by
FISCHER

"Poli," he said, "my aunt and uncle want to take us back to live." Aunt Sarah said, "We have asked Richard to come back!"

Love In the South Seas

RICHARD MINOR POWLE, late of Boston, reclined on the shell-strewn beach of Luvaluva, bare-brown to the waist, and in a pair of damaged slacks. He wore sandals, also damaged. His hair was beginning to scraggle, and his chin was bristling into something that would soon be a full beard. A nut-colored child, fair-haired like his father, played among the shells. Down through the breadfruit grove sauntered the lithe brown woman who kept his hut and cooked his meals. Over one arm she carried a basket; the other one supported a younger baby. There was a wreath of hibiscus around her straight, black hair. She was prettier than most of the native women.

"Poli," said Richard, sitting up and regarding her moodily, "the ship's in, and maybe you could pick up the mail."

"You mean you want to talk to them alone," said Poli in her rich lazy voice.

"Something like that. Darling, come here and give me a kiss." She obeyed, and put the baby in his arms. "It won't do any good, your hanging around. They're horrible, I tell you, and they're going to put up a nasty fight. I told you how they practically hounded me out of Harvard, nosing in on my affairs."

"Yes, you told me," said the woman, listlessly, as was the island habit. "And you ran away from them. But why shouldn't I stay and talk to them, too?"

"Dear, I've got to settle it my way. They're—my people."

"And you'll go back with them," decided Poli, in her quiet voice.

"What makes you say that, Poli?" He sprang up and grabbed her shoulders.

"You're used to the way they live—in Boston," she said, and glanced at the collection of palm-thatched huts where they lived. They were somewhat tidier than the average island dwellings. True, there were pigs nosing about, but they were good scavengers. Poli had a way of keeping pigs at their distance.

"You think I'd give this up for clean sheets and a cup of percolator coffee?" he grunted.

"Remember," she asked, "when we went to Ponga and lived in the hotel? The beds were soft, and the coffee so good."

"You can make better coffee in a tin can," he said impatiently. "Now, for heaven's sake, honey, get the mail."

"You'll go with them, just the same," she said, then went swaying through the breadfruit thicket, the basket moving with her beautiful young body.

Richard sighed and lay down again, letting the baby crawl over his chest, babbling in the universal language of six months old. The older brother piled shells manfully, and threw them away. The father rolled himself a poor man's cigarette, and whimsically his thoughts dwelt on the empty basket Poli had carried away. He saw everything in pictures—pictures, and what they signified. Picture of the lithe brown girl and the swinging basket. The basket symbolised a right to eat in order to live, in order to love. How much longer would the half-caste grocer, over in Ponga, trust a beachcomber's promise to pay?

Escape to the South Seas had been a merciful relief to Richard; relief from something that had ground his bones in New England. He had stayed here a little too long, that was the trouble. Two months ago, because his tiny supply of money was fading, and he felt the bitter necessity of staying on, he had written to the only person in the world who could help him and he was the person whom Richard had travelled so far to avoid. His Uncle Joseph, who had made the boy's college life a living hell, with the help, of course, of good Aunt Sarah.

Richard hadn't written a begging letter. He had asked for money which, he felt, he had a right to. He had explained how it was to his interest to remain in Luvaluva, and had asked for an advance on a small sum which Uncle Joe's bank, as trustee, was holding for him. Instead of answering his appeal, Uncle Joe had waited until yesterday, and sent a message from the world-cruise ship Astrid. And to-day the smoke from the Astrid's funnels was visible over the palms of Luvaluva. Trouble in the offing. Uncle Joe and Aunt Sarah were coming all this way to reclaim a lost soul.

HEAVENS, can't they leave me alone, even here? the prodigal nephew was thinking as he lay on the beach holding a naked brown baby. There must be some way to handle them, to send them back to New England.

Crunch-crunch. Footsteps among the shells. Richard sprang up like an animal at bay as he saw them coming towards him, two fattish people under mushroom sun helmets. But he managed a smile, seeing Uncle Joe's disapproving look. He had looked that way the night he caught Richard sneaking back to Cambridge with beer on his breath.

"Hello, Uncle Joe—and Aunt Sarah!" he said heartily enough. "This is a surprise. Seeing the world, what?"

"Yes, seeing the world," agreed Uncle Joe grimly. His eyes were like steel-nosed bullets. He and Sarah might have been twins, their eyes were so much alike. He was shaking hands grudgingly. "Glad to have found you, Richard. It's been quite a search."

"It is a little out of the way, isn't it?" said Richard. "Hope you had a nice trip." His mind was saying, "Cornered. Let me see . . ."

"We're both splendid travellers," said Aunt Sarah, pointing her sharp nose and smacking her thin lips. "But I must say we've seen enough. We'll be satisfied to go home." Another glance at the nude children and the palm-thatched huts. But her statement gave Richard a ray of hope.

"When does your boat sail?" he asked.

"At four o'clock," said Uncle Joe dully, consulting his watch. "I'm afraid we won't have much time—er—here. But I wanted to have a little chat with you."

"Why did you run away from college?" broke in Aunt Sarah in a voice that matched her personality.

"Do you want to know candidly?" Richard's smile was bright, engaging. "I'm no good in a white man's country. I belong just where I am."

"Richard!" With a horrified glance at his fine bare torso, his tattered slacks, his toeless sandals.

"Now, listen to me, my boy." Uncle Joe edged a little closer. "We contributed to your college education. We offered you a clean Christian home. Is this any way to repay us?"

"Down here we don't go in much for that sort of thing," said the nephew casually. "And speaking of repayment, how about that money that's coming to me from the trust fund—"

"I'm sorry, my boy," said Uncle Joe, "but you can't lay your hands on that—not while you're living this kind of life. Your father made me trustee, remember that, with discretion—"

"All right," said Richard, still holding his smile. "If I'm so lost to the human race, why don't you let me stay lost?"

"Let me tell you why," came in Aunt Sarah in the wheedling tone she used with drunkards and converted convicts. "We have come to ask you to quit this—this revolting place. Won't you come home with us, Richard? Won't you?"

HE hesitated a minute, then shook his shaggy head. "No," he said sadly. "I'm afraid it's a little too late for that."

"Too late?" Aunt Sarah's wooing whine. "It's never too late to reform. You were wild as a child, you were wild at college, but there is good in you, Richard. I'm sure there is. Remember our family, our self-respect—"

"When you're a beachcomber," said Richard, "those things cease to matter."

"Don't talk nonsense," suggested Uncle Joe. "We don't have beachcombers in our family. We'll buy you a suit of clothes at Ponga, and you'll be respectable again."

"How about these?" asked Richard, pointing out the babies. "Respectability doesn't mean a darned thing to them."

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SUSANNA and her ELDERS

Until she escaped from the beautiful prison that was her home, Susanna had everything that a child could desire, except contact with reality.

By I. A. R. WYLIE

IT went round and round. It rushed into real tunnels with a real roar and out again with a real shriek. The signals clicked. The stationmaster waved a flag. And then mademoiselle turned something inside the engine and it went round and round again

"Oh, dash!" Susanna said, or it may have been something else!

"What are you saying, my child?" mademoiselle inquired anxiously in French.

Susanna did not repeat it. It was what Peter, her mother's chauffeur, had said when the tyre blew out. It had seemed to do him a lot of good. It did Susanna no good at all. There was no magic in it. A light snow was falling outside. Beyond the garden she could hear the shouts of children on their way home from school. Susanna never shouted. But when she could not bear things any more she screamed. She did not know what it was she could not bear. Such a pretty nursery! everyone said. Such gay pictures on the walls! And such toys! Dolls' houses with real bathrooms, and dolls that talked and behaved and dressed like other nice little girls. And trains that ran round and round.

What a lucky little girl!

Susanna gave the engine a violent push and it went off the rails and lay on its back, whirring indignantly. Passengers spilled out of the overturned coaches. It was a frightful accident. Mademoiselle wailed. "Oh, naughty!" She knew now, for certain, that they were going to have what she called a "crisis," and that the only hope was to fetch madame, who was dressing for a lunch party. Though probably all madame would say, waving her pretty hands, would be: "What can I do with that naughty child, mademoiselle?" And then on a faint note of grievance: "Really, you know, it isn't my affair."

Or there would be monsieur, very handsome and impatient, waiting in the hall.

"For goodness' sake, can't you manage her? After all, it's not my job, is it?"

ANYHOW, mademoiselle forgot the young man in the corner. Possibly he had not impressed himself on her mind as a young man at all. He was just someone mending the nursery wireless. At the very moment that Susanna was about to give vent to a shriek of rage the wireless had an attack of oscillation. The result was so much more awful than her best that she stopped. She said severely:

"You're not to make that noise!"

He glared over his shoulder at her. A streak of black hair hung between his eyes. He looked grim and bitter and contemptuous.

"I'm mending this wireless of yours. If you don't like it, you can get out."

"You're not to talk to me like that."

"I'll talk anyhow I like."

"I'm Miss Marshall," she said haughtily.

"If you ask me, you're a nuisance," he retorted.

"I'll tell my father and mother."

"You can tell all your aunts and uncles."

She sat on the floor, in the midst of the train wreck, considering him. No one had ever spoken to her like that before. Susanna picked up the engine, which by this time had stopped protesting, and went over to him.

"You make it go again!" she said.

He went on working.

"Make it go yourself. You're old enough."

"You do as I tell you."

"I won't. I'm here to mend this wireless."

"All right then!"

A fury that had been gathering in her since she had seen the snow dancing past the window, and heard the children shouting, exploded. She stamped her foot on one of the glass valves. He turned and slapped her. Then everything exploded. Doors flew open. There were howls and frantic French appeals to heaven and stern common-sense masculine demands to know what the dickens all this uproar was about. The young man stood up. He confronted a pretty young woman, deliciously dressed, and a tall man, not much older than himself, got up to beat the band, and the foreign woman who held the screaming child to her and talked gibberish. He clenched his fists. They were all against him. He wanted to kill the lot of them.

"He hit me!" Susanna wailed. "And it hurts dreadfully, mother!"

"Is that true?" the immaculate young man said. "Did you hit her?"

"Yes, I did," the young man in overalls said. "And she deserved it."

"Get out! I shall telephone your employer. And that'll be the end of your job, if he knows his."

The young man said nothing. He gathered up his kit and went past them without a glance. There was nothing he could say. He was not clear himself why he had burst out like that—except that ever since the doctor had patted Robin on the head and said, "You should send her away to the seaside," he had been in a state of red smoulder. Why had the fool not ordered her a yacht and a trip round the world?

HE did not know how he got downstairs and out of the house. He felt that if he looked too long at anything—at the big rooms that breathed out warmth and security through their open doors, at the sleek manservant who ushered him out as though he might have stolen the spoons—he would do something crazy, something crasier than he had done already.

Even when Jane, who had been waiting outside for him in his boss' car, took his hand and squeezed it, he could not speak. He could not even start, but just sat there, glowering. She had waited out there for an hour, in the cold, just for the ride between the town and the country house. Just to be with him. She was dear and sweet. She was the loveliest thing on earth. But he wished she was not. He wished he hated her, too.

"Jim—what's wrong?"

"Nothing. I lost my job. That's all."

"Oh, Jim—what happened?"

Well, first he had lost his temper. That was easy. Everyone knew he was a violent young man. Always in a fury about something. This time it had been the toy train. The train that went round and round and was so like a train that it made you sick.

He had been worrying about his little sister and sending her away, and her birthday. It was her fifth birthday. Perhaps there would not be another. Everything at home was as bad as it could be. Pa out of a job and Mum ill—too ill even to bake a birthday cake. First thing Robin had awakened and shouted, "I'm five—I'm five," and expecting something wonderful to happen. And all he had for her was the Jumping Jack he had made for her himself—a gay fellow with a cocked hat and a sword and a red coat. When you pulled his string he waved his arms and kicked out his legs. Robin had danced with him as though she were on a string, too—a frayed string that might break at any minute. But really she had wanted a doll—one of those big baby dolls with real clothes and a squeak.

He called her Robin because she was like a bird—always hopping round, cheerful and hopeful. Though there was not anything to be hopeful about.

AND then on top of it all was that squalling little horror with her golden curls and her bows and her frills and her nursery stuffed with enough toys to send a dozen children away to the seaside, and make them well and happy. He hated her. He hated the whole crowd of wealthy people. And the sooner he got to hate Jane, too, and the whole world, the easier it would be for everyone.

He found his voice.

"It was that kid of theirs. Bossing me as though I belonged to her. She smashed one of my valves. And I gave her a good slap."

"Oh, Jim."

"Oh, shut up! It's no good. You'd better give me up. We'll never get married. Not a chance. I reckon I'll take up with Sancy and his gang. They've been after me. I know who emptied that cash register a week ago. That's easy money."

"Jim, then it will be all over with us——"

She had let go of his hand. It was the last straw. He had wanted to take her in his arms and plead with her never to let him go. But now his heart was too hot and swollen with bitterness. He laughed.

"Oh, what's the good! It's all over, anyway."

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Illustrated by FISCHER

"You make it go again," said Susanna, holding up the train. "Make it go yourself, you're old enough," replied the man.

Triumph

We who have failed; ours it a triumph
Greater than losing or giving,
That we have found, in our despairing,
Courage to go on living.
—Yvonne Webb.

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SPECIAL SPRING

GRACIOUS GOWNS.

A Word About
"IMPERIA"

● Regal, but a trifle aloof. Severe tailoring and all that. Coat of the new plisse cloque, with interesting surface treatment, patterned in Coronation-red on off-white ground. Ultra-simple collar in keeping with its subdued theme song. Sleeves are rather complex. Worn over quaker-grey matt crepe frock, simply cut and slightly trained.

Introducing
"SEMIRAMIS"

● Truly sumptuous. Cape in heavy crepe, cut most cosily and swooping into train at the back. Very clever new "calyx" collar, slit at back. Also, "Semiramis" achieves a new knotted triumph in back-drapery.

Subtlety and
"SCHEHERAZADE"

● A modern version of ancient witchery expressed in lace of Aubergine — the new egg-plant shade. Fits like a charm. Adorned with upstanding shoulder frills and vertically-placed skirt frills. Will add enchantment to Australian nights.

Everybody Loves
"RHYTHM"

● Irresistibly appealing. Softest of golden-tinted sheer, with pleated modern version of a "bertha" falling into soft harmonies of draping. Pleating is also used in the most pleasing manner in the skirt. The whole effect quite delicious.

From Spring's Garden—
"BOUQUET"

● Fresh as the first shy flowers of spring is this charming frock, with its swathed bodice and dainty sleeves. The sash can be tied either at the back or the front. Youthful lines, svelte grace and vivacious printing make it ideal for the debutante.

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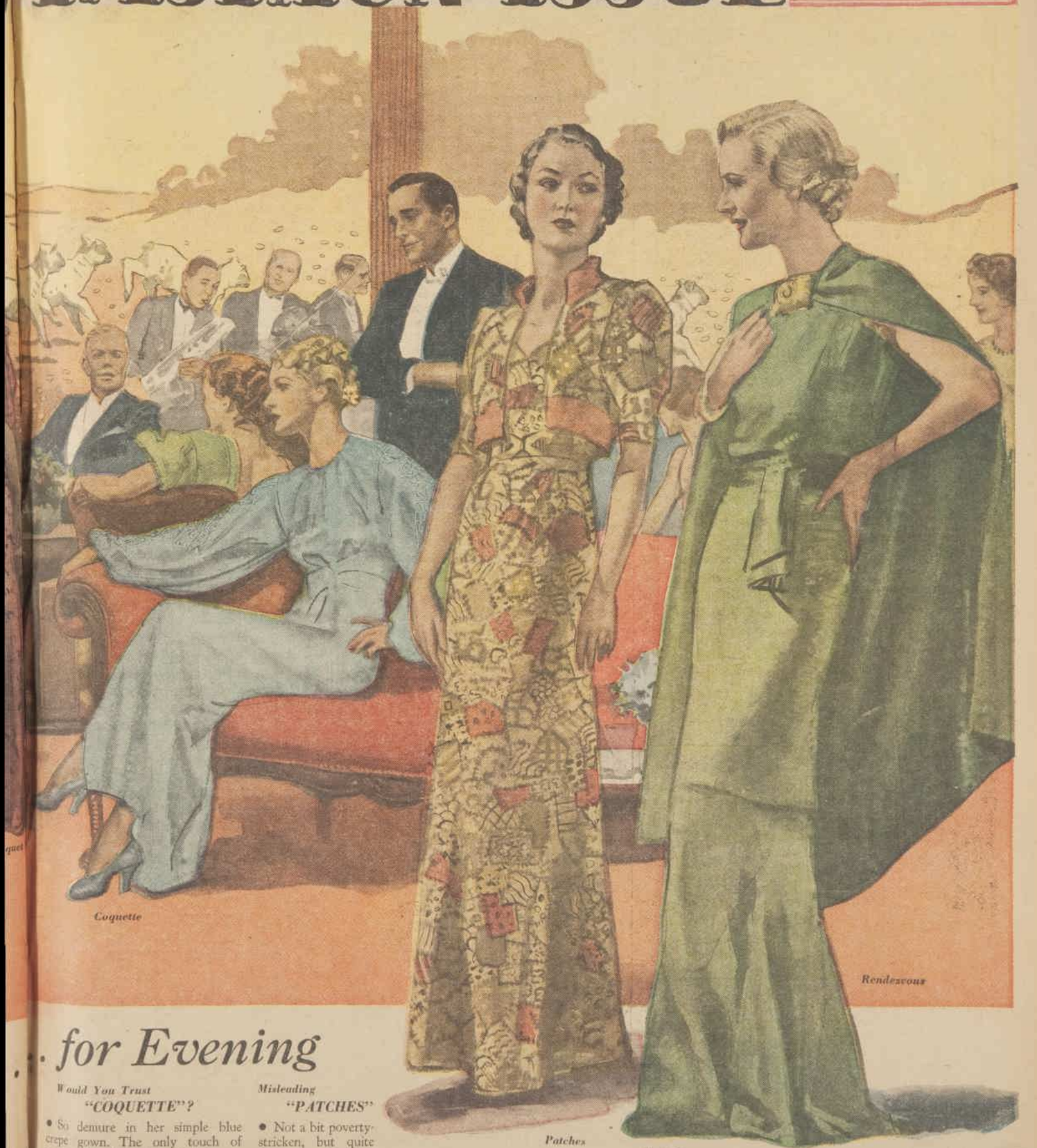
FASHION ISSUE

EDITED BY ALICE JACKSON



Coquette

Patches

Rendezvous

. . for Evening

Would You Trust
"COQUETTE"?

● So demure in her simple blue crepe gown. The only touch of coquetry lies in the long, full sleeves, hand-embroidered in an intricate design. Elaborate sleeves are fashion's spring darlings, and vast, long types as modish as briefer varieties.

Misleading
"PATCHES"

● Not a bit poverty-stricken, but quite the reverse. Right up to the spendthrift minute, this jolly printed silk, modelled on great-grandma's old quilt. "Patches" outrivals the more bizarre printings in popularity, though animal motifs, such as cats, dogs and foxes, run it a close second. Note the nifty bolero of the brief jacket.

Well, Yes—
"RENDEZVOUS"

● Quite a good name for this sophisticate of delustred jade satin in tunic mode. The accompanying coat, apparently lined with a deeper shade, is really fashioned of a new reversible fabric.

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MONDAY BECOMES A GAY DAY

No aching backs and weary arms after a PERSIL wash. It's active oxygen-charged suds clean thoroughly without tiring rubbing ... Let PERSIL take the hard work out of your washing-day

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

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NO HARD WORK WITH PERSIL

YOUTH at the HELM of FASHION!

Vital Fabrics and Stimulating Designs Strive to Capture the Spirit of Modernity

By ALICE JACKSON

Youth is at the helm of fashion, this spring. Our young-minded King has knocked much of the grim nonsense out of men's clothes. The frocking genius of the Duchess of Kent has added to the gay nonsense of women's. Thus royally aided and abetted, fashion feels she has the freedom of modernity. In fabric, design and line she strives, as never before, to express these modern times.

So, what? A world of speed on land and sea and in the air. Swing music. International snarling and smarming. Love-making in snatches. Inspired nitwittery and beautiful buffoonery. Fashion uses them all. She can give you the right frock for a stratosphere flight, a gown in which to go all Marx Brothers or rise to Disney heights and swing a measure cheek to cheek with Mickey.

DEFINITELY it is a spirited spring. Gay fabrics, sparkling designs, delicious whimseys. Youth having its fling.

So the silhouette is altered, taking on a new dynamic quality in keeping with the age. Radiograms, love-letters, news, people, animals, postage stamps, flowers, fruit and vegetables, are printed on fabrics. Cunarder-red, smokestack-grey, duralumin dyes tell some of the modern color story. Weavers have done miracles with surfaces.

The silhouette is ampler. Not that you can relax all your slimming Spartanry, but you don't need to destroy yourself with dieting. A good thing, too. That famished look ill becomes youth.

Where the skirt fits slimly, the line is broken with a row of frills placed after the redingote manner, or with a tunic. This break in alignment is extremely important. It is often done with basques. When the basque is not part of the bodice, it is cunningly used to impart a quality of motion to the strictly-tailored skirt. Some designers make basques longer at the back than at the front. Side panels and the redingote are also line-breakers.

Dynamic Lines

FRILLS wander where they will. Two are placed deeply at the hem on a slender dinner-dress or a wide one slants across the front of a dance frock, so that it looks almost as though it had a double skirt.

One must like these basques and frills. They give a delightful animation to the silhouette.

The least movement sets them afutter. In the evening, especially, and for dressy day frocks, they do fashion the greatest credit, giving that time-is-on-the-wing impression, which means modernity.

Next in importance to the new silhouette is the flower news. Young spring goes gathering rosebuds while she may. Also lilies and tulips and every other seasonable flower known to botany. Likewise vegetables.

Scoff not at the humble carrot of the nearest barrowman. To-morrow you may meet it at your milliners. Any good milliner can now mix you a carrot, a turnip and some greens; slap them on to a bit of nonsense in straw and it will so go to your head that you'll be glad to pay guineas for it.

Rene, our fashion artist, has shown you some of fashion's many ways with flowers on the opposite page. But the flower story would fill a book. After you've studied Rene's page, you can think out any way of using flowers for yourself, and just go straight ahead and revel in the jolt you give your friends.

Fantasy in Sleeves

THEN the sleeves. They bring a new quaint charm to the mode. Not since the Middle Ages have sleeves been so rich in fantasy. Even in the evening they are important, for the boleros or little jackets that every frock carries must all have sleeves. Sometimes they are bouffant to above the elbow. Sometimes they are fashioned on mounting geometric lines and alter the silhouette amazingly. Always they are varied and complex.

Blouses in rainbow checks on simple, shirt-waist lines take on special sleeve interest. They have, for instance, round necks and short sleeves, untrimmed, possibly a little fullness at the front, but the short sleeves are set in square or octagonally, or with an ingenious pivot carried on from the underside of the sleeve to the waist.

Skirts are a little shorter. Circular skirts, slender at the waist and over the hips and very wide at the hem, are in. Mainbocher has launched the curtain skirt on evening frocks, cutting the skirt across the front just below the knee and veiling the legs with tulle. He moulds the solid part of the frock to the figure, and gives it a sweeping train at the back, resulting in a peacock effect.

Jackets are worn over every sort of day and evening frock, and their shapes are as varied as the pieces of a patchwork quilt. A new sort is double-breasted, with wide shallow revers so high that one only needs a little chiffon handkerchief tucked into the neck. Across the front it stops short at the waist, but the sides and back are longer. Sometimes a vivid cummerbund is swathed round the top of the skirt, and the result is very gay.

Magic of Spring!

IT may be that fashion is no more vivacious this spring than last. Perhaps, last spring, her fabrics were as gay, her humor as sparkling, her solemnity as entrancing, her nonsense as uproarious.

Perhaps. But we don't believe it. Blithely though we may have greeted it, last spring is a whole year away. Its memories are now but memories, and who can live on memories—in spring?

No. The annual miracle of upsurging life convinces us that never has spring been so enchanting as this. Never life so sweet. Fashion so charming. Women so fair—nor men so eminently pursuable!

Treasure Trove

ON the Fashion Parade page Jessie Tait has given you details of the day-time mode, and Petrov has sketched attractive examples of each trend. Boothroyd's sketches on pages 8 and 9 do a similar service for the evening mode.

So fashion goes on her way. Always in quest of beauty. Always striving to express the mentality of the age. Her followers this spring go clad in vital and ingenious fabrics, so cleverly used that the result can be always stimulating and harmonious.

The art of being well-dressed lies in the selection from all these riches of the fabric and style which best express your individuality, your purpose, your mood.

Used intelligently, fashion is an aid to fuller and happier living, a bringer of joy and beauty. This spring, she has done her part ably. The rest lies with you.

Here's Quickest, Simplest Way to Stop a Cold

1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.
2. Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
3. If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

Almost Instant Relief in this Way

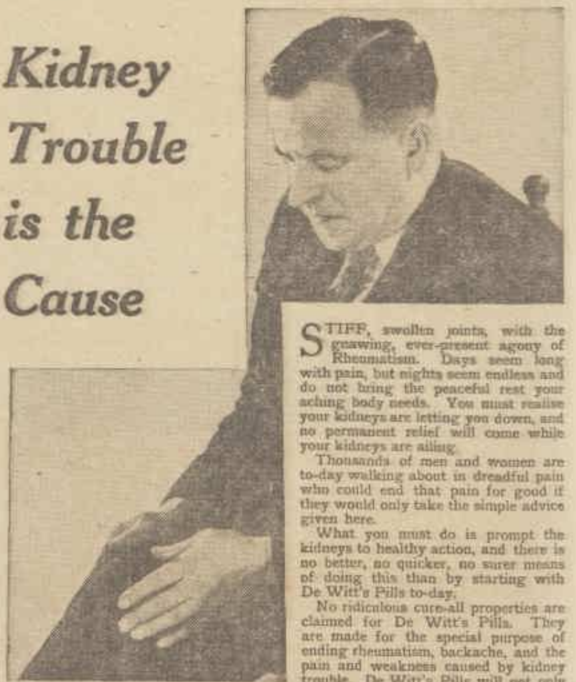
The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognised as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And for a gargle, Genuine BAYER Aspirin Tablets dissolve so completely they leave no irritating particles. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 & 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

DOES NOT DEPRESS THE HEART NOR UPSET THE STOMACH

RHEUMATISM

Kidney Trouble is the Cause



STIFF, swollen joints, with the gnawing, ever-present agony of Rheumatism. Days seem long with pain, but nights seem endless and do not bring the peaceful rest your aching body needs. You must realise your kidneys are letting you down, and no permanent relief will come while your kidneys are ailing.

Thousands of men and women are to-day walking about in dreadful pain who could end that pain for good if they would only take the simple advice given here.

What you must do is prompt the kidneys to healthy action, and there is no better, no quicker, no surer means of doing this than by starting with De Witt's Pills to-day.

No ridiculous cure-all properties are claimed for De Witt's Pills. They are made for the special purpose of ending rheumatism, backache, and the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. De Witt's Pills will not only rid you of your pain, but their splendid tonic action will bring back renewed vigour and vitality. Sold only in the white, blue and gold box, at all chemists and storekeepers, price 3/6 and 6/6. Splendid for men and women at all times—and children, too. Get relief to-day by getting the genuine

Trust this Remedy for KIDNEY TROUBLE

Take De Witt's Pills regularly for a day or two and see how much better you feel. In 24 hours you see and know how good they are. Persevere and be pain free.

DE WITT'S

KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

WITH the colorful beauty and heady perfume of her blossoms, Spring pays tribute to milady's fashion needs

LEFT: A coronet of tiny flowers gives a delightful finish to the newest coiffure.

ABOVE: Clusters of large white chiffon flowers accent the decollete of a blue faille gown.

ABOVE: White chiffon gown with fluttering bias frills uses daring collar note of scarlet straps and three large crushed scarlet roses.

ABOVE: Dance frock of pleated sea-green chiffon. Novel trimming of orange satin hand-made flowers.

ABOVE: Two large white camellias with leaves perched precariously on top of the forehead give startling chic to smoothly-dressed hair.

LEFT: Beautifully-draped coral-pink chiffon gown attains distinction of line and detail with strings of graduated hand-made flowers in deeper coral shade on decolletage and skirt.

ABOVE: At the base of a swathed neckline on a yellow chiffon gown are posed three jumbo-sized chiffon roses in shades of yellow and orange.

ABOVE: On a pebble crepe gown of angelica-blue is placed a lei of cornflowers. The deep cornflower-blue appears again at the wrist in the matching flower wristlets.

LEFT: Pink bachelor buttons make a dainty wreath to wear across the top of a youthful head.

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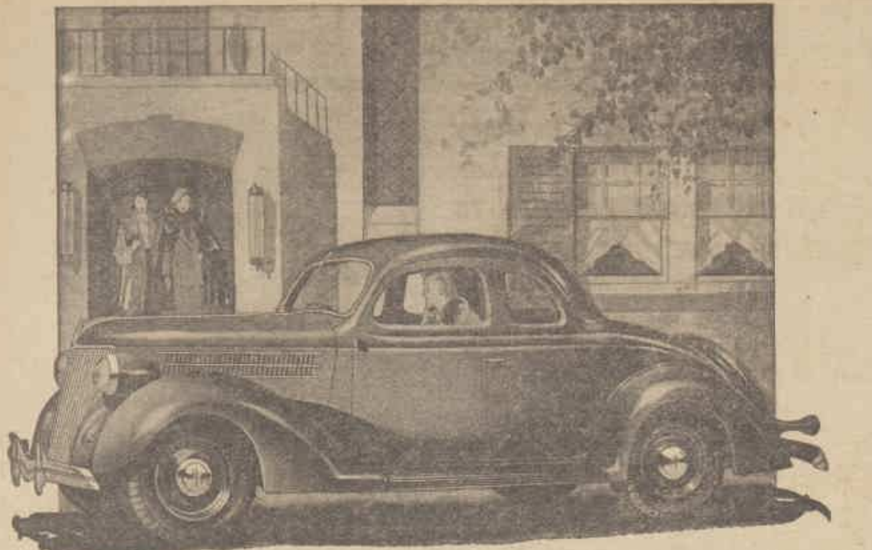

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Must Be Won
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Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars, each name being jumbled, with the addition of one unnecessary letter. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 26 to 1. All you have to do is to find the hidden names and substitute the letters for their corresponding values. For example, No. 1, with the letter "C" omitted, could be arranged to form the motor-car name, "FORD," the letter values of which are 21, 12, 9 and 23, a total of 65.

When you have completed the ten motor-car names, work out the total score obtainable from each as in the example. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than FRIDAY, 14th AUGUST, 1936, to MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 29th August, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. This competition is sponsored by J. Montgomery & Co., G.P.O. Box 3834T, Sydney.

All communications concerning this competition must be made to J. Montgomery, 1 Yorkshire House, Spring St., Sydney.

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2. O N T P R I A C
3. M O R R S I D
4. M A N H I L L S
5. J A C K P A R D
6. V E R G R O
7. E N Z A B
8. O O N A M
9. E V R O L E T C H A
10. G L O A K A N D

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
26	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

RESULTS MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 11

Five entrants submitted solutions totalling 1024 points. This was the highest correct total received, and they share the prize money, each receiving £5.

G. S. WRIGHT, 188 Cowper Street, Waverley.
F. L. MILLS, Moorambie Avenue, Kensington.
F. BOWN, 35 Hunter Street, Brunswick, Vic.
V. B. RIMES, Howard Street, Reservoir, Vic.
G. A. LAWSON, Howard Street, Reservoir, Vic.

WINNING NAMES

1. DERBY
2. OVERLAND
3. AUSTIN
4. ALBERT
5. MORA
6. CADILLAC
7. PONTIAC
8. MOVEO
9. HILLMAN
10. CHRYSLER

"Dover" (No. 6) was not accepted as correct, it being a truck model only.

ACCESSORY *Triumphs . . .*

Bright new ideas in Handbags, Shoes, and Frocking Details

Choosing correct accessories is a fine art this spring. So varied and so lovely are the offerings in shoes, belts, gloves, handkerchiefs, buttons, and handbags that it is difficult to resist the temptation to buy unrelated pieces.

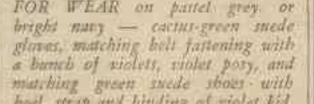
But that way chaos lies. On your ability to link your accessory and frocking types depends the success of your ensemble. So choose cunningly.

IT is awfully smart to "spike" your plain-colored frock with vivid accessories.

If you decide to do this, keep the accessories strictly tailored. Choose gloves of plain suede or kid of the short, unflared gauntlet variety, shoes devoid of trimming, plain belts of the glove material, and with matching buckle.

Fuchsia, emerald, yellow, and the new London-tan, vivid rose, and even turquoise can all be successfully worn with dark navy, black, and pastel-green. White, as of yore, with black, navy, nigger, bottle-green, or any of the darker shades of the spectrum.

The best of the white contrast is shown in both tailored pique and the feminine fluffy effect of lace. Lace assumes great importance. It makes collar and cuff sets, and is allied with embroidered muslin for inset collars and cuffs. Dainty muslin-covered buttons are outlined with narrow lace. Starched lace flowers appear on black. Tiny white lace boleros are enchanting on black dinner frocks. A lace tunic goes charmingly over a dark evening gown or skirt.



FOR WEAR on pastel grey or bright navy — cactus-green suede gloves, matching belt fastening with a bunch of violets, violet posy, and matching green suede shoes with heel, strap and binding of violet kid.

Grosgrain ribbon of every width is used as trimming to give color contrast to dresses. It makes belts and belt-buckles. Many belt-buckles are of the belt material, though exotic types and whimsical shapes of wood, leather, metal, and glass are also to be worn.

Two-faced Gloves

GLOVES come in carrot, London-tan, purple, maize, and all the pastel tonings. Some are double-faced—grey outside, sulphur inside, strapped at the wrist with hook and eye fastening. Kid gloves have all-over perforations. Fabric gauntlets are often split.

Handbags are roomier, rectangular, square and envelope shapes predominating. Peccary bags have carved galalith mounts. Square calf-skin with dull gold clips, pleated chocolate suedes, and a semicircular navy kid with wide rolled edges are all intriguing. Pinseal, antelope, suede, and patent are all a joy to own. A loose plaque to hold metal initials is a very bright idea.

Evening bags of the color of the frock are made of satin. Diamente still sparkles at the smartest evenings. These, too, are roomier—large enough to hold the running repairs outfit for the complexion and the key of the car.

Shoes run the gauntlet from light-weight kid brogues to toeless sandals. Classic tan and white spectator sports have perforated trims. Navy canvas ghillies, with crepe rubber soles, accompany culottes. Dark fabric shoes for town-wear have patent trims. Black patent trims white buckskin. A high-cut Juliet shoe in white buckskin sports a bright blue leather monk strap and heel. Heels are stilts or non-existent. Linen sandals in every shade.

Handkerchiefs are really sweet. Gay linens for day wear, with hectic candy stripes in red, yellow, blue, grey, black.

Fine white linen is edged with cobweb lace. Powder-blue lawns are printed with dainty pink roses. For the evening, fantasy with restraint. Immense squares of scalloped chiffon or tulle with appliques of black satin in one corner.

Buttons of mother-of-pearl, chased glass, dashing red and silver bells, hand-cut pink bone roses, and quaint locks and keys adorn the smartest frocks.

Monograms have lost their banality. Cunningly designed and beautifully worked, they have taken on a new artistry which wins them an essential place in the accessory mode.—A.J.

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Refrigeration—Electrical Refrigeration Servicing.
Aero Eng.—Ground Eng. Licenses, Rigging.
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NEW FASHION ERA *for* MEN!

☆ ☆ ☆

The King will Set the Mode

STIRRING days ahead for men. No more cowardly shivering on the brink of new fashions waiting for the rest of the crowd to take the plunge with the boater or the brighter shirt. His Majesty, King Edward VIII, with his keen appreciation of modernity in dress, will change all that.

Just how revolutionary the king's influence will be we shall not know for a few moons. Meantime, the suits sketched on this page and the accessories mentioned below are gilt-edged spring tips on the tailoring and mercery markets.

For sports wear, "action" backs have made their entry. Freedom for sports is the first essential, and the new coats are bulging with pleats. Be sure that new sports clothes are amply endowed with big patch pockets or the pleated type to give that extra fullness for the pipe and tobacco pouch.

Color has made a definite hit, and this spring sports accessories will present themselves more cunningly than ever. Lovat-green, a new color conception, is with us, and accents itself in ties, scarves and shirtings, while yellows and browns still adorn the landscape.

No longer does Adam bare his neck to the multitude. For sports he should be sure that the collar is tied in the usual way, and that his sports tie goes a bit reckless over color. Should he prefer the ease of an open collar, a carelessly-tied scarf of the old-fashioned Paisley design is the thing.

Speaking of collars, accept this word of warning. New and rakish collar peaks are but passing fancies of fashion, and you will still wear your evening collar 2¼ inches high, with the tie, black or white, outside the peak.

The dash of the spring mood finds its happiest expression in the sports shirt. Here gay colors come into their own. A sports shirt can go rakish or raffish or what-you-will and be all the smarter for it. Also, it goes short-sleeved to give the sun a chance to do its spot of tanning.

Fashion details by courtesy of "Esquire," men's wear fashion authority of Farmer's.

For Business and Sports

● ● ● *THREE SUITS — (see sketches above):*

1. Single-breasted coat, long in shape, in the new stripe and over-check designs.

2. The double-breasted idea, with the lapel roll to the bottom button. Choose materials from worsteds, cheviots, flannels, and lightweight tweeds.

3. Sports coat, three-button, showing inverted pleat for pocket fullness.

● ● ● *THREE suits for business and sports. (See description below.)*

● *THIS SEASON'S dress suit, as sketched at the left above, features a new breadth in the lapels. "Length without breadth" is the ideal of "tails" elegance. The waistcoat, of white pique, can be single or double-breasted . . . The new dinner suit is broader of shoulder and longer in the coat than last year's. The lapels are wide. Jetted pockets and an outsize breast welted pocket complete the picture.*

● *TWO SKETCHES of a smart, practical coat are given above. Coat front is plain, but note fullness above belt at back.*

● *THIS SPORTY HAT is light and cool. Straw and tweed mixture and very durable.*

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Be the Perfect Hostess

There are times when the careful and judicious selection of Wines and Spirits is an important feature of your entertaining.

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"BRAEMAR" will assure success, and add just that subtle touch to the dinner party, cocktail party, or function.

"BRAEMAR" Wines and Spirits are of superfine excellence; you will find in them a revelation of delicious flavour, perfect bouquet, and mellow richness.

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Be the perfect hostess — specify "BRAEMAR."

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Braemar Australian Vintage Port
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Braemar Australian Vintage Dry Sherry
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Braemar Dry Gin
Braemar Blended Rum.

THIS DISTINCTIVE AND ULTRA-MODERN BOTTLE IS AN ADDED FEATURE WORTHY OF BRAEMAR PRODUCTS.

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

½ wineglass of Braemar Whisky
½ wineglass of Vermouth
30 drops green syrup
10 drops Angostura bitters
6 drops Curacoa
A little shaved ice
1 small strip lemon peel

Put all ingredients except lemon rind into a large tumbler. Cover the top closely, shake well, and strain into a wineglass. Place strip of lemon peel on top and serve.

SNOW BALL COCKTAIL

1 wineglass Braemar Brandy
1 bottle ginger ale
1 egg
1 teaspoon castor sugar
Crushed ice

Break the egg into a glass, beat it well, then add the brandy and sugar and strain into a large glass. Add a tablespoon crushed ice and ginger ale. Stir well and serve.

SUNRISE COCKTAIL

2-3 wineglass Sherry
1-3 wineglass Braemar Brandy
30 drops vanilla syrup
10 drops Angostura bitters
Pounded ice
Small piece lemon peel

Half fill tumbler with pounded ice, pour over it all the liquids, and shake well. Strain into another tumbler, add lemon peel, and serve.

MARTINI

Fill the shaker half full of broken ice, and add two dashes Angostura bitters, half glass Braemar Dry Gin, quarter glass French Vermouth, quarter glass Italian Vermouth, half teaspoonful dry Sherry. Shake and strain into a glass and squeeze a piece of lemon peel on top.

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FAMOUS DESIGNERS' *Fashion Forecasts of* "THINGS TO COME"

Britain to Become World Style Centre

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London. By Cable.

Schiaparelli intends to show in the Paris autumn collections an English-styled four-piece suit, slimly cut. The skirt is calf-length, and the short, three-pocketed jacket bound with leather thonging.

Both are of red-brown coarse tweed. A loose, swagger, collarless coat of brown-red tweed and a fine wine-red wool jersey blouse of severe cut complete this outfit.

THIS famous designer is also showing a strictly-tailored three-piece suit of yellow-brown tweed.

The plain skirt is fastened with visible patent-leather covered zips. The high-revered jersey blouse has a squared yoke, and high ruffled neck.

She declares these indicate the line of spring sporting suits, which will be of lighter texture, maintaining the same rough effect.

Reville is sure England will control fashions in formal wear—afternoon and evening gowns—next year.

Ten special shades have been chosen by the British Color Committee for Coronation year.

These are a close secret until the first week in September, though The Australian Women's Weekly learns that rich, crimsony red, deep blue approximating royal, yellow similar to that of the Royal Standard, and forestry-green are included.

Reville states that wool mixtures—wool and artificial silk, wool and real silk, wool and cotton—will be the chief autumn materials.

Except for sport, tailor-mades are taboo, the whole tendency being to a clinging femininity.

Hartnell forecasts that winter and spring topcoats will have high, tightly-fitting waistlines, flaring hems, and trimmings exclusively of suede or fur. Peter Russell forecasts subtle colors generally for evening.

He offers an "appleluice" white satin which deepens in color when worn with emeralds, which will be the most popular jewels for the coming season.

The New Tweeds

GONE are the days when tweeds were conservative in color as well as in design; when heather mixtures or dull browns were the only things for shooting suits; when the only rivals to natural-colored sweaters were dismal things flecked in black and white or brown and beige. The new tweeds for the autumn of 1936 are lovelier than any we have seen before. So exquisitely are the colors blended that, although they comprise shades which are in themselves revolutionary, the finished effect is subdued and marvellously subtle.

Stocking Silhouette

HARTNELL declares evening gowns will be extremely close-fitting, giving a "stocking silhouette," with rather voluminous-sleeved coats.

He sponsors the new blouse with checked tweed front and crepe-de-chine sleeves and back, enabling coats to slide on freely.

Fashions for Goodwood indicate three-tiered puff sleeves and frilled necks will be most popular for decorative afternoon frocks, while Thaarup, the famous fashionable milliner, has introduced Salvation Army hats there. Most others are worn off the face, which indicates the coming mode.

Princess' "Shorts"

GLAMOROUS brunette Marina, Duchess of Kent, who intends curtailing her engagements in the autumn in the expectation of the birth of a child, is regarded as the most significant fashion influence, not only in England, but on the Continent.

She has now introduced the vogue for shorts into the Royal Family. Included in her wardrobe for a holiday in Munich and Bled is a pair designed by Molyneux, of white silk linen with matching top.

Marina, under strikingly individual taste places her fashions in the front rank, took an extensive new wardrobe with her. Her gowns included a pale mauve dinner frock trimmed with violets and covered with a three-quarter coat, a white chiffon evening gown which is worn with a sunray-pleated cape, a white foulard afternoon frock with a spotted black three-quarter coat decorated with white flowers, and another white afternoon frock patterned with tiny black beads.

In addition to shorts, her sporting wear included a frock of natural green

MARINA, Duchess of Kent, regarded as the most significant fashion influence, not only in England, but on the Continent, is here shown wearing a spring model hat with the new fluted brim.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

• *1 and 2—These sketches show two attractive methods of using knife-pleating.*

• *3—A PLAIN JACKET is effective worn over a printed frock.*

• *4—A LONG COAT in which sleeves are an important feature.*

• *5—THIS SKETCH shows the grace of the new circular skirt.*

• *6—A HALF BOLERO JACKET which reveals the sash of the dress.*

• *7—A SMART TUNIC FROCK.*

• *8—ONE of the new box-type jackets.*

• *9—SHORT, tailored jacket.*

• *10, 11, 12—THESE sketches show three new types of suits.*

FORECAST *for* SPRING!

MOLYNEUX sponsors lower waistlines and short, full jackets. Schiaparelli, very high waistlines and long, slim coats. Chanel likes the one-color ensemble, and other houses put three or four colors together. One designer likes very short skirts, another longer ones. There are very full and very tight evening frocks. You will be able to find a style that becomes you with the greatest of ease.

By day—you will be broad-shouldered and wasp-waisted. Shoulders made wider than normal by stand-up tucks at the top of sleeves, by folds and drapes, by sleeves set-in fully at the top of the arm.

Your waist will be tightly swathed in bright colored sashes, by cummerbunds, by wide belts. Or you might wear a Molyneux dress with a low-draped sash or with no belt at all—the skirt finishing low in back and higher in front.

Skirts below tight waists will either be straight and slim or circular (as in sketch No. 5), or they might be pleated all round. In some cases they will be as short as thirteen inches from the ground. In others as long as nine inches.

You will wear black dresses with white detail—white organdie ruffs high around the throat, low heart-shaped decolletes showing lingerie fichus and vests.

Sleeves on dresses are to the elbow or three-quarter—they are shirred, draped, wide, big at the upper arm.

Dresses and ensembles are full of detail. Incrusted bands of color, shaped yokes, scalloped and saw-tooth edges on belts, hems and collars; applique, fringe and tassel trimming.

A striped taffeta petticoat might peep from beneath your circular skirt. Pleating is everywhere, whole dresses of sheer crepes are knife-pleated, as sketches 1 and 2, or the sleeves only might be pleated. You will wear pleated jackets over slim dresses.

Every dress will have its jacket, cape or coat.

If it is a jacket it will be fitted and tailored and short, hip-length and loose as in sketch 9, boxy as in sketch 8, finger-tip or wrist-length and full in the back, or knee-length and swagger. The jacket will contrast with or match the dress beneath. White pique or pastel jackets over dark frocks. Print jackets over plain frocks, plain jackets over print frocks as in sketch 3.

THE spring mode is full of surprises. Variety seems to be the keynote, with an extraordinary richness of ideas.

Styles are not only varied; they are contradictory. There is something to suit everybody's taste.

Long coats are slim and fitted, collarless or with a high collar flaring round the neck. The coat will open down the centre-front to show the dress beneath; it might button up the front of the bodice. Light coats over dark frocks, dark coats over prints with inserts of the print on the coat.

Suits can be strictly tailored and worn with lingerie blouses. Skirts are slim or pleated, jackets fitted or loose. For dressy wear, dark taffeta suits; for useful wear, sheer wools, heavy crepes, printed crepes and alpaca. Sketches 10, 11 and 12 show three new suits. You will often wear a print jacket with a plain dark skirt—the skirt of wool or crepe, the jacket of crepe or taffeta.

Tunics by day and night. A tunic suit, a dark skirt with a pale tunic coat, slightly flared, hugging the hips and ending a few inches above the knees. Tunic dresses as in sketch 7. Plaid or print taffeta tunics with tight bodices buttoning up to the throat and a full flaring basque hip-length worn with black wool skirts. The short tunics jut out from the waist, the long ones fit the hips and flare at the knees.

Boleros. Short bolero jackets over wasp-waisted dresses. The jackets come just to the waistline or above it—they show the colored sash on the dress, sketch 6, or reveal a strip of the blouse as it tucks into the skirt.

Prints. Masses of them, floral, dotted and printed in odd designs of animals, letters, notes of music, Chinese prints. Small bouquets or bright and large flowers on dark grounds. Many two-color prints—black and white, navy and white, black and a bright color.

Fabrics for day are heavy dull crepes with interesting surfaces, sheer wools, dark taffetas and sheer fabrics. Reversible print fabrics are new, the one side used for the dress, the other for the jacket.

Colors. A lot of black, but black brightened by color. Vivid scarves, flowers, gloves. Pastel gloves, violet, raspberry, rust and green gloves. Cerise, orchid, royal-blue, yellow and emerald for belts and other accessories on black dresses. Navy-blue is next in popularity, also brightened by colored accessories.

Pale grey, a bright tan called London tan, is used for some dresses, but is smarter as an accessory color with white, bright navy or green. All the pastels will be seen later and the prints contain every color. Violet and mauve are smart.

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SPORT *and* Resort Wear

Sun and sea babies take to new spring fashions like ducks to water.

• *THE very nice nautically-minded coat at the right is in the new tan shade with facings of burnt-orange. It sports a rising sun motif on the sleeve.*

☆ ☆ ☆

• *SCARLET anchors make a snappy note on the shorts of the sporting two-piece. The coat favors the new bolero style.*

☆ ☆ ☆

• *GAY flag printing distinguishes the chic grey rubber swim suit, which adds a cap of the same fabric.*

☆ ☆ ☆

• *THE SUN SUIT of the brassiere and shorts type dons a long printed slit skirt wrapping over in front.*

☆ ☆ ☆

• *THE SCARLET cruise suit uses a new pleated skirt. Coat of lime-yellow, with lapels faced with scarlet. Vast red-and-white beret.*

• *BLACK-AND-WHITE stripes are strikingly used in a swim suit which adds a red caped coat and huge red-and-black sun hat, as shown at right.*

☆ ☆ ☆

• *A VIVACIOUS trio of tennis togs. The frock at the extreme left is smartened with a scarlet tie and belt. The outfit in the centre is amusingly trimmed with scarlet-and-black. Its modish bolero coat has interesting lapels and important little sleeves. Next to it is sketched a three-quarter tennis coat with quaint heart-shaped scarlet buttons.*

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An Editorial

AUGUST 8, 1936

IN PRAISE OF FASHION

ONCE again in hundreds of window displays, mannequin parades and advertising columns throughout Australia the new women's fashions for the coming season will be displayed and eagerly conned by daughters of Eve of every class and station.

A strange phenomenon, this, when one recollects how through the ages—and in spite of wars, famines, national upheavals, and the rise and fall of civilisations—there has always been a mode, or up-to-the-minute style in clothing, which it is "the correct thing" for human kind to follow.

In a search for origins, Science assures us that Fashion sprang into being with the first assumption of clothing by the human race as it evolved from savagery.

Even among prehistoric peoples there were "fashions" in the primitive bone necklaces, crude metal ornaments and animal skins of the reigning vogue.

This alone should be a complete answer to the decriers of Fashion. But there are others who complain that Fashion is an artificial adaptation—and therefore antagonistic to Nature.

But was there ever a more versatile exponent of changing fashion than Dame Nature herself?

See how her fashions in living creatures change through the ages—the vogue of giant reptiles, the craze for gaudy-plumaged birds, the mode of various queer shapes in animals, the differing races of Man, The March of the Seasons!

The watchword of Nature is Change. In evolving ever-changing fashions mankind is merely copying Nature's method on a quicker time scale.

We repeat, yearly, Nature's slower way with her own "creations," such as the thousandfold variations in color and design of the butterfly.

All progress is change; one has only to note the changing modes in those mechanical arts which the male considers his sole domain—the "fashions" in the evolving motor car, diesel engine, steamship, wireless set, aeroplane.

And it is heartening to note how, in the age-long struggle between Conservatism and Change in the realm of human customs, Dame Fashion has ever been arrayed on the side of the latter—otherwise, with Progress, the victor.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN.

Cats and Children

PEOPLE must have great fun in spending the wealth they accumulate, and more often than not the manner of the spending shows just what sort of people they are.

A cat died in Boston recently. It had lived in the lap of luxury, a trust fund of £2250 providing it with bread and milk and a little caviare for the term of its nine lives. A wealthy woman had so provided for her pet.

A Jew died in London last week, and it was revealed that he gave away £100 a week during his lifetime. Over 100 elderly men and women were his "pensioners," and he was the financial guardian of 300 orphans, and a good friend to the British Legion of Ex-service Men.

Curiously enough, since it has nothing to do with the case, he hated cats.

Golf Story

WE hear a lot about golf widows, but Hollywood has a better story with golf playing the leading role in the romance round.

Ten years ago glamorous Vilma Banky married firm actor Rod La Rocque amid scenes of pageantry and splendor which caused cynics to say that the wedding was only an excuse for a publicity stunt.

Cupid must be a golfer, however, for the couple have been happily married for ten years, and that's a long time in Hollywood. Vilma says she has no desire to return to films. Her immediate ambition is the women's golf championship of Los Angeles. Rod is standing by awaiting the proud day.

Yes, golf is a romantic game.

Needy Veterans

WARS and the men who make them are soon forgotten.

The veterans of the South African war drew attention to their plight recently when financial aid was sought for necessitous veterans. It's a case of the old guard being forgotten since these men are not treated as returned soldiers under present legislation.

The pathetic remnant of the bold soldier boys of 1899 now number about 2000, and as one of the men put it when asking for assistance: "Ten years will see us all out."

The years have been longer than the national memory, in fact.

Fish Yarn

IT must now be generally accepted that women are the truthful sex so far as fish yarns are concerned.

The other day a man at Manly (N.S.W.) saw an octopus—a pale pink one with magenta spots. It also had deep and trusting violet-blue eyes.

Before the "One That Got Away Club" could stop him he had the matter verified. The Australian Museum sent a woman to check up on the facts, and she found them correct and in order, even to the violet-blue eyes.

This feminine intrusion into the domain of fish yarns is enough to cause wholesale resignations from anglers' clubs all over the country.

"A Famous Victory"

RECENTLY a patient in a dentist's waiting-room electrified his fellow sufferers by putting down his paper and saying, "Good heavens! There's been a terrific naval battle at Jutland!"

After all, the news wasn't so belated, for the battle is still raging as to who really won the naval epic.

Germany recently celebrated the battle anniversary with great pomp and pageantry. Apparently Britain was satisfied to let the matter rest on the outward signs of victory, one of which was the fact that after Jutland the German fleet did not venture out again.

Such graceful reluctance on the part of a victor certainly needs some suitable celebration.

WOMEN HAVE INVADED almost all the professions, and now we have female firefighters. Nancy Allen, looking for thrills, organised a fire brigade of women at Cowessett (U.S.A.), and took over the duties of chief. It is no idle gesture, either, for her ability has aroused the admiration of firemen in neighboring communities.

Ultra-Modern

WHEN the moderns quarrel among themselves as to the merits of the ultra-art schools of paintings, then the man in the street may take heart again.

The International Art Exhibition at Sydney Art Gallery has even annoyed the University students. "Fury and futility" was one phrase used in condemnation, and "paint in a passion" another.

To the lover of art—the mere layman who likes a good picture representative of something he understands—many artists are not even good paperhangers. Wouldn't the money used in holding these exhibitions be better employed in encouraging our own artists? Most of us dislike taking a text book with us when examining a picture for a hidden and esoteric meaning which hides behind a multicolored daub.

Unkindest Cut

WHILE Bernard Shaw was verbosely telling a crowded audience that he had everything he desired, and wanted no presents more valuable than threepence for his 80th anniversary, someone in the audience handed him a razor-blade. Was it a long overdue hint to the dramatist to cut the cackle?

Lyric of Life

SPRING

Again!
It is the Spring once more,
The blossoms in the joyous air
Are all about us, everywhere
As lovely as they were before.

Again
The birds have learned to sing
Because the golden sunlight starts;
Their song is echoed in our hearts,
A paean to returning Spring.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Boys in Blue Come Home Again

This week, 1350 men will catch their first glimpse of Australia again after an absence of more than a year, while their wives, mothers, and sweethearts waited patiently at home.

THE men are the officers and ratings of H.M.A.S. Sydney and H.M.A.S. Australia, which have been on patrol duty in the Mediterranean during the Italo-Abyssinian conflict.

About half of the 1350 men are married. While they were away their wives and dependents received money from their seafaring menfolk through an allotment system, under which the sailor declares an allotment to be deducted from his fortnightly pay.

This goes through the paymaster of the ship to the director of navy accounts at the Navy Office, and finally is paid to the wife or dependent through any post office in the Commonwealth.

The married sailor receives 2/- a day married allowance, **on condition that he allots half his pay and the married allowance to his wife,** and the married sailor with a family also receives child endowment according to the number of children under 16 years of age.

The crews during their tour abroad have circled the world, taken part in history in the making, and visited many foreign ports.

New Sydney

THE Sydney is making its first appearance in Australian waters, having replaced the old cruiser Brisbane.

It is a luxury ship with spacious decks, hot showers, special ventilation, reading and recreation rooms, and an improved galley with all the latest equipment for model kitchens.

The 600 men aboard the Sydney left in 1935 on the Brisbane, via Colombo and Port Said, took over the Sydney after her trials, and later went to the Mediterranean, where the two Australian ships were attached to the Mediterranean fleet, which accounted for the delay in the sailors' return to their home country.

The Australia left here in December, 1934, to take the Duke of Gloucester home after the Centenary celebrations in Melbourne and his visits to other States, visited New Zealand, went to the rescue of the Seth Parker in the Pacific, and proceeded via Panama to England, where it took part in the big naval review off Portsmouth in honor of the late King's Jubilee.

West Australian and South Australian men will begin their leave on reaching their home port. Victorian men will go on to Sydney and begin their leave from there.

The New South Wales men will not begin their extended leave until a month later, as the extended leave will be divided into two watches, the Victorians receiving their leave in the first watch.

Bank on Ship

THE thrifty sailor can bank his money on board, as there is a branch of the Commonwealth Savings Bank on every warship.

The sailors' first welcome will take place in Perth, when 400 men will take part in a route march. The warships will remain only a couple of days in Adelaide and Melbourne, but will return to Melbourne in time for Cup week, when they will be open for inspection by the public.

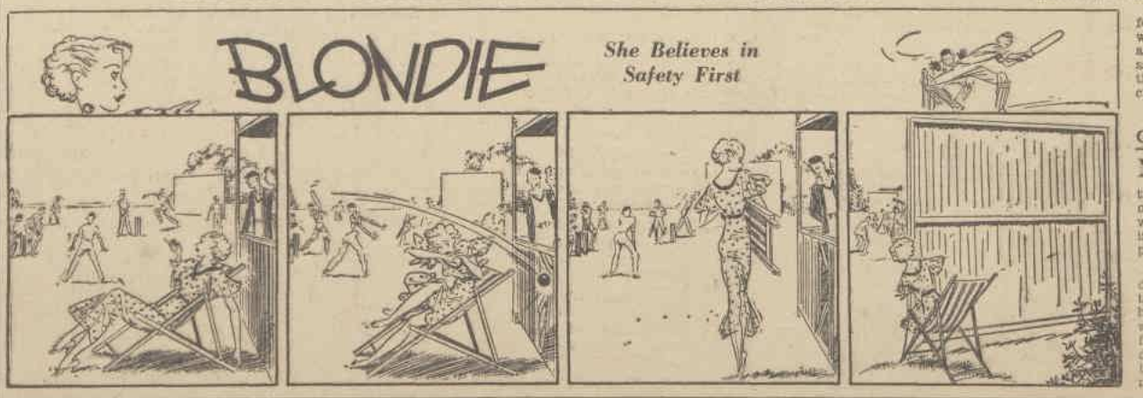
Owing to the altered arrangements last year the Navy was missing from the Melbourne Cup for the first time for many years.

Presents and souvenirs from foreign ports will add to the weight of the sailors' luggage, and duty must be paid by the sailor on the same terms as on the purchases of ordinary citizens.

Good News

NOW that the various Australian railways are each trying to go one better than the other in efficiency and service, we may look for some startling improvements in rail transit and passenger comfort.

They may even design a new door-handle on suburban trains to save passengers from being hung up on them in passing. And what about a windowless carriage for fresh-air cranks—a nice bare, draughty compartment all to themselves these chilly mornings?



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FASHIONS *that Bloom in the Spring*, tra-la!

Redingote's Confusing Influence on Boleros and Jabots

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

The confounded Spring is on its way again.

The wattle is blossoming forth in order to give everybody hay fever, and the birds will soon commence their maddening din in the trees which give them shelter.

And the shops are showing their early Spring fashions.

LISTEN to this, dear. An American suit in wine-and-grey matelasse showing redingote influence. The coat is a bolero, and the sash has a Spanish air about it. Worn with a leghorn hat, pancake crown and wine-colored tulips. Isn't that nice?"

"Huh!"

"I don't believe you were listening to a word I said!"

"Oh, yes I was! You said something about a wine and cray mattress, showing red and goat influence, and the goat is a sombrero. The sash has Spanish hair on it. Worn with a hat called after some kind of fowl, and has wine-colored pancakes with tulips stuck in them. How's that?"

"Bah! Anyhow, I'm going to put a lay-by on it."

"Well, I don't understand your slang terms, but I'd advise you to put it on each way; then, if it runs a place . . ."

Anyhow, after a while I thought it would be best to get out of the house for a while and go for a walk.

I met Wep dawdling along the street kicking cats out of the spring sunshine and muttering to himself.

"How's tricks?" I asked in my usual hearty manner.

He gazed at me morosely. "Have you ever heard of a thing called a navy-and-white printed sports crepe, with swing-back coat, pique jabot and piedish frill?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "What is it?"

"It's a dress of some kind."

"Oh! What's the piedish for?"

"How do I know?" he said crossly. "Just listen to this," he added, fishing a Women's Weekly out of his pocket. "Flowers will be worn in profusion during the next few months. Tuck bunches of them into your belt, wear two or three pink, or chiffon ones under your chin, pin them on to one shoulder."

"Does it say anything about sticking them down the back of your neck and strapping them to your boots, or anything like that?"

"No," he said gloomily. "But I wouldn't be surprised. How did we get here?"

Wrong Turning

I LOOKED around, and to my great astonishment we were in an hotel bar!

"That's strange!" I exclaimed. "We must have taken the wrong turning."

"Well, it would look foolish if we walked out again. I suppose we'll have to buy something. Two small lemonades, please, miss."

So the lady behind the bar turned her back on us and said to the lady behind the cash register: "And it has all little tucks and pleats on the sleeves and flares just below the knee."

"Two lemonades, please!" said Wep in a loud, insistent voice.

"What sort of hat are you getting to go with it?" said the lady behind the cash register.

"Two lemonades!" we bawled in unison.

"I was thinking of getting one of those brown baku straws with a wide orim. Then I could wear it with my pink organdie as well."

Wep was going black in the face. "TWO . . ."

So we went away, lemonadeless, uninformed and misunderstood.

If I were a dictator, I'd put the lot of you in uniforms. You and your spring fashions!

In the Chorus

"DON'T," I said. "It's getting monotonous. Where did you get the new hat?"

"Like it?" said Wep, taking it off and admiring it. "Notice the silk lining."

"What are you drinking, gentlemen?" asked the lady behind the bar.

"Only seventeen and six at Oogle's," said Wep. "There was a sale on, and I was just passing when I noticed it in the window."

"What are you drinking, please gents?"

"I like those snap brims," I said, trying the hat on. "Of course, they don't suit everybody. I think my next hat will be a fawn. I'm tired of greys."

"Do you mutts want a drink, or don't you!"

"Well, of course, you can wear a grey with practically anything; especially a light grey."

"Hey! You!" bellowed the lady.

I looked up sternly and then suddenly remembered that here was a certain source of information which I sadly needed.

"Have you ever tried wearing a mattress, showing the influence of a red goat . . ."

"With a piedish on it?" asked Wep, butting in.

"And pancakes with tulips stuck in them?" I interposed.

"And flowers all over you?" Wep concluded.

We waited anxiously for the reply. It came from the lady at the cash register. "Don't serve them," she said, coldly, and she beckoned the chucker-out.

L. W. Lower prepares for his spring debut.

How can you SLIM safely in Winter

HOW to keep slim during the Winter, with very little outdoor exercise and with rich fat-forming Winter foods, is a problem most of us have to face. Solve it surely and safely by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable: they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start taking Bile Beans to-night and make sure of having a lovely slender figure when Spring comes.

"Bile Beans have gradually removed all surplus fat and given me a normal figure again. They have also toned me up and brought healthy colour to my cheeks." Mrs. B. B.

* * *

"I confidently recommend Bile Beans to all who have a tendency to put on weight. Bile Beans not only remove surplus fat in a perfectly safe manner, but they promote vitality and keep one fit and in splendid bodily health." Nurse F. K.

BILE BEANS
BANISH WINTER OVERWEIGHT

Now let the Dentist speak . . .

LOVELY young womanhood has other things to worry about—ruining a frock, perhaps, or crumpling a mudguard, or whether a certain week-end party will turn out well. But when it comes to Pyorrhea, the motto seems to be, *"Let the Dentist do the worrying!"*

And that's the truth. Perhaps your Dentist is doing the worrying about some nice, clean, white teeth which you are carefully brushing every day. For the Dentist knows (and will tell you if you give him a chance) that the clean white teeth are likely to be the teeth destined to be undermined by the stealthy *gum disease* — Pyorrhea. In some cases it takes years before it really shows. Nobody but a Dentist can detect its presence during this stage.

Don't wait for bleeding gums! Don't give Pyorrhea a foothold! Go in for cleansing *plus protection*. Get the double-duty toothpaste in the big brown tube—it's Forhan's, developed by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., specialist in mouth diseases for a period of 26 years. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, which Dentists are using throughout the world in the treatment of Pyorrhea.

Check up with your Dentist twice a year. Adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice *to-day*.

Price 2/-; Extra-Large Tube 3/-.

Australasian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co., Ltd., Sydney.

Forhan's
for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE —— IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

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● *"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavour. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother—lemme try a mouthful of that!"*

● *"Say, this is good—a nice long, hard bone to it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No—you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off—it's mine!"*

● *"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured—even* YOU!"

● **Johnson's is the finest Baby Powder made—soft and smooth. Many mothers nowadays are adopting this petal-soft powder for their own toilet use, also.**

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY-BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc. A7.30

Baby Soap reduced in price — Now 6d. per tablet.

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Brilliant Novel of a Girl Who "Mothered" Her Family

That brilliant and sincere novelist, Miss Richmal Crompton, has expounded a theme of great interest to women in her latest novel, "Caroline"—that of the girl who mothers the young members of the family.

She has done more than that. She has treated it with a fine human understanding.

WHEN Caroline was four years old her mother ran away. She was brought up by her stepmother, and when both her father and stepmother die she assumes the role, at 19, of little mother to her stepbrother and his two sisters.

Very admirably does the author sketch the growth of Caroline into her new and self-imposed responsibility. Her peculiar position as "the other child" in the household is subtly conveyed, and her self-sacrifice in making the welfare of the youngsters paramount to her own career is a highlight of the book, achieved without over-emphasis or mock-heroics.

Self-sacrifice

THE tragedy of her sacrifice is soon apparent. The children as they grow up are wilful and spoilt, and the possessive care of Caroline only seems to drive these moderns further away from their big sister.

Things are in a pretty muddle with members of the family at variance, and Caroline being perilously close to being dubbed an interfering old maid, when Caroline's mother appears on the scene.

On the strength of the old adage of an "old dog for a hard road," Caroline's mother, still youthful - looking, charming, and tactful, begins unobtrusively to mend the tattered fabric of family harmony, and is splendidly successful.

If there is a point of criticism against the story it may be found here in the way Caroline is side-tracked so that her mother—rather belatedly—may scatter little seeds of kindness as she goes.

Caroline in this part of the book becomes almost unlikeable, so that mother may efficiently perform her act of the prodigal's return.

However, there is a compensation, and with the understanding mind of her mother to help her Caroline achieves real happiness at last.

An especially good novel on the question of family relationship, and one that is thoughtful without being profound, and entertaining and human at all times. (Macmillan. 7/6.)

COSMO HAMILTON, brother of Sir Philip Gibbs, and author of many best sellers. The witty and provocative note it well sustained in his latest book, "Adam and Evelyn in the Garden of Edenbridge."

SHORT REVIEWS

"BLEAK DAWN" AND OTHER PLAYS. Sydney Tomholt. This book of plays by Sydney Tomholt shows the gift of the true dramatist. All of them are technically excellent, but several are finished examples of fine play-writing. What is particularly pleasing about them is their smoothness and unity, showing the hand of the craftsman who loves his trade. "Anoil the Blind" is a vivid drama with a tremendous climax. "The Crucified" is another excellent piece. The real tragedy of the book, however, is that plays like these are not familiar to all of us through public presentation.

A glance at this book is thoroughly recommended to producers looking for plays which will act as well as they read, and which have the stuff of life in them. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)

"UNDER THE PEPPER TREES." Flora Sandstrom. This is a splendidly-written story about Australia from the pen of an Englishwoman. She has achieved a reality to the Australian scene which is rare in overseas novels. Life on a station in the outback is handled with a nice regard for detail, and travesty has no part in the authentic background of her tale. Characters, too, are excellent. The wife of the station-owner fighting bad seasons, since her husband is a dying man, is a fine piece of literary portraiture. Janet, the English governess, is as lovable as the human and attractive children she mothers. Love-interest is strong, and Australians will make a note of Miss Sandstrom's name for future novels she may write about us. (Cassell. 7/6.)

Have Young Lips

Cutex Lipstick contains a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking. It stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth. It does not streak, nor leave an uneven colour-rim.

Cutex makes Lipsticks to harmonize with all its famous Liquid nail polishes. Try this new fashion in make-up.

CUTEX
Lipstick and Nail Polish

"HAVEN'T TAKEN A LAXATIVE since eating ALL-BRAN"

Cures constipation without injurious habit-forming drugs!

● Mr. G. H. Hawkesford, of Marrickville, was a slave to laxatives. All-Bran has brought him health and regular habits. Read his letter:—

"Since I started eating "All-Bran I have had no need of laxatives of any kind. All-Bran keeps me perfectly regular; I'm a new man again."
Mr. Hawkesford, 426 Marrickville Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

"No more constant dosing for me!"

Artificial laxatives increase constipation, weaken tender, delicate muscles. Soon you can't function normally, risk serious intestinal troubles in later life!

Your system doesn't need medicines. Natural "bulk" exercises and restores weak intestinal muscles. Kellogg's All-Bran is the best source of "bulk."

Serve two tablespoonsful of All-Bran daily, covered with milk or cream, for one week. After that, 3 servings weekly ensure normal elimination.

Order Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day!

LAUREL Kerosene
The Soft White Light

In Australian Lamps there nightly burns more Laurel than ALL other brands of kerosene put together! Housewives know it is the highest quality—they know its goodness never varies; so, the number of Laurel-filled lamps grows steadily from year to year.

IDEAL FOR CLEANING - HEATING - COOKING

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Not only Warehouse Prices but also 2 YEARS to PAY at W.W. Campbells'

Examples of general Furniture Orders
(SYDNEY & SUBURBS)

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£100 for 80/- deposit 20/- weekly. £150 for 120/- deposit 30/- weekly.

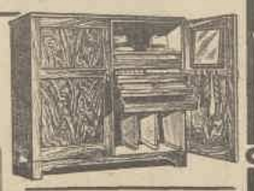
£13/19/6 5 VALVE DUAL WAVE RADIO

Again we make an outstanding Radio offer. A new Dual Wave; easy tuning to World stations; perfect Local and Interstate reception; 5 Valves with full efficiency; Glorious tone; Beautiful Cabinet; sloping top; clock dial; splendid construction. Backed by a firm of 50 years' standing. You can depend upon perfect entertainment.

This Week's Cash Price £13/19/6

Metropolitan Easy Terms:— 12/6 DEPOSIT and 3/- WEEKLY

This fully-fitted Lowboy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trouser-rails, adjustable mirror and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this bargain.
Special Cash Price
This Week 59/6
Or on Easy Terms:— 5/- DEPOSIT 2/- WEEKLY



This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments, including Bread Cupboard and one drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. The construction and finish are excellent.
This Week's Cash Price .. 85/-
Or on Easy Terms.
We stock many designs in Breakfast Room Cabinets at prices to suit all purses.

LISTEN IN to 2UW and 2GB

2UW.—8.30 p.m., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., "THE LOVES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH."
2UW.—7.30 p.m., Saturdays—"DARBY AND JOAN."
2GB.—9.15 p.m., Tues., and 7.30 p.m., Sat., "AESOP'S FABLES UP-TO-DATE."

Contrasting Walnut Veneers, and artistic design, set a remarkable standard of value in this new Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in., drop-centre, kneehole Dressing Table, and Double Lowboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The beautiful Dressing Table has extra-large, five-piece Mirror and bow-front centre drawer. Make this handsome suite part of your home at the

Introductory Cash Price
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COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

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A perfect Lounge Suite is required for "Winter Comfort" in every home. The beautiful example illustrated is a remarkable opportunity for all who love the good things of life. The large Settee and capacious Chairs are upholstered in superb Genoa Velvet, with five fully-sprung loose cushions. This artistic design is extraordinary value at
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BEDDING BARGAIN

DON'T MISS THIS!

Full-size Double Bedding, 100% Pure Japara Kapok, in genuine Belgian Striped Ticking. Rarely, indeed, is Bedding of this quality offered at such a price. Hurry, as stocks are limited.

44/9 CASH

BUY DIRECT from the WAREHOUSE

If you have been waiting for a modern Dining Room Suite at an economical price, this is just what you need. It has a beautiful Walnut finish, and comprises:—4ft. 6in. Sideboard (with usual drawers and cupboards); 5ft. Refectory Table with splayed box-legs; Four Chairs with upholstered lift-out seats and backs shaped for comfort. You will be unwise if you miss this remarkable suite at the Introductory Cash Price

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BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

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Special price	42/6	50/-	57/6	65/-

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Waves and curled ends. PRICE, 15/-
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2/- deposit 1/- weekly

PREMIER'S *Daughter Meets* HITLER'S "PERFECT WOMAN"

Conference where Jew and Nazi Meet in Harmony

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Hitler's "perfect woman," Frau Scholtz-Klink—what is she like? "Charming," says Gwendoline Stevens, elder daughter of the Premier of N.S.W., who met her at a London international conference of women.

Since the bachelor dictator bestowed the "perfect woman" title on Frau Scholtz-Klink, women have been wondering what attributes of womanliness called forth such comment from the Nazi leader, who is reputed to be shy of women.

"What I like about her," said Miss Stevens, "is that she has such a youthful outlook. She most certainly has an engagingly young manner and a rather self-effacing modesty that doesn't show in her photographs, which all look terribly smug—exactly what she is not."

MISS GWENDOLINE STEVENS, elder daughter of New South Wales' Premier, and Psychological Adviser to the Rachael Forster Vocational Clinic in Sydney, and Mrs. Ethel Morris, of Melbourne, are among the thousand men and women delegates to a conference in London which is rising superior to the racial antagonisms and national prejudices that are setting Europe aflame.

These delegates, representing almost every race under the sun, are attending the third international conference on social service—drawn together by the common purpose of aiding their less fortunate brothers and sisters. They are in London to discuss such questions as "Social Work and the Community," "The Idle Woman," and "The Problem Child."

In every country, no matter how rigorous or even brutal its internal regime, there are little oases where help and advice are given to those in need, and where men and women strive and work for social betterment. It is from such refreshing centres that most of these men and women have come.

"These conferences are the most friendship-making gatherings imaginable," Miss Stevens told me. "Miss Riuka Aharonson, inspector of social welfare of the Tel-Aviv Municipal Corporation, Palestine, was listened to with the same close attention as Frau Scholtz-Klink. Herr Hitler's 'Perfect Woman,' and Miss Lillie Dixon, Chicago negress, with the same lively interest as Miss Aileen Kennedy, who is a member of the Ohio Relief Association.

FRAU SCHOLTZ-KLINK, Hitler's "Perfect Woman."

"It is splendid to see Germans, French, and Poles in friendly argument on the best way to improve the world's health, child welfare, and education, their national and political differences completely forgotten.

"The most amazing thing to me is the youth of the delegates. But there are some quite elderly speakers among the British delegation.

"The young people in England seem afraid to take up social work. Perhaps they are too busy earning their livings; anyway, it's a great pity that English youth is not more interested. Social service is the sort of work that ought to be studied in youth so that one can get a young angle on it.

"That's what I like about Frau Scholtz-Klink—she has such a youthful outlook.

"Another splendid feature of these conferences is that we see and hear what other nations are doing. I have been to creches, day nurseries, schools, factories, and even restaurants on the tours of inspection arranged here.

"But, of course, to me subjects connected with children are the most interesting, because I believe that only by training the child properly can we hope to make the citizen of to-morrow.

"'The Idle Woman' of whom we are hearing so much at this conference, and who would, if the Germans had their way, be immersed in household duties, would be non-existent if the little girl were trained to use her leisure properly, so that she keep an even balance between pleasure, sport, household duties, school work, and some constructive hobby. And the little boy, if helped over his psychological problems, is the man who will make a good citizen and a model husband and father.

"Though one nation may be more advanced than another, this conference has disclosed that our problems are much the same everywhere, though our methods of dealing with them may be entirely different."

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA

HUBERT OPPERMAN

the World-Famous Cyclist, Uses and Recommends

Heenzo

COSTS 2/- - - SAVES £'s

HERE'S a recipe, given by a leading chemist, that will enable people to make the best family cough remedy, and at the same time save much money. Everybody knows that a good cough and influenza remedy consists of two main sections:

The first section is the undiluted medicinal ingredients; and the second is, of course, the necessary water and sweetening. The preparation of the medicinal ingredients requires trained knowledge, but the water and sweetening can be added in the home just as easily as in the pharmacy. And you save a lot of money by doing so. Now, prove these facts by trying this HEENZO recipe: Into a jug put four tablespoonsful of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfastcupful of warm water. Stir till dissolved, and when the syrup is quite cold pour into a large bottle, and then add a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO, obtained from your chemist or store. By doing this you will have a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the best ready-mixed cough remedy that, if purchased in the usual way, would cost up to £1. An outstanding feature about HEENZO is the fact that it is a safe remedy for babies as well as adults, and over 12,000 people have written letters proclaiming it the best remedy they have ever used for quickly banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and influenza.

HEENZO

should be used in every home.

LOOK CLOSELY INTO YOUR POTS AND PANS

Think . . . before you use a drastic cleanser! Surfaces scratched and marked by harsh block cleansers or wire wools can't keep their new brightness . . . can't give the wear they should — *must* get hard-to-clean.

Vim is made specially to clean smoothly without scratching. The fine, regular, soap-coated grains of Vim are hard on dirt but easy on the surface.

'SMOOTH-CLEAN' IT WITH **VIM**

MADE BY LEVERS — THE MAKERS OF LUX AND RINSO

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CHILBLAINS

Don't endure that burning irritation any longer — you can get wonderfully quick relief with just one application of Rexona Ointment. Try it to-night! Rexona eases that drawn tight feeling of your feet—it cools the inflammation and helps to reduce the painful swelling. Use Rexona for broken chilblains too — it prevents germ infection and quickly heals up the broken skin.

TREATMENT. Bathe the affected parts in water as hot as can be borne. Dry thoroughly, then rub in Rexona Ointment. Repeat the treatment as often as possible. Bandage firmly if the skin is broken.

PAINFUL CHILBLAINS — QUICK RELIEF

Mr. A. D. Williamson, of Bourke Street, Goulburn, writes :—" *You cannot beat Rexona Ointment for Chilblains. My children always use it. It eases the pain quicker than anything else I know.*"

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT, 1/6 tin. SOAP, 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs.) 0.191.33

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

HER FATHER: You wish to marry my daughter? You have no practice and you have no income—what can you offer her?
DOCTOR: Free medical advice.

THE BORE: Yes, I've seen those Indian magician chappies throw a rope into the air, climb up it, and completely vanish.
THE BORED: How wonderful! I wish you could do that.

TEACHER: If your father was making six pounds a week and he gave your mother three-quarters of it, what would she have?
JOHNNY: A fit.

SALESMAN: This is the finest cigarette-lighter on the market.
MODERN MISS: How many does it light to the gallon?

BEGGAR: Lady, I haven't seen a bite to eat for a week!
THRIFTY LADY: Mary, show this poor fellow our leg of mutton.

EARN EXTRA MONEY

Growing Mushrooms for us in your spare time . . . FASCINATING! PROFITABLE!

There is an assured EXTRA income awaiting for YOU in mushroom growing. And the field is uncrowded. Our WORLD-FAMOUS BRITISH "ABUNDANT" PURE BOTTLE CULTURE SPAWN gives fine large crops the whole year round, crops earlier and definitely last longer than any other types, and is now obtainable at greatly reduced prices.

No Experience or Special Premises Needed

Almost any spare space will do to grow splendid, delicious mushrooms—the garden, frame, greenhouse, cellar, shed, boxes, garage, etc. No experience required. We show you how and offer 100 guineas in CASH PRIZES. **Take this opportunity of obtaining the first British "Pure Bottle Culture" Spawn imported into Australia and proved to be the best in the world.**

No Risk — We Buy All You Grow

You need do no canvassing or selling. We definitely contract to purchase part or all of your crops, as you desire, at a guaranteed price! Distance no disadvantage. We pay the freight. Take advantage of the exceptionally high prices (2/- to 3/6 per lb.) obtained for cultivated mushrooms during spring and summer by planting now.

There is no off-season when your earnings dwindle. You have a ready market every week of the year! Furthermore, satisfaction guaranteed or spawn released. Call and have a chat with our experts.

NOW is the time to start!

POST THE COUPON AND GET THIS FREE BOOK Today

TO BRITISH MUSHROOM INDUSTRY (Dept. 1017),
Pendennis Chambers, 275 George St.,
(Near King Street), Sydney.
Melbourne Branch, Box 1552E, G.P.O.

Please send me immediately, without obligation, your FREE 36-page Illustrated Book, "Mushroom Growing for Profit," and fascinating story of your remarkable New Bottle Culture Spawn.

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(Enclose 2d. stamp to cover cost of postage, etc.) 6/8/36 W.W.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

DENTIST: Will you have gas?
Absent-minded Motorist: Yes, and I think I want some oil, too!

LADY: Oh, so you've been in touch with Royalty, have you?
Tramp: Yes, ma'am. I was once stung by a queen bee.

"HOW'D you come to lose your 1935 model car?"
"We were only paying 1933 instalments."

A BISHOP was condemning the use of cosmetics. "The more experience I have of lipstick," he declared warmly, "the more distasteful I find it."

DAUGHTER: It won't take me long to learn to drive.
Father: Not if the car lasts it out.

"WHAT are you doing here?" asked the lady of the house haughtily. "Aren't you the man I saw in prison last week?"
"Yes, Mum," replied the ex-prisoner, "I am returning the call."

BRUCE: Who is the big gun at your office.
Tom: Mr. Simpson; he's always firing someone

LIFE-SAVER (to swimmer who has called for help): Swum out of your depth?
Swimmer: Much worse than that. Swum out of my hired costume.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD.

For years I was worried to death with unsightly Freckles and abominable Pimples and Blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed nether and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realising that there must be thousands of women, both young and old, who are to-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to share my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 3d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, mask, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

FREE COUPON
Cut out this Coupon if interested and post with 3d. stamp and name and address to: MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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Germaine Rocher...

ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S MOST EXCLUSIVE DRESS DESIGNERS .... INSISTS ON THIS

Pure Silk Thread

HIGH up in the Trust Building, above the roar of Sydney's traffic are the ateliers of Germaine Rocher. Here, in an atmosphere of Parisian elegance, are created many of the most distinguished fashions worn by Australian women. To Germaine Rocher, as to all French designers, detail is supremely important. Is it any wonder then, that of all pure silk sewing threads, Gutermann's is used exclusively by this famous couturier.

Follow the lead of the great dressmakers — Do all your Spring and Summer Sewing with

Gutermann's Sewing Silk

THE TRUTH *about* Us MDIVANIS

Continued from Page 3

FOR years we have taken it and we are perfectly able to continue taking it—but some of the lies are too vicious to be ignored.

When Serge and I were at Andover University working in the kitchen for our tuition, the other students good-naturedly would call out to us:

"C'mon, Duke, bring in those beans."

Yes! We worked for our living and are proud of it.

Among the clippings that lie before me is one that labelled Alexis a "penniless Prince without position" when he married Barbara Hutton.

I have not so forgotten a sense of drama to appreciate that the world's richest heiress marrying a "penniless Prince" probably makes a better story than if the Prince were equally wealthy.

But when something as sacred as a human life is at stake, I think it is time to use a few facts.

Alexis was far from being penniless when he and Barbara Hutton fell in love and later were married on June 20, 1933, in Paris. And he was far from being penniless when at the age of 21 he married Louise Van Alen on May 15, 1931, in Newport, R.I.

For a boy of 21, just out of Cambridge, Alexis had enough to pay not only his own way, but the way of the girl he had asked to become his wife.

Alexis and Louise Van Alen had met while my brother was still in school. Her brother, James Van Alen, was a classmate in Cambridge.

She was a lovely girl in her teens, and heiress to the Astor millions; Alexis was twenty-one. They were married at the home of the bride in Newport, R.I., where Alexis had often played polo during summer vacations. They returned to Paris so that Alexis could continue at the Georgian Legation.

He was also deeply interested in archaeological research, a work that later carried him to the other side of the world as the representative of a Paris museum. And it was there, in China, after Miss Van Alen had obtained a divorce in Holland after two years of marriage, that Alexis and Barbara Hutton were to find romance.

Before the dissolution of his marriage with Miss Van Alen, Alexis had resigned from his post with the Georgian Legation to devote his time to his oil interests. He had also joined the brokerage firm of Hursch and Lilliental in Paris.

Alexis and Miss Hutton had been friends for several years; had known each other in New York and on the Continent long before his marriage to Miss Van Alen.

Fell in Love

AFTER Alexis and Miss Van Alen had failed to make a go of their marriage, Miss Hutton and my brother had met again and both had realised that from their friendship had come a deep and sincere love. But they were young—not quite so young, of course, as Alexis and Miss Van Alen had been when they made the important step in their lives—but, nevertheless, quite young. They wanted to be sure. So they would be sure. Miss Hutton went away on a world tour "to think it over."

Alexis remained in Paris, continued his work with the brokerage firm where he had achieved financial success, and remained close by the side of our father, whose health had begun to fail noticeably under the tragedies that had befallen his land.

To escape from the scene of so many memories, Alexis accepted a commission from a Paris museum to unearth archaeological data in China.

Alone, he sailed from France to New York. In Los Angeles, Serge and I had our oil company well under way. We had successfully brought in our initial wells, having started on a piece of land which had been given me by a friend.

On this piece of property and with our own capital we began the well which was to be the forerunner of the Pacific Shore Oil Company, which at its peak with five wells turned out 60,000 barrels of oil a month.

At our suggestion, Alexis flew to Los Angeles to see us. He looked over our oil properties and invested.

During the four days there I talked with him about Miss Hutton.

And as a younger brother sometimes will, Alexis poured out his heart to me that night. He was deeply, blindly in love with her. She was as lovely and charming as she was beautiful.

"I wish she didn't have a penny in the world," he told me. "Then we could be married and be happy forever. I don't see how I'm to live without her."

Somewhere on the other side of the world Barbara Hutton was also thinking it over.

Alexis—twenty-three years old and with enough money to have made any girl happy for the rest of her life—sailed away for Hongkong. True, he couldn't have bought ropes of pearls every moment of the day, or private railroad cars and that sort of thing, but he could have provided any girl—including an heiress—a home and a life of which she could be proud.

There in China, where a fatalistic destiny seems to be a little more pronounced than any other portion of the world, the wandering paths of Miss Hutton and Alexis crossed. There beneath Chinese nights two very young persons—a boy and a girl—realised they were deeply, irrevocably, in love.

They returned to Paris. There in the City Hall on June 20, 1933, they were united in marriage. Two days later, in the old Russian Orthodox Church, in keeping with a family tradition, the ceremony was repeated and solemnised.

Knowing my brother as I do, I would stake my life that he lived up to the holy agreement of his Church.

On May 13, 1935, Miss Hutton in Reno, Nevada, divorced my brother, and on the following day married Count Haugwitz-Reventlow.

Parting of the Ways

"ALEC and I have agreed we are unsuited, though we will always be the greatest friends," was Barbara's laconic summing-up of the position.

Alexis played golf on the day of the divorce, but I fancy he played rather badly.

This is a newspaper description of Barbara at the time:—

"Her hair was a casque of palest gold, the face smooth and creamy, like the petals of a rose, the eyes were slumbrous, and the full, smooth mouth moist and scarlet—one of the loveliest women in the world."

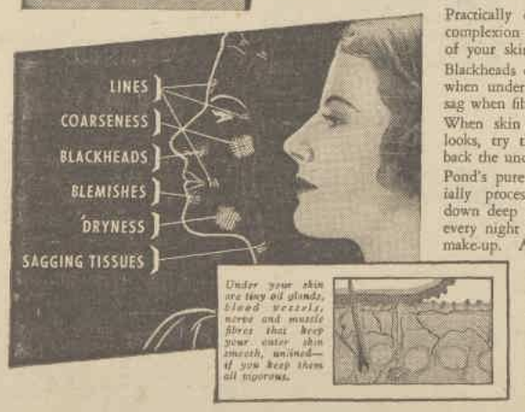
Then came the tragic sequel. Prince Alexis was killed in a motor accident in Spain, and death wrote finis to the career of the youngest Mdivani. Truly the motto of the Mdivani princes might well be:

"Love won, love lost, wealth won, life lost."

Next week: "My brother, Prince Serge, and his romances," By Prince David Mdivani.

TO AVOID THESE SKIN FAULTS

Keep your UNDER SKIN active



Practically every fault that mars your complexion started in the under layers of your skin!

Blackheads come when pores clog; lines when under tissues grow thin. Tissues sag when fibres lose their snap.

When skin faults begin to spoil your looks, try the Pond's way of bringing back the under tissues to vigorous action. Pond's pure Cold Cream, with its specially processed light oils, goes right down deep into your underskin. Use it every night and day to float out grime, make-up. As you pat it on, it stirs the lazy circulation. Invigorates failing tissues. As you use this cream, little lines will soften — blemishes — blackheads go. Coarseness—dryness will be relieved. A new freshness will glow in your skin.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults.

TRIAL OFFER: *Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream (Natural) ☐ Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette (Sunlar) ☐*

POND'S, Dept. X63 Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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*Address*_____

So happy she cried

"I'm in love," said Phillipa. "I'm so happy I could cry. Did you ever feel like that?"

"Yes," smiling, "and I cried too."

Why do women cry when they're happy? I just don't know. But Jennifer THRILLED because a man loves her. Because she, at 37, had the clear, young, pretty skin of mere 27.

Well, Creme Charmosan gave her that charm, that youth, that cunning "youngness" that stirred that man's soul. So, please, thank goodness for Creme Charmosan.

Protects skin from cold winds and biting dust.

Creme Charmosan for skin youth

Holds powder with sheer witchery for hours. Hoggland's favourite powder base. Big jars for your dressing table, 2/6. Handbag tubes, 1/-. Sold everywhere. It's greaseless.

P.S.—Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like. Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It is the best powder that money can buy, and costs but 2/6 per large box. Used by famous film and stage stars. It is the powder of youthful skin charm and enchantment no matter what your age. In all shades and sun tan. Sold everywhere.

Stop Baby's Cough
It may become serious

Tender little throats are quickly soothed and healed the Chamberlain way. Phlegm loosens, throats are soothed. Contains no harsh, injurious drugs—will not upset the stomach. Checks coughs quickly.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

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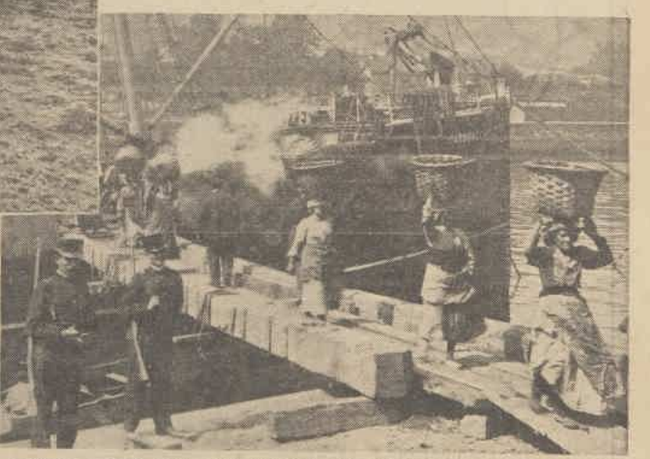
Castles in Spain are Tumbling Down

SPAIN'S MAJESTIC old castles are crumbling under the bombardments of the civil war. This is the Castle of Manzanares el Real, Barcelona, typical of the magnificent glories of Spain that attracted tourists from all parts of the world.

SYMBOLICAL OF THE beautiful girls of Spain, who look beyond the present and hope and fight and die for a better future. They are fighting on all sides in the Spanish conflict.

SPAIN'S UNUSUAL WEDDINGS. A bride and bridegroom at Segovia, garbed in native costume, are seen making their way to church on horseback for the wedding ceremony. To-day, couples are fighting side by side in Segovia, as in other battlegrounds in the civil war.

TWO SENORITAS strolling along Spain's gayest boulevard, the Ramblas, Barcelona, during their luncheon hour. Office hours in Spain are generally from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 4 p.m. to 7 p.m., a midday break of three hours being provided for luncheon and a siesta.



SPANISH WOMEN, under guard, unloading coal from ocean steamers on the Nervian River, Bilbao. Women have had to share in the hardest types of manual labor, just as to-day they take their part in the battles.

A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL IN MADRID. It is the celebration of El Retiro, which annually draws a crowd of 25,000 communicants who receive Holy Communion in one of the public parks. These pictures give some idea of the ordinary life of the Spaniards.

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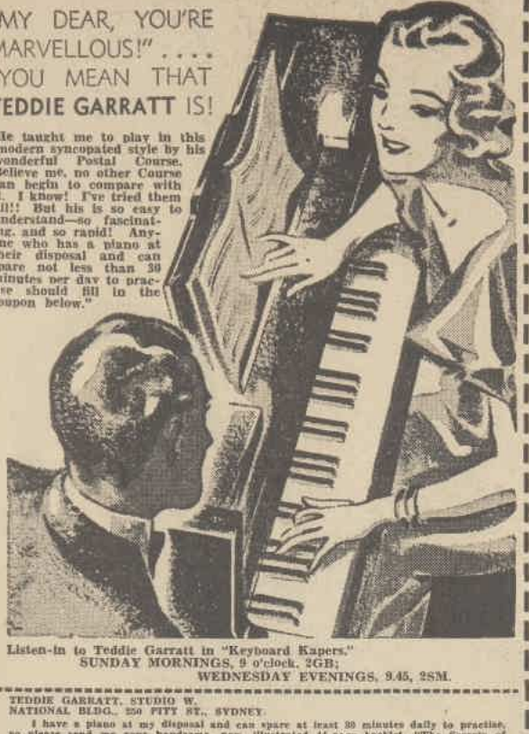
"MY DEAR, YOU'RE MARVELLOUS!" . . . . "YOU MEAN THAT TEDDIE GARRATT IS!

He taught me to play in this modern syncopated style by his wonderful Postal Course. Believe me, no other Course can begin to compare with it. I know! I've tried them all!! But his is so easy to understand—so fascinating, and so rapid! Anyone who has a piano at their disposal and can spare not less than 30 minutes per day to practise should fill in the coupon below."



Listen-in to Teddie Garratt in "Keyboard Kapers."
SUNDAY MORNINGS, 9 o'clock, 2GB;
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, 9.45, 2SM.

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W.
NATIONAL BLDG., 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practise, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 16-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME .....
(Print in Block Letters)
ADDRESS .....
.....

SUSANNA *and her* ELDERS

Continued from Page 7

IT went round and round. And then it stopped. Mademoiselle was lying down with one of her headaches and nurse had gone off to help with the lunch party. So there was no one to wind up the engine. Susanna did not care.

Outside the snow was falling faster and faster. Some village children were pulling their sleighs up the hillside opposite. Nasty little children. If you played with them you caught things and broke out into spots and wished you hadn't.

Susanna snatched up Dear Betty. Dear Betty said "Papa" and "Mama" if you squeezed her, and she closed her eyes if you laid her on her back. Susanna was supposed to have fun dressing and undressing her.

It was easy to get out of the house when mother was giving a lunch party. Susanna took Dear Betty with her because she had an idea that with Dear Betty clasped in her arms she looked what grown-up people called "a dear little girl" and not up to anything.

It was cold outside. But Susanna liked the cold. It was real. You ran against it and it stung your face and made you feel real, too—really warm yourself and not just because you had on a lot of stuffy clothes. She ran past the cars that stood lined up in the drive—all large and shiny like their owners, who sat round mother's lunch table and wagged their heads and said: "And how is dear little Susanna?"

SHE knew what she wanted. Ever since the bad young man had slapped her she had known. She wanted to get outside the garden into the world. Without mademoiselle, who spoilt things and made them look like everything else.

She wanted to find more bad young men. She was bad herself. She had her father's and mother's temper. They both said so. She flew into rages. Sometimes she broke things. And once she had stolen them. That was the time when she had run away and got into Mr. Jones' orchard and climbed one of his trees and stuffed herself with his apples.

The road outside looked different, just as she had known it would. It looked exciting and threatening. It dared her. It said, "Come on—just round the bend. I'll show you something." And just round the bend was a car parked in a field gateway, its battered nose poking round the corner as though it were looking up and down the road to see when it would be safe to come out. It was not like the nice cars in the drive. It was shabby and had quite evidently been up to a lot of things. One of its doors stood open and grinned at her.

Susanna went on sedately. Some children ran past. They looked at her and one of the little boys pulled a face and said: "Look! Isn't she sweet!" In another minute she would have flown at him and pulled his shock of horrid red hair.

But suddenly she forgot him. A little, pale-faced girl followed the shouting and jeering children. She was much smaller than the rest and she walked slowly as though she were not strong enough to keep up. And she was dangling something that Susanna had never seen.

It wore a cocked hat like an admiral and an expression that no admiral should ever wear. It was gay and wicked. As it saw Susanna it threw up its arms and legs with what mademoiselle would have called "abandon." It fairly shouted: "Hurra! Here's Susanna! Now let's all be bad together!"

Susanna stopped dead and the other little girl stopped, too. But the other little girl was looking at Dear Betty with a tender, half-believing wonder.

"What's that?" Susanna asked.

"It's the Jumper," the little girl said. "My brother made him."

"You give him to me," she said, "and I'll give you her." She pushed Dear Betty into the little girl's arms. "She's called Betty and she says things," she explained. She punched Dear Betty in the middle and Dear Betty gasped and said "Papa" and "Mama" and jerked her eyes.

Susanna did not wait for her to find out what a silly Dear Betty really was. She ran for her life. It was just her usual bad luck that she should have run straight into mademoiselle's terrified arms. Mademoiselle's nose was blue with cold and fright. She shook Susanna. The Jumper waved his sword and kicked his legs at her. (They appeared to hate each other on sight.) But he was not strong enough.

"But what is this? Where have you found it?"

"A little girl gave him to me——"

"One of the village children," nurse said, bringing up the rear. "Probably got mumps or measles or something—"

They were going to take the Jumper from her—the only thing she had ever really wanted, who belonged to her by right, who recognised her the moment he had set his laughing black eyes on her. She fought like a young Bengal tiger. She turned and ran. She knew just running was not enough. Her legs might twinkle their hardest. They were too short. But at the bend of the road—just where her pursuers could not see her—stood the rakish car with one door just a little open, leering at her. It said: "Come in and close me. I'll take care of you."

PERHAPS if Jane had not snatched her hand away just at that moment he would not have done it. If she had sung to him and told him that he was wonderful, or something equally silly, his anger and bitterness against everyone might have melted. He might have forgotten that kid with her curls and her toys and her ribbons. But Jane's drawing off like that hardened him. When Bill Saney edged up to him that night in the billiard saloon and said: "Listen, boy. I've got a wheeze——" he put on a swagger and went off out of earshot of the others in the room to hear what it was.

Please turn to Page 30

DREAM HOUSE

Oh, Hope laid sure foundations
For Love's protecting walls,
And from the rafters joy has raised
Faith's radiant lamplight falls.
And we before our fireside
Know happiness divine,
Because we built it of our dreams—
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THE BIRD

Canaries sometimes sing of lost romance

HECTOR POTTS was a free man. The buyer of linens and domestics for Greenberg's Department Store, his natty checked suit, his purple cravat, his rakishly slanted soft hat bespeaking his festive mood, looked from his taxi window at the hurrying swarms of husbands meekly returning to their dull hearths, and smiled the smile of the conqueror.

For 20 years he had bowed to the same yoke. But never more. Not for Hector Potts. Let others take their punishment from domestic worries. Hector Potts was through. No more ash-trays. No more recitations on leaky plumbing and the plaster in the living-room ceiling. No more torturing lyrics from his wife's canary. Serena would see to that.

Ah, Serena! Nothing domestic about her, that flamboyant beauty. He thought of the months he had had to share Serena's fair companionship with the world at large, those months when he had found excuses to get evenings with her, only to spend them in crowded movie houses or in cluttered restaurants. No, nothing domestic about Serena with her sweeping hats, her carmined finger-nails, the fine, heavy odor of musk which always surrounded her. Now he, Hector Potts, for the first time since he had known her, was to have this glorious female all to himself for one evening.

A Complete Short Story

:: By ::

DONALD GIBBS

He deserved it. He thought of the worried weeks before he had decided to tell Mabel he must leave her for Serena. As if she could understand with her domestic, wifely mind the heights of a grand passion. As if she could sense the splendor of a person like Serena. He had described Serena in detail to Mabel, thought it better to come clean about it all, and what had she said? "Serena Royce? Yes, I've heard she's pretty gay, all right. But how is she at sewing on buttons?"

BUTTONS? Who cared about buttons when one was about to begin a great romance? Buttons, ash-trays, canaries? Let meeker men yield to such nonsense.

The taxi stopped in front of the Utopia Apartments, and Hector hastened in, adjusting his tie in the elevator mirror and wiping a stray cinder from the tip of his nose. As Serena opened the door of the apartment her fine, full figure sumptuous in velvet and sequins, he felt very much like the hero of one of those romances in the magazine sections of the Sunday paper.

"My darling!" Serena cried. "And he has brought me flowers." Hector had pushed a slightly faded bouquet of gardenias at her. She bent over and planted a kiss on his bald spot. Mabel was always kissing him there. He must tell Serena not to do it. It was, well, rather dumb, kissing a fellow on his bald spot. Made a person feel so old and settled down.

He took Serena's arm, started to propel her towards the overstuffed divan of deep magenta. But Serena pushed him into a large and equally overstuffed armchair, and headed for the kitchen. "My darling will love what Serena is cooking for him."

Hector, in the depth of his chair, lifted his nose and sniffed. What little culinary titbit was Serena creating for her Hector on this, his first night of freedom? Something within Hector turned over like a well-flopped fried egg. She was cooking corned beef and cabbage. Corned beef and cabbage!

He thought of the times he had told Mabel about corned beef and cabbage. "Smells up the whole house," he had said. And now, instead of some fancy, fine dish for lovers—the tongues of humming-birds or pate de foie gras, or something with a little flair—Serena was cooking corned beef and cabbage!

He reached over and picked up the evening paper. As he did so, his sleeve scuffed a dainty lace mat to the floor. He looked at the other arm of the chair. He turned his head and looked at the back of the chair. Yes, Serena had those little lace mats all over her furniture just the way Mabel had. They protected the furniture, Mabel always said. Well, who wanted to be bothered with such tomfooleries, who cared about protecting furniture on a night like this? He turned to the sports page.

"DARLING," Serena's voice came caressingly from the kitchen. "It's time to get it now. Just turn the radio on and shove the dial round to 60."

Not a bad idea. Soft music to fit into the mood of the evening. Probably Serena liked nice romantic music. He pushed the switch and spun the dial. The radio let out a terrific blast of organ music. And then came the strident cackle of that great contribution to the radio world, Willie Piffer, the comedian.

Hector groaned. Mabel insisted on listening to that awful noise every single night. And here on his first evening away from all that, instead of the soft strains of some love ballad played on muted strings, he must listen to this.

"That's the dear," said Serena. "I just love him. Isn't he a card?" She was standing in the kitchen door, and to Hector's amazement she had covered her fine velvet and sequins with the billowing folds of a huge apron. "Dinner'll be ready in just a few minutes," she said, retreating to her odoriferous activities.

Hector felt a strange numbness. An apron, a Mother Hubbardish apron, and corned beef and cabbage. And this was his first night of freedom, the freedom he had so gallantly fought for! The apartment bell rang lustily.

Serena swept through, bearing a sturdy odor of cookery. "Ah," she said. "Hector, you'll love him!" Hector looked up over the tortoise-shell rims of his pince-nez and blinked. No! It could not be true! But it was true. A delivery man was standing there holding on to a tremendous package which bore very convincing resemblance to one thing—a birdcage! In his other arm was a square grilled box with a little yellow creature rustling about in it.

The room, for a moment, spun round in front of Hector. Serena took the packages and ripped the brown paper from the larger one. Her great brown eyes, the eyes which night after night across the damask of the town's hostelries had spelled all that was romance and escape, shone with excitement. "Isn't he just too sweet!" she gurgled ecstatically, removing the little yellow creature from his wooden crate and placing him gently on the trapeze in the cage.

THE bird was the living image of Joey Boy, Mabel's songster, the vicious little fellow whose morning serenade spoiled Hector's orange juice. The very cage looked like the one where Joey Boy spent his annoying existence.

"Come see your Uncle Hector." Serena placed the cage on the table next to Hector's chair. The bird looked at Hector with a hard and brittle eye, opened his beak and began an aria. As if inspired by his song the radio blasted louder. And then from the kitchen came a sizzling sound. "The dinner," cried Serena, and dashed for it.

Hector's jaw set the way it did when a manufacturer refused to come to terms with Greenberg's linens and domestics buyer. He picked up his hat and jammed it squarely on his head. Returning from the kitchen, Serena saw the hat, and rushed for Hector. He ducked. But she tripping, caught one leg like a Notre Dame tackle, and held. Down they both went, with Serena on top.

Hector felt himself smothered by the thick aroma of corned beef and cabbage. It was the end. He tried to squirm. He did squirm. He got up, moving faster than he had for years. He headed for the door.

"Darling," Serena called from her huddle on the carpet. "Darling!" But her darling had gone. She picked herself up from the floor, moved over to the table, heaved a long sigh and sat down in the armchair. Then she reached for the phone, and dialled a number.

"Yeah," she said when a voice answered. "He'll be home any minute. Yeah. Send me a cheque. And, say," she continued, a note of great exasperation coming into her voice, "how do you shut up this darn bird?"

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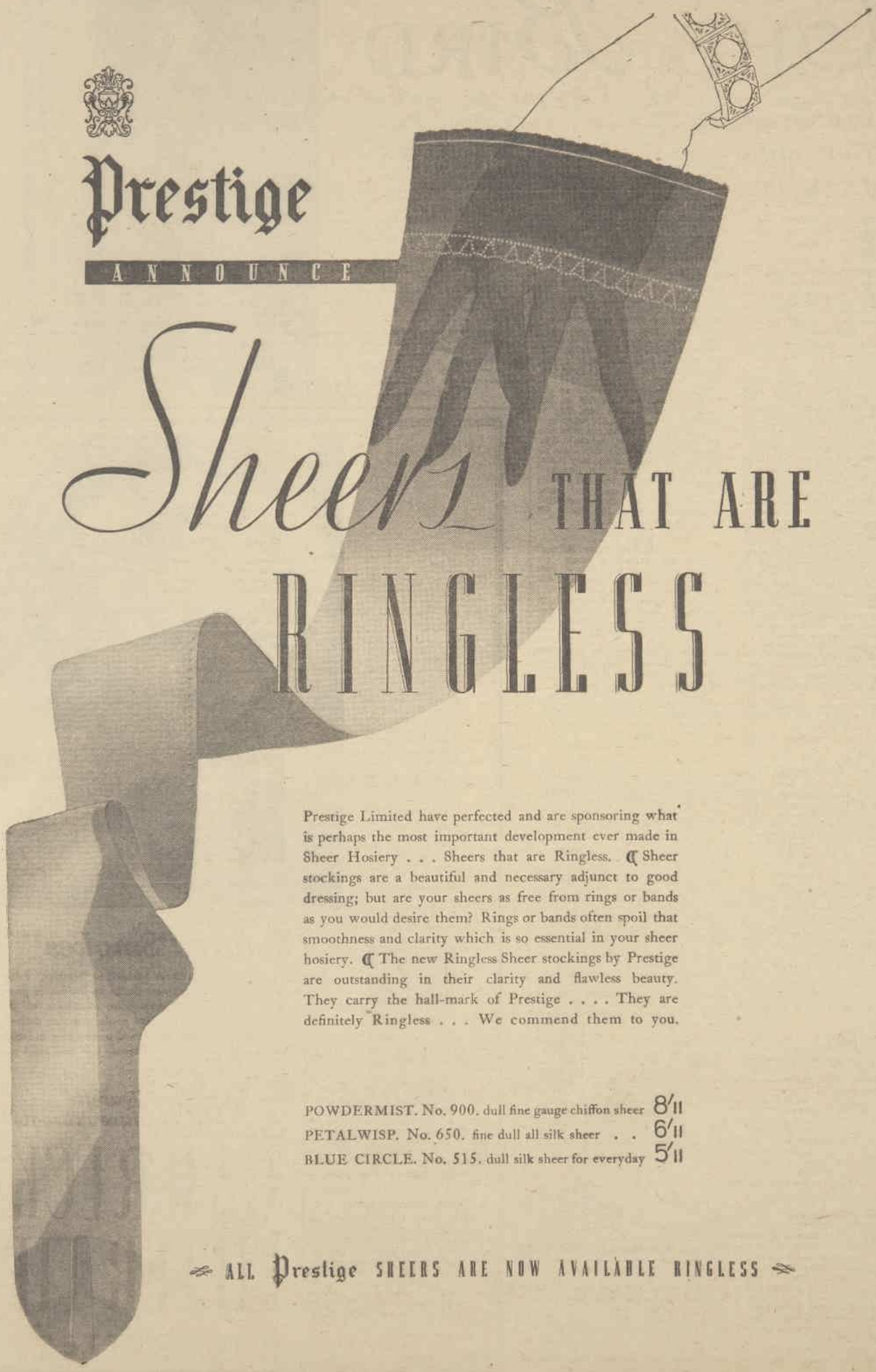

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NEED FOR READING ALOUD

AUSTRALIANS are often criticised for their careless speaking voices, and I think this may be accounted for by the fact that reading aloud has become a lost art. When we read aloud we open our throats and use them instead of our noses, which produce the present "horrible voices."

Woodwork, sewing and mathematics hold a place in our schools for the benefit of future joiners, dressmakers and clerks, but no provision is made for future politicians, lecturers (and radio-speakers) whose chief tool of trade is, after all, the voice.

This could be remedied by making reading aloud a definite school subject. It exercises all organs necessary to correct speech, especially the ear, which, as every radio listener knows, must hear correctly before any voice can be correctly produced.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. B. M. Wright, Man St., Glenbrook, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

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OUTMODED TABLES

THOUGH the aim of modern home decoration is to create an illusion of space the central table in Australian drawing-rooms which are often quite small, is still preserved, a hangover from the Victorian era. In America and England this space-wasting inartistic impediment to one's passage across the room has long since been abandoned to homes where the "parlor" is a semi-sacred spot reserved for Sunday reunions and funeral gatherings. Is there a practical reason why Australians arrange their lounge-room furniture as though the occasional table were the family high altar, placed centrally for the worship of their domestic gods, and for the sacrifice of unwary shins?

Isabel Morris, Galway St., Windsor, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHERE MOTHERS FAIL

I AM the mother of three tiny children. At present I am their whole world. Each fall brings them running to me to be soothed. All their little difficulties are brought to me to be solved.

But why do so many of us mothers lose the confidences of our children just when they really need us most? Quite recently I was speaking to a young girl seeking advice. I said "Why not ask your mother?" She replied "Oh, mother is the last person in the world who would understand." Why is this? Parents should be their children's best advisers, they have watched them grow, and know them so well. Why do mothers fail?

Mrs. J. Seberry, Myola, Gulgung, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

NO INVENTIVE POWERS

WOMEN do not seem to have the same inventive powers as men. Most of the hundreds of simple inventions which make housework a pleasure have originated in the ever-fertile brains of men.

One would think that a woman, living and working in a kitchen for several hours every day would know much better what was required in the way of labor-saving devices than a man.

Many of us, I am sure, have wondered, as we replaced some inefficient article by one much superior, invented as usual by a man, "Why on earth didn't I think of that?"

Miss D. Selfe, 54 Seventh St., South Townsville, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

GOOD POSTURE

IT should be the duty of all parents to teach their children good posture. It is heartbreaking to see a growing girl or boy lounging about or standing with the whole weight of the body resting on one leg. I feel like gripping them by the shoulders, and exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, stand up straight!" How can boys and girls face the future confidently and courageously if they do not take the trouble to hold themselves erect?

Miss M. J. Gordon, Utgarra, via Pt Lincoln, S.A.

Joy Can Be Found Even At the Wash-Tub

MRS WALTON speaks of washing as pleasant work. It is often a different tale with young wives whose previous work in shops offices etc. has given them no opportunity to do the family laundry. The constant bending over troughs, lifting from a copper, and hanging heavy clothes on a line can be very exhausting, and many a young wife has had weary hours following washing day.

Mrs. W. G. L. Cartwright, Austin House, Pakington St., Newtown, Geelong, Vic.

Such Joy is Transient

THE letter from Mrs. M. A. Walton caused me mild surprise. She says she revels in the "glories of achievement." I have, at times, experienced similar feelings, which were however merely transient, vanishing when I said to myself, "They'll all be in the tub again next week."

Such routine tasks as "washing" can never give pleasure.

Mrs. K. Trethowan, Wilga Park, via Wee Halle, N.S.W.

Lack of Method to Blame

MANY women will agree with Mrs. Walton that washing carried out efficiently at home, is no hardship.

Most of those who grumble, I find, have little method and just paddle in water and muddle for hours eventually hanging out when others are bringing in crisp basketfuls.

When washing is done at home, one has the satisfaction of knowing that no one else handles one's treasures.

Mrs. D. Mitchell, Nindethana, 146 Summerhill Road, Glen Iris SE6, Vic.

Washing Day a Nightmare

TO the woman who can stand up to the weekly wash, I say "Hats off."

After 28 years of genuinely trying, with the wish to master it—trying in the old "rub-a-dub-dub" way—trying with all the modern "washing made easy" methods, washing day to me is still a veritable nightmare.

Anyone who has suffered bodily fatigue after washing, a fatigue that is only just wearing off when it is time to start again, on the next week's wash, must say the same.

Mrs. C. G. Taylor, 21 Lee St., Wellington, N.S.W.

Relief When Over

AS a reader living in the bush with no conveniences I, for one, do not agree with Mrs. Walton.

After carrying water, and boiling the clothes in a kerosene tin over an open fire, for a family of six, one doesn't have a feeling of achievement, but an enormous sense of relief that once again washing day is over.

Mrs. W. Springall, Silkwood P.O., N.C. Line, Qld.

Pleasure in Results

I CERTAINLY agree with Mrs. Walton.

Even that old bugbear, "washing-up," need not daunt us. Think of the contrast between the unsightly soiled plates

Enjoying herself!

and dishes, and the piles of gleaming china and cutlery after their immersion in hot, soapy water.

If we take pleasure in the results of our labor, instead of dwelling on the drudgery of it, the work will be done happily, and in half the time.

Mrs. Cecil W. Poll, 86 Coonanbarra Rd., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

When Dietitians Disagree, What To Do?

MRS FREW (18/7/36) mentions a lamentable fact when she writes that dietitians don't agree on what is the best food to eat. It is indeed impossible to get any definite ruling to help the housewife prepare balanced meals.

It seems best, therefore to be sure that plenty of milk, butter, eggs, fresh fruit and vegetables are included in the menus, and, for the rest, don't worry. Probably more harm is done by worrying over food than by eating the wrong thing.

Mrs. A. Weatherley, 46 Elphin Grove, Hawthorn E2, Vic.

Analyse the Foods!

LIKE Mrs. Frew, I look to scientists, doctors, and dietitians for guidance in selecting and combining the correct and most nutritious foods for household consumption in order to keep my family healthy and bright physically and mentally. I, also, am frequently bewildered by the disagreements between authorities, some of whose ideas are diametrically opposed.

If Mrs. Frew could get a schedule of foods with their relative values in calories, vitamins, protein, etc., and take into consideration the occupations of her family, she could, I feel sure, work out and prepare nourishing and well-balanced menus.

Mrs. D. Stevens, 9 Har-Norm Avenue, Gordon, N.S.W.

Booby Prizes Unkind

ARE booby prizes necessary? Many hostesses still present the unfortunate holder of the lowest score at a card evening with some trumpery gift, such as a 1d. whistle or a dunce's cap.

This procedure seems to be both unkind and unsporting, and serves no good purpose. Let a first prize to the holder of the highest score be given, of course, but, booby prizes, no—certainly not!

Mrs. Mary Avard, Albany Road Kelmscott, W.A.

Unimportant

I, TOO, have noticed differences among experts on what are the best foods to eat, but I do not think they are terribly important. After all, in such a study there is bound to be difference of opinion. Learned, brilliant doctors and scientists have not always agreed in their analyses of other questions. And dietetics is a comparatively new science in which already great strides have been made.

I think that a good working plan would be to avoid those foods on which there has been debate. If food mentioned particularly by Mrs. Frew is considered bad by only some, why not avoid it altogether—just in case?

Dora Swift, Ridgely, Tas.

Use Common Sense

THE subject of dietetics is an extremely interesting one, and it is a pity that the experts do not always agree.

It is obvious, however, that the majority of people do not use their common sense in this regard. The benefits derived from plain, wholesome, and regular meals are surely not difficult to understand, nor should the average person find it hard to reason why the introduction of rich and highly-seasoned foods into the diet is quite unnecessary.

K. Lincoln, Balmoral Ave., Mosman, N.S.W.

Very Discouraging

LIKE Mrs. Frew, I have wondered at the differences in opinion on food values shown by expert dietitians.

Surely food is easy enough to analyse, and trained men must know whether ingredients and food combinations are digestible! It certainly is discouraging to the modern housewife, just learning the tremendous value of what we eat for our physical and mental make-up, to find experts uncertain.

We can only hope that, in the near future, a more intensive study of dietetics will produce unanimity.

M. D. Gleeson, Argyle St., Hobart.

Carping Criticism of Clever Women

I AGREE with Mrs. Brown (18/7/36), when she says men gibe at clever women. Men in general cannot admire a clever member of the opposite sex, but look for some flaw in her make-up—hence, if she is not beautiful, the argument that she is working out an "inferiority complex."

Still, this is not confined to men. Many women resent a successful fellow-woman. Until we can break down such jealousy we must continue to hear carping statements from men.

Mrs. J. Robertson, Battery Point, Hobart.

Masks Her Failure

IN reply to Mrs. Brown, I am inclined to believe that much of the success of the swaggering aggressive type of woman who boasts loudly about her career is merely a mask for her personal failure to achieve the values in life that

Woman's place in the home?

most women regard as essentially feminine and worthwhile. Bringing up a happy family then growing old gracefully—these are woman's happiest achievements.

Miss Dorothy Liddicott, care L. May, Summit Drive, Eaglemont, Vic.

Hats Off to Women

MAN considers himself superior to woman and is quite disgusted to see that she can participate in honors in aviation and other sports. He considers that woman, at one time subservient to man, should be kept in her place, so then hats off to her for rising out of the rut at last!

Mrs. W. Heeps, 567 Hargreaves St., Bendigo, Vic.

'MONEY-GRUBBING' SPIRIT

IT is amusing to read the chorus of protest which was aroused by Mrs. Mary Wood's letter. I think she is quite right and I do not see anything ridiculous in a "burly farmer" planting young trees. It is his sacred duty to do so, considering the number that have been sacrificed to give him his farm.

It is time we faced the truth that the whole of our colonisation of Australia up to date has been carried out in a purely "money-grubbing" spirit. We have done nothing to add to the natural beauty of the country and have done much to despoil it. Our ravaged forests, the ignoble architecture of our ugly sprawling cities and the crude tin-roof settlements of our country towns are mute and eloquent proof of this. Man cannot live by bread alone. Unless he creates beauty he will vanish from the earth and his so-called civilisation with him.

Nora Cooper, Bunyule, Dorset Road, Croydon, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

BRAIN EXERCISE

THOUGH a middle-aged woman with married children I can never resist entering any competition demanding brain work. Puzzles intrigue me. Although there is no prize attached to the correct solution I never see one without I must try to solve it. We are taught physical exercise to keep the body youthful-looking, but I think brain exercise is the thing to keep the heart and mind young and that is surely what we all would wish.

Mrs. T. Denston, 45 West Botany St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

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SOUVENIRING

WHY do so many otherwise honest people treat the matter of "souveniring" so lightly?

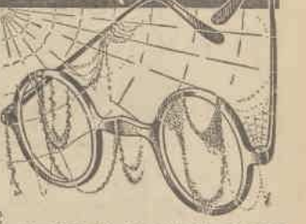
After all, to appropriate spoons, glasses, serviette rings etc. from an hotel or ship is really stealing, but such articles are usually displayed amid much laughter and congratulations, and looked upon as the legitimate spoils of a good holiday.

The same persons would be horrified if accused of theft, but go lightly along their way calmly "souveniring" trifles which take their fancy.

J. Williams, Commerce House, Adelaide.

Perfect Eyesight *without Glasses*

Whatever Your Age, Glasses Need Not Be Worn



THERE is a way—a Natural way—to have good clear sight again. You yourself can do it, with the aid of Eye Culture—and can dispense with glasses.

The splendid success that has attended the latest researches in EYE CULTURE is bringing the greatest happiness to-day to countless thousands whose vision was failing or impaired.

At last with Eye Culture, it has been discovered that at least 9 out of every 10 people wearing glasses to-day, NEED NOT. It has also been proved definitely by EYE CULTURE that those who fear that they will need glasses are FEARING NEEDLESSLY.

It has been found that Glasses do not cure an eye weakness or defect—they merely relieve a condition which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the fact that, as time goes on, those wearing glasses must frequently change them and get stronger lenses. This, of course, means a steady expense, and STILL nothing is being done to actually improve the sight.

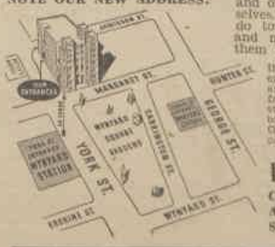
IF YOU ARE ALREADY WEARING GLASSES, EYE CULTURE can improve your vision, and in the majority of cases enable you to discard the glasses.

IF YOU DO NOT WEAR GLASSES, but your eyes are causing you anxiety or worry from

EYESTRAIN	OLD AGE SIGHT
ASTIGMATISM	SQUINT
EYE HEADACHES	EYES TURNED IN
LONG SIGHT	EYES THAT CANNOT
WEAK SIGHT	STAND GLARE, ETC.

or your eyesight is failing, then, a few minutes each day with EYE CULTURE can obtain or regain for you normal eyesight without resorting to glasses. All those whose livelihood depends upon keenness of eyes, also CLERKS, DRAFTSMEN, COMPOSITORS, POLICEMEN, MOTOR DRIVERS, RAILWAYMEN, TRAMWAYMEN, AVIATORS, FACTORY WORKERS, NEEDLEWOMEN, and others should, in fairness to themselves, learn what EYE CULTURE can do towards obtaining perfect eyesight and maintain it without encumbering them with glasses.

NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS:



If you yourself suffer from any of these eye weaknesses or defects, you should call and see me personally. Consultation is free, or if this is inconvenient, send 3d. stamped addressed envelope for our booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES," and learn what Eye Culture can do for you.

EYE CULTURE

C/o. Irvine's Pharmacy, Room A1, Assembly Hall, 2 York Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 'Phone B3398.

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The "Sonotone" Enables

The DEAF To HEAR

Even When People Speak Softly to Them.

AND YET YOU SCARCELY NOTICE THIS MAGICAL LITTLE INSTRUMENT; IT'S SO EASILY CONCEALED BY THE WEARER.

IF YOU ARE DEAF—

You owe it to yourself to have a free trial of Angus & Coote's "Sonotone." You owe it to your friends—who are now compelled to shout—so that you may hear.

Come—A Free Trial

will convince you at once that you need not miss the pleasures of music, the comforting tones of the natural, human voice, and all the joys that escape those troubled with deafness. You can hear the TALKIES when you wear the "Sonotone"—even if they are silent films to you now.

COME—THE "SONOTONE" CAN MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE TO YOUR LIFE AND OUTLOOK

INTERSTATE DISTRIBUTORS APPOINTED BY ANGUS & COOTE:
WEST AUSTRALIA: Messrs. Bunn's Ltd., Perth.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Messrs. Lanhman & Pank, 62 Gawler Place, Adelaide.
VICTORIA & TASMANIA: Mr. B. Nathan, 115 Collins Street, Melbourne.
QUEENSLAND: The Optical House of Chas. Sankey Fraser, 240 Queen Street, Brisbane. And at Margaret Street, Toowoomba.
NEWCASTLE DISTRICT: Messrs. Gibb & Beeman, 74 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS FOR THE "SONOTONE" HEARING AID.

Angus & Coote 500 George Street, SYDNEY

AND now he was running for his life — for freedom, anyway — with a dull ache in his shoulder and something warm and frightening trickling down inside his shirt. Things had gone fine up to a point. What with the confusion of the lunch party and strange people all over the place, and his knowing the lay-out of the house so well, it had been easy. Bill and brother George, got up as chauffeurs, hung about in the hall and kept their eyes open while he "cleaned-up" in the deserted library. In was then that he struck the first snag. The keys fitted all right. But there was nothing inside the safe—not a thing except a lot of papers. Perhaps smart people were smarter than Bill Sancy said they were. Or Jim lost his head. And then suddenly he knew there was someone in the room with him. He swung round. He saw the tall young man—got up to beat the band, as usual—standing behind the flat desk and reaching for a drawer and a revolver. And then he bolted—through the french window that he had had the sense to open. But he was not quick enough. He heard the shot. He was only just beginning to feel the pain.

The Sancys were wild with him. They dragged him across the fields and shoved him into the back of the car.

"Now we'll have to get away from here," Sancy said, "and for good."

Jim did not care. He slumped into his corner. He was shivering with cold and pain, but he had not even the strength to cover himself with the big blanket heaped on the floor. He thought he was dying. And that suited him all right. He wanted to be dead.

Sancy drove like a clever lunatic, twisting out of the main road and taking the curves of the narrow lanes as though he meant to ditch the lot of them. But at the last moment he would wrench the slipping and sliding car into the straight. The car seemed to understand his way of driving. It did things for him that no ordinary car would have done. They fled up into the hills. Nightfall and the forest trees were closing in on them. The snow lay so thick on the wind-shield that the wiper could not keep it clear.

Jim heard Sancy say: "Well, it'll cover our tracks," and opened his eyes. He could not stay in a dead faint for ever, however much he wanted to. The pain would not let him. At first he thought he had gone into a fever, and was seeing things. He could not believe what he saw. It was getting dark, anyway. He did not want to make more of a fool of himself than he had done already. He bent down and touched it. It was real. It was warm. It made a funny sound like a child's half-smothered sob. He said: "For the love of Mike——!" and George Sancy on the front seat turned and looked over his shoulder.

They stopped the car dead. They switched on the inside lights to make sure. But there it was. It sat in its cocoon of blanket and looked at him. Jim wondered whether it was really the same kid. She had been lying at the bottom of the car and her face was smeared with dirt and tears. She looked like any kid that was cold and very frightened.

Sancy swore.

"What the devil are you doing there?"

"HIDING," Susanna said. She was so cold that she could hardly speak. She held the Jumper close to her under her woolly coat. He was scared, too. The men staring at her over the front seat were bad men. They were bad in a new way. It was as though a curtain had gone up. She knew instinctively that, for once, it was no use crying. They would not care. And the other man had slapped her. So he would not care, either.

"What kid is that?"

"It's the Marshalls'."

Sancy stumbled round to the back of the car and yanked open the door, letting in a blast of snow and bitter cold.

"Chuck her out!"

"Good heavens, Bill, you can't do that. She's only a kid——"

"Can't I? Who asked her to come? She can get a lift home."

"You're mad. There won't be another car on this road for a week. We're twenty miles from anywhere."

"That's what I'm counting on."

"It's murder!"

"Ever heard of kidnapping? We'd look funny, shouldn't we?—telling 'em how Goldilocks ran away with us? We're in a bad enough mess already. Anyway, why should you bother? What's the kid got to do with you?"

She was nothing to do with him. And he did not care what happened to her. She was a rich-folks' brat—a spoilt little mother's-darling who had lost him his job and Jane. Her father had shot him. And he had not got anything out of it. Perhaps he was dying, anyway. And he stood there in the snow, shaking with pain and wretchedness, and fought the only friends he had.

Sancy snatched Susanna out of the car and dumped her by the roadside. She floundered in the deep snow like a drowning puppy. The cold wetness filled her eyes and nose and ears. She felt the Jumper cling to her in an agony of terror. Neither of them had ever heard of death. But she knew that something black and terrible hovered over them.

THE three men quarrelled bitterly. There was the dull thud of a blow. A door slammed. Through the roaring in her ears she heard the grind of a savagely handled clutch and the stammer and stutter of the aroused engine. It roared furiously. And then it faded away into a more terrifying quiet. Somehow she managed to scramble to her feet. There was nothing but the snow-laden trees and the silence and night creeping up all round her. And this man. They stood and looked at each other.

"Well, now why don't you cry?" he asked savagely. "We've got something to howl about—both of us."

The footpath ended abruptly in a clearing. And in the clearing stood the shooting-lodge. It was like a fairy-tale house, fast asleep. When the man flashed his electric torch over its face it seemed to blink. And then it closed its eyes firmly. For it was not the right time of the year for it to wake up.

The man set her down in the snow. "You wait here," he said. "We've got just a chance——"

He gave her the torch to hold and set his good shoulder against the door. He flung himself against it, again and again, until suddenly the lock gave way with a tearing screech, and he stumbled through the dark hole into the house. He cried out something. And then Susanna heard him fall. And then nothing. A twig cracked somewhere in the distance. Whatever had cracked it stopped and waited. It was a terrible silence. Suddenly she could not stand still any more. She ran wildly into the house and slammed the door.

The man lay in the pool of torch-light, half on his side, his head resting on his arm as though he had fallen asleep. But he would not wake up. Not even when she shook him—not even when she began to cry. A little stream of something dark and sticky ran out from beneath his arm. And when she saw it she stopped crying. She knew, for the second time that day, that crying was not any use.

Please turn to Page 44

SUSANNA *and her* ELDERS

Continued from Page 26

Upon Retiring

Accept only HINDS—Refuse Imitations

Keep baby regular for safe teething

Every mother knows the real danger of constipation during teething. Keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by Steedman's Powders . . . the comfort of mothers for over 100 years. Invaluable up to the age of 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman and Co. Walworth Road London, England

ANOTHER 'BRAN TUB' FEATURE

'DOTS & DASHES' £75 CASH MUST BE WON!

£50 FIRST | £15 SECOND | £10 THIRD

DON'T miss this splendid one-week competition. It is just an interesting little paragraph about "A LION," which our artist has written in pictures instead of words—only here and there you will find he has omitted a picture and drawn a LARGE BLACK DOT instead. Each large dot represents a missing word—for you to find. It is all very simple, and the sense of the paragraph will help you to select your words. To assist you we have placed WHITE DASHES in each Dot to indicate the number of letters in each missing word. If a dot contains four white dashes the missing word will have four letters. Now, the puzzle is to find the six missing words, which will complete the sense of the paragraph, and in which the KEY-LETTER "E" appears the greatest number of times.

FOR EXAMPLE Dot No. 1 represents the first missing word, which could be "LEAP," in which the Key-letter "E" is used once. Now carry on with No. 2. It is just as easy.

WHEN you have selected the six missing words, don't trouble to write out the full paragraph, simply make a list of your six words in ink on a sheet of paper, and at the foot of your list put the total number of times you have used the KEY-LETTER "E." Sign your name and residential address, and post entry to—

"DOTS AND DASHES" No. 4.V.
BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

This competition is conducted by C. J. BROWN & CO., 378 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

This Week's KEY-LETTER **E**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than Friday, August 14th.

THE FIRST PRIZE OF £50 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution in which the Key-letter is used the greatest number of times, and the other prizes in order of merit. In case of ties, any or all of the prizes may be added together and divided, but the full amount will be paid each week. Only words suitable to the sense of the paragraph and contained in Chambers's or Webster's Dictionaries will be permitted. The decision of the Management will be final and legally binding throughout, and this is an express condition of entry. £75 prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and for each additional entry if you wish to win more than one prize. (1/1 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable.) Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on 29th August.

RESULT OF "DOTS & DASHES" No. 1

The interpretation of the picture is as under:—
He saw what he thought —— a —— loe, and bent to lift it, but was —— to find it was the ——. He snatched up a branch about —— feet long to —— at it. The winners' missing words were as under:—

Miss G. Everard, 84 Cross Road, Myrtle Bank, S.A. Was, Spiss, Seared, Skink, Seven, Soss.
Mr. E. Y. Benson, Albury, New South Wales. Was, Sassy, Seared, Snake, Seven, Soss.
Miss M. E. Gates, King Street, Warwick, Queensland. Was, Sassy, Aghast, Snake, Seven, Soss.

As these persons tied with a total of 16 Points, the whole of the Prize Money (£75) will be divided equally between them.

Prize Money will be posted on Friday, 21st August.

IT'S A "BRAN TUB" FEATURE —— YOUR GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.

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WE HAVE THE CASTLE OF OUR DREAMS

it's an All-Electric Home

They had their dreams . . . they made their plans. And being thoroughly practical young people, they made their dreams come true with an All-Electric Home.

He realised that happiness came through contentedness, and that no woman would enjoy life who had to slave all day in the home.

She knew that the household bills must be watched, especially in the first years of their married life. So she made thorough enquiries and discovered that it actually cost less to let electricity do the work.

The appliances that they needed were purchased by easy payments, and, by installing an electric range they obtained a considerable reduction on all the secondary units they used.

The result of it all—she enjoyed looking after the home. He found pleasure on returning every night to a place that was kept so spick and span, and to a wife who found married life just marvellous.

* * * *

You are cordially invited to visit the new, modern showrooms of the Electricity Undertaking. Here all the advantages of electricity are displayed in a fascinating and interesting manner. Special Demonstration Theatre, All-Electric Home, and everything that is new and modern.

SWITCH TO **ELECTRICITY**

The Sydney County Council . . . . Electricity Undertaking . . . . Queen Victoria Building, George Street, Sydney

E.A.3.

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FIXED DEPOSITS

A Fixed Deposit in the Rural Bank is a lawful investment for trust funds. The capital sum is constant, the yield uniform and certain. Interest is paid at current Bank rates, viz:—

2 per cent per annum for 3 months
2½ " " " " 6 "
2¾ " " " " 12 "
3 " " " " 24 "

Fixed deposits are received and cheque accounts opened for all sections of the community at all Branches.

The RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Head Office - 14 Castlereagh Street, Sydney
Sydney Branch - - 350 George Street (Opp. Wynyard Street)

WORLD FAMOUS, *but* *HOW* THEY WORK

Rethberg and Pinza Rehearsed All the Time Between Concerts

Singing is easy. You just turn the dial on your radio and from the concert hall your room is flooded with melody.

That is how it appears when you listen to the effortless art of artists like Elisabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza, whose first series of broadcast concerts has just concluded in Sydney.

BUT there is more to it than that. Behind the banks of floral tributes and the thunder of applause which breaks deafeningly in your ears is a tale of laurels hardly won—the tale of hard work which is the story of every singer of renown.

It has been said that genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains, and this generalisation applies in the field of song.

Despite the fact that Elisabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza have been singing partners for sixteen years, their life is still spent in working many hours of each day.

Between concerts last week most of their spare time was spent in rehearsals. For hours a day they practised in their suites at the Hotel Australia.

Work is the motif of the singer's life, and rehearsal its theme song. Amusement, relaxation, and the social round all play a secondary part to work.

But all work and no play applies just as much to singers as it does to sailors. Even Madame Rethberg and Signor Pinza must take time off for relaxation. Elisabeth Rethberg prefers motoring and ski-ing, and she is lamenting because her Australian programme will not permit of any of the latter. Ezio Pinza enjoys cycling and motoring. He obtained his N.S.W. motorist's licence last week.

ART IN POSTER design. One of the attractive Italian posters at the Third International Exhibition of Poster Art, which opens at David Jones' George Street store this week.

Ran Off Platform

WHEN Elisabeth Rethberg, exquisitely gowned, came on to the Town Hall platform, her extreme nervousness was apparent. But she is always like that. "At every concert I feel as though I am making my debut," she said when she arrived here.

Her sweetness and charm won the audience, just as much as did her voice.

Signor Ezio Pinza is tall and slim and handsome, and wears the last thing in dress suits and neckwear.

Unlike his singing partner, he is very dark in coloring.

After his first concert many commented on the rarity of his smiles. But at following performances it was noted that he freely bestowed them upon the audience—an indication seemingly of the confidence inspired by Australian audiences.

At his first Sydney concert he RAN off the platform at the conclusion of his first bracket. Then he RAN back, in response to the thunderous applause. That's just an indication of his boyish agility and activity of manner.

This week the pair will appear in Brisbane, returning to Sydney for another concert on August 12. Subsequently they will appear in Adelaide, Hobart, and Melbourne.

AFTER WORK . . .
SHE STILL HAS ENERGY FOR PLAY

There's no need to let the daily routine of office or home leave you feeling tired and worn out. Drink "Sheaf" Stout regularly and when you work or when you play, you'll find that life is well worth living.

TOOTH'S SHEAF STOUT

In three sizes—Bottles, Half Bottles and Baby Bottles

2.7.36.

DANCING MADE EASY

You can learn AT HOME . . . In One Evening! You need not be a "wallflower" or "outsider" any longer, for I GUARANTEE to make you a graceful, finished dancer, almost overnight. My amazing Home-study Method NEVER FAILS. To celebrate the New Season 1000 copies of my big Instructive book, "Dancing Made Easy," are offered FREE to readers of this paper. Just send name and full address (including State) and book will be forwarded absolutely FREE by return mail.

PROF. DUMONT, F.S.A., Studio D, 199 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

"IT is Love's Spring," said Shakespeare; already I hear Wedding Bells; already the aroma of orchids and orange blossoms has stolen across my path. And I can visualise the serene confidence of those ladies in white, happy indeed, as they mount the chancel steps on the Day of Days, inspired by the knowledge that all was planned beforehand, that nothing could go amiss . . .

To ensure a perfect wedding for you, I have written a beautiful book, "The Bride's Book," which Bebarfalds will give, without charge, to bona fide ENGAGED GIRLS ONLY.

This book will tell you:

What should comprise a complete trousseau.
How a modern Wedding Invitation should read.
The 32 details of wedding duties that the Bride should personally supervise.
How to plan the celebration.
How to avoid mistakes when furnishing.
How to ensure colour Harmony in the Home.

The above questions are all answered in this beautiful new publication, "The Bride's Book."

Beautifully illustrated! Engaged girls may have a copy, without charge, if they ask for me at Bebarfalds. P.S.—Present or post this coupon; it saves time.

Miss Mary Sheraton,
Home Planning Bureau, 3rd Floor,
BEBARFALDS LTD.,
Opp. Town Hall, Sydney.

Please send me the particulars I have marked with a cross, without charge, without obligation:—

( ) The Bride's Book.
( ) The Illustrated Folder of Free Trousseau Chests.
( ) Furniture Plans for an inexpensive Home.

Name .. ..
Address .. ..
W.W.S. .. ..

YOURS for 2/- DEPOSIT
30/- Model for 17/6

Don't miss this genuine offer. Charming frock in latest floral Span de Chene. Sent on FREE APPROVAL to any address in the Commonwealth.

A dainty Creation by our Fashion Expert, and designed particularly for Spring and Summer wear.

An attractive feature is the Smart Peter Pan collar with unusually effective pleated lapels and jabot of self material.

The sleeves are short, with opening on top of arm, and roule edge. Waist finished with belt of self material and white buckle. Box pleats form panel at front and back of skirt.

Floral designs in latest shades, predominating colours Fawn, Blue, Navy, Pink and Green, all on white ground.

Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S., and X.O.S.

Simply send postal note for 2/-, plus 3d. for postage, with order, and this attractive model will be forwarded by return mail. Balance of payment in easy instalments of only 2/- fortnightly. Full price only 17/6 O.S and X.O.S. 2/6 extra.

If not satisfied, return frock unworn within 7 days and your deposit will be refunded.

Write Now stating size and colour of frock required.

FELIX ARDEN
Dept. W.2.,
71 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

August 8, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 33

CALLING *Australia!*

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Trial Engagement

ANYBODY who has scruples about going so far as having a "trial marriage" should adopt the plan followed by Fred MacMurray and Lillian Lamonte and have a "trial engagement."

These two had a two-year rehearsal, decided that they clicked in opposite roles, and caught a plane to Las Vegas, Nevada, where a court clerk made them man and wife.

Lillian Lamonte is a beautiful Southern belle who has been modelling for an exclusive designer in Hollywood. She is twenty-seven years old, MacMurray confessing to the same age. She gave up a promising career to plunge into matrimony.

Now that the deed is done, the pair plan to honeymoon in Hollywood.

Will Lion of Judah Roar in Movies?

***EX-EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE** is reported to be considering an offer to appear in an independent Hollywood movie, in spite of all the publicity about his "trunks of gold." It will be a propaganda picture, of course, based on his career and all the good that he accomplished as the Ethiopian "Lion of Judah."*

You never can tell what's coming next out of enterprising Hollywood!

Going Highbrow

MITCHELL LEISEN, who will direct "The Big Broadcast of 1937" for Paramount, was in Philadelphia recently photographing Leopold Stokowski and his famed Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra for an important number in this film.

Two or three concert selections will be recorded and filmed with the most famous conductor in America and his orchestra. Stokowski, himself, will come to Hollywood later this summer for additional scenes.

Mystery Irishman

A YOUNG Irishman, Robert Garrett, is the mystery figure of British films. He is the owner of Garrett Klement Pictures, and, although few have heard of him, has sunk about £170,000 in two years backing his film fancies.

He has made only two films, "Woman Alone," starring Anna Sten, and "The Amazing Quest of Mr. Bliss," with Gary Cooper. He promises something new and unusual in both those offerings.

A Beautiful Study of Gloria Stuart

Crooner Triumphs

RUDY VALLEE, crooner, has another legal decision to his credit. The 470,000 dollar suit brought against Rudy and the National Broadcasting Company was dismissed. Charles Bellak, former operator of the Villa Vallee, had sued to recover 170,000 dollars from Rudy and 300,000 dollars from the radio firm, charging breach of contract.

When the plaintiff ended his evidence, Justice Timothy A. Leary dismissed the case and sent the jury home without listening to witnesses for the defence.

Rudy, clad in a grey creation, signed hundreds of autographs as he left the courtroom, surrounded by seven lawyers.

Stage Success Bought

BRITISH International Pictures have secured the film rights of the London stage success, "The Dominant Sex," by Michael Egan. "The Dominant Sex" was originally produced at the Embassy Theatre and proved such an instantaneous hit that it was moved to the West End, where it had a very successful run at the Shaftesbury before being transferred to the Aldwych, where it is still playing to big business.

Although this is Michael's Egan's first play it has proved one of the greatest theatrical hits of recent time, and has been running for over twenty months in London.

Eleanor Dances Again

IN Eleanor Powell's next M.-G.-M. musical, which will be "Born to Dance" or "Easy to Love," she will introduce new dance routines. James Stewart is to appear in a singing and dancing role, unlike anything he has ever done before. Roy Del Ruth, who directed "Broadway Melody of 1936," will direct it. Frank Morgan will appear as a "singing sea captain," and will also do a novelty dance routine.

Cole Porter has written the music for the film. Others in it include Sid Silvers, Robert Wildback (the "snorer"), Una Merkel, Buddy Ebsen, Frances Langford and Juanita Quigley.

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OTHER IRONS In the FIRE

Stars Insure Against Loss of Popularity

A FEW weeks ago Bebe Daniels announced her permanent retirement from films. Leaving behind a brilliant career of some 20 years' duration, Bebe has wisely left the screen before the screen left her, and plunged, heart and soul, into the running of one of Hollywood's smartest and most exclusive frock salons.

Here, in partnership with Pauline Gallagher (wife of the well-known comedian, Skeets Gallagher), Bebe is now devoting her time and energy to creating frocks for the stars to wear both on and off the screen.

JEAN MUIR keeps to acting, but doesn't rest all her financial hopes on the screen. A Little Theatre Guild, owned and managed by herself, is her insurance against the chill winds of adversity.

THEY may be artistic, they may even be temperamental, these stars, but most of them have a sound business streak in their make-up.

This is a story showing just how many of them provide against loss of popularity, quarrels with the movie moguls, or any other of the hazards of a screen celebrity's career.

By **MARY OLIVIER**

POPULARLY known by almost everyone in Hollywood, her clientele is assured. Her business venture should show a turnover equal to, or even exceeding, any figure she has ever earned on the screen.

Many are the stars with other irons in the fire who, suddenly removed from their illustrious thrones of popularity, could snap their fingers in Hollywood's face and go about their business in another sphere where they are as firmly established as on the screen.

It's a wise star who has turned the thousands of dollars earned in pictures into something more secure than film-acting: who has guarded against the uncertainty of the future, hung upon the flimsy, fickle thread of public taste, and has another bullet to fire at the wolf when he comes knocking at the door. Most of them hold stocks and bonds worth anything from 50 dollars to amounts running into six figures. Others are big real estate owners. Numbered among the latter is John Boles, owner of quite a lot of property round and about Hollywood.

Another well-known couple who are proprietresses of a frock shop are Patsy Ruth Miller and Lila Lee. Both were firm screen favorites in silent films. They found their popularity waning, and, instead of waiting to be told their number was up, they just got out and into the business which had been, in the first instance, just conducted as a sideline. Patsy and Lila have coined quite a tidy sum in the five or six years of commercial life, and when occasionally Lila decides to return to the screen for a picture she need have no concern for her future—for now the tables are turned and acting is the sideline.

One of the best business enterprises of any star is the Racquet Club, conducted by Charles Farrell and Ralph Bellamy. To this spot, which is the most popular of all in that delightful pleasure playground of filmdom, Palm Springs, come all the stars to wield a mighty bat in pursuit of a little rubber ball—and a better figure. For those who are not particular about the figure there is the Bamboo Hut, a modern restaurant run in conjunction with the club, which every week-end is full of film notables.

Interior Decorating

DURING Charlie Farrell's recent trip to Australia to make "The Flying Doctor," his wife, Virginia Valli, looked after his interests and assisted Ralph Bellamy in the running of the Racquet Club.

Since starting this venture both Charles and Ralph have assumed a new independence. Naturally, they like to be in demand by the studios, but it would not worry them financially if they were never to appear in a picture again. During the short existence of the Racquet Club they have made many thousands of dollars which, together with their film earnings, have been wisely invested.

Very enterprising is ex-screen comedian William Haines. For years, even when he was one of the screen's biggest box-office attractions, William was interested and dabbled in interior decorating. Towards the end of his career he established himself in an attractive little shop in Hollywood, had some cards printed, which he distributed among his fellow actors, and in no time was working up quite a connection. Now, all thoughts of acting having been relegated to the background, Haines is carrying on his interior decorating business on a constantly increasing scale. Among some of the homes he has decorated are those of Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper, Janet Gaynor, and Gloria Stuart.

Literary Interests

NOW Gloria herself is one of the screen personalities who, in addition to being an actress, is also a business woman. A keen journalist during her college days, a newspaper reporter before turning her talents to acting Gloria saved her first screen earnings and bought shares in a newspaper company. As opportunity permitted, she has been investing more and more cash in the company until to-day Gloria owns the controlling interest. Her brother is conducting the paper on her behalf until such time as she feels she is finished with a screen career. Thereafter she will publish and write.

Newspaper-writing also provided the late Will Rogers with diamond-studded pin-money. The kindly old comedian wrote articles for some of America's most widely-read newspapers, and much of his material was syndicated throughout the United States.

Another literary-bent young lady is Jean Harlow. Jean has three published books to her credit, royalties for which bring her in lots of spare cash. Publishers assure her that she would find a ready market for her novels if she cared to write any more.

A fleet of fishing-boats which operate along the Pacific Coast and a chain of filling stations (garages to you) are the tricks stored up Charles Bickford's sleeves. As a matter of fact, he has been getting far more money from these investments than from pictures in which, of late, he has been appearing very seldom.

Then there is Victor McLaglen's sports centre, where American football, Soccer and Rugby games are played each week-end. Young America is coached in these various sports by a highly-efficient staff of professionals who more than earn their money. Their efforts on Vic's behalf have netted him a tidy sum which will be considerably swelled by the time he is ready to quit the screen and personally take part in the activities of his school.

CHARLES FARRELL, Ralph Bellamy, and Paul Lukas at the Racquet Club, a flourishing business conducted by the first-named pair.

Athletics Pay

ALSO athletically inclined is Victor Jory, who runs a gymnasium for young fighters. An ardent boxing-fan himself, Vic divides his time between making pictures and superintending activity at the gymnasium, which is magnificently fitted with the latest and most up-to-date equipment for producing possible ring champions of the future.

Of course there are numerous stars, such as Eddie Cantor, Dick Powell, and Bing Crosby, who earn nearly as much money making gramophone discs and appearing on the radio as they do on the screen. Other well-known artists who are in demand for broadcasting and also make records are Gloria Swanson, John Boles, Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore (who also win some jam for their bread and butter as opera stars), Jessie Matthews, Irene Dunne, and Jimmy Durante.

Jane Darwell has a stud farm down in the Kentucky blue grass country where her father is taking charge until Jane has finished with pictures.

Joel McCrea, and Gary Cooper, too, breed thoroughbreds—but of another kind. In time to come they will probably be numbered among America's cattle kings, and to this end have bought huge ranches and thousands of head of stock.

Continued on Page 35

Sydney's Premiere Hairdresser offers—

LORRAINE Machineless Self-setting Ends	12/6
LORRAINE Steam Wave	15/-
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*Specially recommended for white or bleached hair.

Self Portrait given with all Permanent Waves.
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Trim, shampoo & Reset	3/6
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Regardless of the quality of hair you have to wave—be it soft, fine, coarse, dyed, bleached, oily, dry or brittle—you are assured of a beautiful wave with the LORRAINE process which keeps the hair moist all through the waving procedure.

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GLENDA FARRELL, just to be different, presents her white cat.

A PRIZE SPANIEL is Errol Flynn's choice in the way of dogs.

KAY FRANCIS and her dachshund, the one with the silver-filled tooth.

JACKIE COOPER and his inseparable companion, a terrier.

DALMATIANS are Maureen O'Sullivan's choice. This is Rodger, a fine specimen.

THE PAMPERED PETS Of Hollywood Stars

Dog's Life An Enviable One In Movie Colony

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Representative

NEXT to the stars' children, the stars' pets are probably the most pampered darlings in Hollywood. Nothing is too good for them. They have their own hospitals—dozens of them with registered nurses and doctors—they have special diets, worked out by the vet and prepared by the master's chef or delivered hot to the door by a dog-catering company, which will prepare any menu for your pet and deliver it upon sterilised platters from a shining white delivery-waggon.

They have various elaborate kennels which are kept spotless by the servants—some in the shape of little log cabins, others made to resemble ship's berths. Most of them have huge estates on which to roam, some even being allowed occasional dips in the master's swimming pool.

AT the slightest injury or sign of sickness, the vet is called immediately, and, if the matter is serious, Fido is whisked off to a spotless dog hospital, in an equally spotless dog ambulance.

And if, alas, all the vet's scientific knowledge is to no avail, and Fido passes on to wherever good dogs go after this world, he is placed on a satin cushion in an expensive little coffin, and given a formal burial in the Hollywood pet cemetery, where a little marble headstone and fresh flowers mark his resting place.

Nearly every star in Hollywood has some species of pet, some of them have many, and they range from squirrels and monkeys to Great Danes and chimpanzees. Many are kept merely as companions. Some serve a useful purpose,

> ***BY now, the word must have gone right round the canine world that, when a good dog dies, he goes to —Hollywood.***
>
> ***Royal infants could not be better cared for than are the pets of Hollywood luminaries. Nothing is too good or too expensive for them. In fact, it's a wonder they survive the pampering they get.***

such as Clark Gable's hunting-dogs, and the little setter pup, Blackie, which is being trained to accompany him on shooting expeditions, or Harold Lloyd's numerous Great Danes which guard his estate and his three children day and night.

Others make a profitable business out of their love for animals. Charlie Ruggles is doing very nicely, thank you, with his dog farm in the country and his snappy dog shop in Hollywood, where one may buy everything from rubber bones to complete kennels. Charlie raises miniature Schnauzers and white West Highland terriers, and has a room full of cups and ribbons won by his little champions. When Jack Oakie and Venita Vardon were honeymooning, they boarded their little cocker spaniel at Charlie's farm, and many other stars are patronising his doggy establishments.

Powell's Pups

DICK POWELL keeps two lovely canines, a police dog, Ranger, and a cunning young cocker, Brandy. It's one of the sights of Hollywood to see Ranger giving his diving and swimming exhibition in his master's pool.

Katharine Hepburn and Mae West are monkey fanciers, but, unfortunately Mae's little monk met an untimely death, and Mae refuses to replace him. Katie also keeps several dogs, a batch of kittens and odd birds, and they all get on extremely well.

Bill Powell was always perfectly satisfied with his little wire-haired terrier, an impudent gentleman by the name of Bimbo. In a humorous mood, however, Jean Harlow decided to give him a Christmas gift that he could remember her by, and picked out the biggest Saint Bernard Hollywood has ever seen. The thing has been growing steadily ever since, and is becoming a menace to Bill's happy home life. Jean, herself, keeps Hollywood's most varied menagerie, and, knowing her fondness for animals, friends and fans are continually giving her more pets. What worries her mamma is the fact that she refuses to part with any of them. A recent inventory read: One Great Dane, Bleak; one Llewellyn setter, Bad Blood, which she bought after making "Reckless," in which he played with her; six Persian kittens; one dachshund, a Christmas gift from a friend; one wire-haired terrier; one Pomeranian, Oscar; and one white rabbit, a gift from the studio prop boy.

CLARK GABLE'S setters are known to hundreds of thousands. This beautiful example from his kennels is his favorite.

The elongated dachshund is quite a popular little chap in these parts. Carole Lombard keeps one in addition to her famous Peke, Pushface. Joan Crawford has two beauties, Baby and Boopschen, who share her affections with crancnot. Gertrude Michael, broken-hearted over the death of her beloved Johannesburg, has acquire another dachshund. And Sir Guy Standing is another dachshund owner.

Gary Cooper has had everything from squirrels to chimpanzees in his time. He brought two of the latter home from his African trip some years ago. At the moment, however, he confines his menagerie to a pair of champion Sealyhams. Cary Grant also goes in for the neat little Sealyhams.

Almost rivalling the fame of Carole's Pushface is Mrs. Pat Campbell's actor-Peke, Moonbeam. Why is it these little chaps rate such ridiculous names?

For his three youngsters, the twins and young Gary, Bing Crosby keeps two of the loveliest setters in Hollywood. For himself he prefers horses, and has about fifteen, as has Spencer Tracy. And Clark Gable still has Beverly Hills, which actually won a race the other day. Clark was so elated, he immediately dashed up the coast in search of more racehorses.

Comedian Edward Everett Horton breeds a line of champion collies out on his lovely Encino ranch, and his kennels are something to behold. They even have a broadcasting arrangement up to Horton's bedroom. Thus, if the dogs start any fussing during the night, Eddie can switch on the microphone by his bed and instruct them to behave themselves. Knowing their master's voice, they promptly calm down.

Warren William once decided to raise wire-haired terriers. After he and the wife had gone through the woes of raising one litter of six puppies, however, they gave it up as a bad job. Now they have five of the little fellows scampering over the estate, and five is plenty they say.

Even Poodles

AMONG the other stars, Marion Davies has a dachshund, Ghandi; Jean Muir keeps a cunning Scottie, Shandygaff; and Claudette Colbert has a prize French poodle named Smoky.

Of course, the child stars have their quota of dogs, turtles, white mice, and rats, and various other odds and ends. Jackie Searle, a champion rider, has his own horse, and Freddie Bartholomew was recently given a lovely horse with the compliments of Victor McLaglen. Freddie also has a small spaniel, Concol, given him by Constance Collier. And Shirley Temple's chief delight is the Shetland pony given her by her mother.

Other Irons in the Fire

Continued from Page 34

AT present these young men are at the heights of their respective careers, but they are wise enough to throw out a sheet-anchor in readiness for the day when their ships of success threaten to be sunk in the turbulent sea of fame.

When minnie golf made its bow in America one of the first to cash in on its popularity was Mary Pickford. Mary opened a chain of minnie golf courses, and, foreseeing their short-lived popularity, was clever enough to sell out with huge profits to her credit. With this money she purchased a property which she has converted into a full-sized, eighteen-holes golf course, complete with up-to-date club house. This club, one of the most exclusive in Hollywood, is a nice little paying proposition, and the money earned through it will help swell the coffers which she hopes to fill as a result of her new producing-company in partnership with Jesse L. Lasky.

Jean Muir, who operates a Little Theatre guild, Ida Lupino, who has organised a fifteen-girls' orchestra for broadcasting, Carl Brisson, who conducts a Scandinavian cafe, and Reginald Denny, who has a model aeroplane factory and shop, are other stars who have raised the drawbridge of uncertainty, lowered the portcullis against adversity, and hoisted the flag of independence about their castles of security.

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VIVACITY ... *in Sporting Outfit*

WELL-CHOSEN accessories immeasurably enhance the charm of the spring sporting ensemble. Jane Hamilton, young film player, is here shown in an outfit, with accessories which add exactly the right sparkle to ensure the success of the ensemble. Her frock is of white silk pique cut to ensure graceful freedom of movement. Her hat, belt and purse are all of fine matching straw. The hat, a modified Breton, is banded with grosgrain.

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STARS in SPRING

• *COLORFUL PRINTS are playing an important part in the evening life of Hollywood's stars. June Lang, 20th Century player, is photographed here in a delightful, formal gown, printed in soft yellows and browns . . . Two long strips of material tie at the middle of the shoulders at the back, forming a graceful drape trailing to the floor . . . The chiffon cape of leaf-brown has an appliqued border of the print, adding drama to the dress.*

☆ ★ ☆

• *HOW EFFECTIVELY pleats can be used for a bridal frock is shown by Marian Marsh, who is photographed above in a glorious wedding dress of silver brocade . . . The frock is slim-fitting, with a simple, high neckline and a magyar shoulder-line . . . The full, pleated sleeves are finished with a picot edge, and the pleated train, cleverly cut into the skirt, sweeps into long, graceful folds.*

☆ ★ ☆

• *A DAINTY VERSION of the all-over pleated frock is favored by Astrid Allwyn, Fox Film player. In dusty-pink sheer crepe, it has a pleated cape collared in grey fox. The hat, of shiny rough straw in black, shows the Chinese mandarin influence.*

Dashing New Headlines

• *A FASCINATING PIECE of nonsense is the black straw hat worn here by Ketti Gallian, Paramount player. The brim is slashed from right to left in a daring line, and a cluster of big black poppies is perched at the centre of the high crown.*

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FAME, FORTUNE...But Is It Worth While?

Something Unsatisfying About Acting

By CLARK GABLE

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

THIS is the final instalment of Clark Gable's autobiography. In it the famous star permits himself to wonder whether the life that he has lived has been worth while, whether the rewards it has brought him are those he would seek out if he could start afresh.

It is an illuminating concluding chapter to what has been a most revealing and human story.

It seems feasible enough to me that, after struggling against conditions as I had done throughout the earlier part of my life, I had developed certain characteristics of independence.

I was determined; perhaps even a bit obstinate. Hadn't I always had to fight to get where I wanted?

Well then, having got within easy reach of what I'd lived and worked for, was it so very surprising if I put most of my energy and all my time into my work, and perhaps didn't care enough about home?

I HAD been through the oil fields, the mining camps, the lumber forests.

I had played in dingy barns of theatres; starved as a miserable film extra.

But through it all I had had an aim. I always must have an aim.

I tried, too, to hang on to a sense of humor.

When Rhea and I knew we could not get along any more, we parted.

We realise that that parting means the end of our married happiness.

We shall shortly seek a divorce, but there will be no hard feelings. We shall remain friends.

When I began to see the real Hollywood for the first time in my life, when famous stars and producers invited me to their homes, and I began to meet important people who were constantly immersed in motion picture affairs, I made a bargain with myself. I wasn't "going Hollywood."

I didn't know, and never have known, what exactly is meant by "going Hollywood." But I didn't intend to "get there."

Feet on Earth

I'D keep my head clear and my feet on the earth. I knew that plenty of brilliant actors had missed great Hollywood careers because their heads hit the ground instead.

In most cases they went down trying to discover the technique of doing the thing that supposedly is done. They wanted to belong to the so-called Hollywood crowd.

Immediately after my first success in the Joan Crawford picture I was working so hard that I dared not allow myself more than one night out each week.

Why, it must have been late in 1932 before I even went to any of the fashionable Hollywood premieres, and I don't think I'd had done it then only the studio told me I had to.

I remember they were showing "Strange Interlude," in which Norma Shearer and I had played.

"Whether you like it or not, you're going to be there," they told me.

"There" meant the Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, and I shall always remember my arrival.

There was a lot of shouting and cheering; but they probably were doing that for someone else who happened to be arriving at the same time.

What I remember most clearly was having my arm gripped as though in a vice by a man who looked too weasly to have that much nerve.

He had a lady's handbag in his hand.

"See this," he said; "well, it belongs to my wife. I make an effort to give her everything she asks for, and you've got to help me. She wants your autograph on this bag." It must have cost at least 200 dollars. I said, "You don't want me to muss this thing with ink."

He assured me he daren't go home unless I did.

So I ruined the bag.

I'd no sooner dotted my name than a whole avalanche of people broke through the police lines waving autograph books, postcards, pictures of myself, and odd pieces of paper from the gutters.

I never had the courage to face an autograph collector from that day.

It's mighty nice to enjoy public approval, but this hero worship can become embarrassing.

To meet a dozen or two people who happen to have enjoyed your pictures is one thing. To get the shirt torn off your back for souvenirs is something else, and, believe me, it can happen.

JEAN HARLOW, who has appeared with Clark Gable in some of his greatest successes.

I know the answer.

I might quit films and in less than a year nobody would care about Clark Gable. The picture public would have forgotten he ever existed.

That is the difference between success and fame. Fame, too often, is an empty achievement. Success means achievement and something more.

We all say, "If only I had my time over again." Perhaps that's because we know we never will have.

But if I had my life to live again, I don't ever think I'd be an actor.

Life's Been Kind

THIS glamor stuff is not all it's cracked up to be. It never deceived me.

Hollywood has been good to me.

Thinking back over the years, I'd say that life has been—is still being—kind to me.

If you could enjoy reading this story as much as I have enjoyed living through it, this drop of ink would be well spent.

But don't ever believe I'm satisfied, and I guess that's what we live for—satisfaction.

I suppose we all love adventure. Life for most of us is the greatest adventure of all.

I've had my share and I hope I'm not through yet.

But sometimes I wish I never had seen the Lilley Tonring Company play "Bird of Paradise" in the Akron Theatre while I was still an impressionable youth.

Up to that moment my burning ambition had been to become a doctor.

When I heard that theatre audience applaud I felt it must be the grandest thing to be an actor.

I'm not the guy to rave about ideals. I never have. I'd be out of character if I started now.

Actors Are Forgotten

BUT there's something curiously unsatisfying about this acting business.

I once said to myself as I watched my first stage play, "Who'd want to be a doctor . . . nobody ever applauded a doctor. An actor, yes, but not a doctor."

Now I know that when the show is over the actor is forgotten. Maybe the doctor is remembered in silence for the enduring value of his work. At least he knows he's worthy of it.

A man told me the other day that he'd like to be a film star for a year so that he might retire a rich man.

"You must be rolling in money," he guessed.

What a guess.

Stories of film star wealth, like stories of Hollywood life, make nice reading, but don't ring quite true with those who know.

I have just signed a five-years' contract with M.-G.-M. I've been told it will bring me in a million dollars.

Unfortunately, it doesn't say so in the contract.

Those Taxes

WE read of stars earning thousands of dollars a week. We do not hear how much of it goes to the tax collector, and how much is chiselled away here and there.

I pay my taxes, and like it. I have no desire to become rich, anyway . . . not in the sense of possessing fabulous fortunes or controlling vast estates.

It seems to me the richest fellow on earth is the man who can enjoy good health and is contented.

He doesn't get that way through riches. I doubt whether success counts much with him, either.

I'm sure the glamor of public acclaim does not. I'll swap it for freedom.

Continued on Page 40

Coming shortly to The STATE

For General Exhibition

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

A fan's dream of paradise is the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer these days where one may rub shoulders with the greatest personalities in the world of entertainment.

* * * *

There's *Norma Shearer, John Barrymore, Leslie Howard* discussing one of the romantic sequences of *"Romeo and Juliet"*.

* * * *

Before a set of the destructive fire of 1906 stands *Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer Tracy* and *Jack Holt* putting the finishing touches to the big roadshow attraction *"San Francisco"*. Prominent parts are played by old time favourites in Kenneth Harlan, King Baggot, Helene Chadwick, Frank Mayo, Rosemary Theby, Harry Myers, Mary Maclaren.

* * * *

With the thunder of cannon in their ears both *Franchot Tone* and *Cary Grant* make picturesque lovers as they seek the heart and hand of *Jean Harlow* in *"Suzy,"* a drama of the Great War.

* * * *

Joan Crawford seeks romance in crinolines in *"The Gorgeous Hussy"*. *Robert Taylor* is her new screen lover, while *Lionel Barrymore, Alison Skipworth* and *Melvyn Douglas* have important roles.

* * * *

While the studios are humming with activity, such theatres as the Sydney St. James, Melbourne Metro and Brisbane Cremorne are currently presenting the latest from M.G.M.

* * * *

Sydney St. James is enjoying *"Petticoat Fever"* (*Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy*) and *"The Unguarded Hour"* (*Loretta Young* and *Franchot Tone*.) Next will be *"San Francisco"*, starring *Clark Gable* and *Jeanette MacDonald*.

* * * *

Melbourne Metro will replace *"Petticoat Fever"* and *"Robin Hood of El Dorado"* (*Warner Baxter*) with *"Riff Raff"* (*Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy*) and *"The Unguarded Hour"*

* * * *

Brisbane Cremorne is giving the strangers of the North *"A Tale of Two Cities"* (*Ronald Colman*) following *"Wife versus Secretary"* (*Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy*) and with *"A Tale"* will also be the first presentation also of *"Audioscopiks"* . . . the biggest novelty since talkies.

* * * *

Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

TRULY golden is the glitter in Marlene Dietrich's hair. She uses a fine gold-dust powder to make it shine.

When Marlene goes before the Technicolor camera to do a close-up, she has a mirror placed in such a position that she can see herself as she registers her emotions. She is deeply interested in her first film in color, which promises to reveal her as an entirely new personality.

When Marlene's stage work is over, she stands by to observe. Out of character, she usually wears a man's chartreuse-colored shirt without cravat, a grey Norfolk jacket of masculine cut, and grey checked skirt, short enough to reveal the beauty of the famous Dietrich legs.

✣ ✣ ✣

A TERRIBLE blow to Warners was the news that "The Green Pastures" will be banned in both England and Canada, two of the greatest film markets of the world. The studio knew of the English law forbidding the Deity to be portrayed on the stage, but hoped the picture would get by because of its reverent handling. The Canadian ban, however, came as a great surprise. Now we're wondering what Australia will do about it. The film cost over a million dollars to produce, and is truly great from both entertainment and moral standpoints.

✣ ✣ ✣

BETTY STOCKFELD, Australia's little bilingual star who is the lead in Tom Walls' new film, "Dishonor Bright," is thoroughly enjoying her comedy role. But she says she finds it the most difficult thing in the world not to laugh at the wrong moment.

Incidentally, she tells me that there is only one thing that really annoys her—having her name spelt Stockfield.

DOTS and DASHES

PAUL MUNI getting more and more Chinese every day as he persists in living his role in "The Good Earth." ● The Tones staggering a well-known Hollywood hostess by refusing a party invite on the grounds that "it was their night to spend at home—alone." ● Jack Oakie, the centre of a hilarious party at one of our best night clubs, being even funnier than he is before the camera. ● Bob Montgomery making heavy going with his new bicycle—he's a recruit to the latest fad.

IN Hollywood people seldom talk about brains. You hear about clothes and beauty, and what the enchanting creatures of the screen eat for breakfast. But Claudette Colbert is known not only for her charm and glamor, but mostly for her shrewdness and common sense and quick thinking as sparkling and active as French champagne.

Claudette is one person in Hollywood who doesn't think it smart to spend her money as fast as it comes in. It's the natural thing for her to live on a budget. Coming from a French family, she's always done it.

She wears a star sapphire on her left hand. But she's frank to explain that it isn't an engagement ring presented by her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman.

"Young doctors can't often buy such things," she says simply.

The sapphire is one of her two early extravagances. When she first came to Hollywood she blew herself to the ring and three sables; and now she thinks that was silly. She's sorry for the girl who spends all her money on clothes and only succeeds in scaring off the men, who won't give her a chance to spend their money.

Canny Claudette's real name is Lily Cauchion.

✣ ✣ ✣

PREVIEW reactions of various stars are interesting to watch. A few of them can sit in a theatre filled with bored critics and watch the first showing of their most recent film with complete calm. Others refuse to attend their previews at all—Bill Powell and George Raft, for instance. Most of them go, and suffer agonies throughout the showing.

Jean Harlow is the champion in the latter class. She starts her nervousness early on the day of the preview, and at night arms herself with a few handkerchiefs, which are torn to shreds by the end of the evening, as she spots hundreds of imaginary "flaws" in her films. On one occasion she went home with bleeding hands after a violent attack of nervous finger-nail digging.

Katharine Hepburn had her boy friend, Leland Hayward drive her up to Santa Barbara for the first sneak-showing of "Mary of Scotland." On arriving at the theatre Katie had cold feet at the sight of the milling crowd of fans and critics, and made Leland drive the car around a corner, where she sat reading a book by the light of a street lamp until the picture was over. Periodically he trotted back to the theatre to bring back reports as to audience reaction, etc. According to those who were energetic enough to drive a hundred miles for the preview, Katie as "Mary" is superb.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE gossips have been wondering about those hordes of luscious flowers which have cluttered Kay Francis' dressing-room for several weeks. A new romance, perhaps? Yesterday the mystery was cleared when a sleuth discovered Kay puts them there herself, and not only that—she grows them in her own little garden!

✣ ✣ ✣

HUMORIST Robert Benchley, who because of his gorgeous comedy short, "How to Sleep," has been signed up by M-G-M to write further shorts and to act in them, has encountered a slight delay. No sooner was he established

In the Boom

before a typewriter in a neat little office than did Bob Leonard, who directed "The Great Ziegfeld" and is now working on "Piccadilly Jim," seize him for a comedy role with Bob Montgomery in the latter film. The shorts will just have to wait. Benchley's last role in a full-length film was with Harlow and Gable in "China Seas," in which he portrayed a very effective drunk.

✣ ✣ ✣

That son of Sweden, Warner Oland, tells of an amusing incident in Shanghai. He was being entertained there by the Mayor, and Oland searched his Charlie Chan memory for just the right proverb to spring as the Mayor raised his glass. But before he could utter one of his philosophic Oriental gems, the Mayor proposed his own toast.

"Here," said he in colorful if not classic English, "is mud in your eye."

✣ ✣ ✣

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS, starring in British Lion's "It's You I Want," is having a grand time out at Beaconsfield explaining how a lovely lady comes to be in his entirely modern bachelor apartment. It does not detract from his troubles that he has to explain it to a lady who has no right to ask.

When it turns out that both ladies are wives of his friends it adds nothing to the friendliness of the atmosphere. However, I am told, in the end it all turns out to be quite innocent.

✣ ✣ ✣

ELEANOR POWELL (of the twinkling toes) has started a new fad in Hollywood. She wears real walnuts as buttons on her sports outfit, and also wears cedar bracelets because she likes their smell.

Incidentally, Eleanor has no fewer than 60 pairs of dancing shoes, which she keeps in condition at all times by doing one or two steps in them each evening to keep them pliable!

✣ ✣ ✣

ONE of the problems of the new Denham Studios is the lack of hotels in the vicinity; here and there a couple of cows gaze mournfully at a hoarding announcing that space is reserved there for an hotel.

Inside the studios a vast modern hotel is being erected, Continental-looking and very opulent. But it is only a share and a delusion.

Tom Walls is supervising its construction for "Dishonor Bright" and, true to film tradition, it is only lath and plaster.

This is the picture, by the way, in which the heroine, Betty Stockfeld, gets her man—in the face of heavy competition and in spite of a cold in the head during all the emotional crises.

A cold in the head—as any romantic novelist knows—is Public Glamor-Killer No. 1.

✣ ✣ ✣

ELIZABETH ALLAN, our lovely young English actress, is coming back to Hollywood after much too long an absence. She returns to play the second lead in "Portrait of a Rebel," which stars Katharine Hepburn. At the time she left for England she was separated from her husband, William O'Bryen, the well-known London agent, but now their troubles seem to have been ironed out.

Elizabeth has gained wide praise for her lovely voice and perfect diction. Added to that her clear-cut features, well-moulded chin, deeply-set green eyes and true dramatic ability bid fair to keep her busy as long as she cares to stay in Hollywood.

✣ ✣ ✣

Ever since last November, Paul Muni has been drawing a salary for work on "The Good Earth." For the last ten weeks, just for make-up tests, he received 75,000 dollars. So far the job has earned him 200,000 dollars.

SCREEN ODDITIES

★ *By Captain Fawcett* ★

how to "DAMP-SET" your wave

by YVETTE D'ELMONTE

WHEN I recently discovered "damp-setting"—an amazing way to set any wave in **four** minutes!—the movies thought the secret too good to be true. Now the same stars say it is **too good to keep**, and "damp-set" waves are seen on every movie set!

"Damp-setting" saves many shillings, and many hours of time, in beauty parlors. Holds even the lightest finger wave 6 or 7 days! Keeps hair naturally gleaming with all the healthy lustre that follows a fresh shampoo! And it's so easy!

All you need is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. (If you have no Velmol at home, any chemist has it for only 2/1 a bottle.) Then just brush the Velmol through your hair and simply press your waves into place.

That's all you do! But do it weekly and "damp-setting" will always keep your waves as deep and firm as the day you stepped out of the hairdresser's chair! And never any grease—(for delightful, crystal-clear Velmol liquid must not be confused with heavy, messy "brilliantines").

(If you usually set your waves or curls with "bobby" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)

JUST THREE STEPS IN "DAMP-SETTING":—(1) Comb hair with a comb moistened in water until hair is damp (never wet). (2) Pour a little Velmol into palm of hand, run hairbrush over liquid until bristles are all evenly covered, and brush it right through hair. (3) Now press the waves in—just where you want them—using fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they swirl in towards cheeks and forehead. In FOUR minutes your wave is revived—set; your hair has a glorious new sheen you never believed possible.

CUT OUT THESE DIRECTIONS SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO

—(Copyright)

Rings That Combine Good Style With Guaranteed Quality

These are Engagement Rings of London designing, fashioned here in Angus and Coote's George Street factory, at a minimum of cost.

These are the rings the modern girl sets her heart upon, produced for her at a price the fiance can afford to pay. Moreover, any style will be copied exactly, at a higher or lower price if desired—with larger or slightly smaller diamonds—according to the amount which suits the Bank Book.

WHATEVER IS PAID FOR AN ANGUS & COOTE RING—BETTER VALUE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

£7/17/6 and £15.

This lovely single-stone ring is available now at these two prices—according to the size of the centre diamond. It is 18ct. white gold, and settings are platinum. Diamond shoulders!

£12/10/- and £13/10/-

This heart-design—with its Cupid's Dart under-rail, is ready now with diamonds of two sizes. There are diamond-studded shoulders. It is 18ct. white gold and platinum.

£22/10/-

Most graceful two-stone diamond ring with diamond-set shoulders.

£15/10/-

Particularly lovely three-stone ring, with diamond-set shoulders too. There's an exquisitely fine filigree under-rail.

£7/10/-

Handsome two-stone diamond ring, with diamond-set shoulders.

ALL THESE RINGS ARE 18ct. WHITE GOLD WITH PLATINUM SETTINGS.

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YOUR COMPLEXION

Keep it radiantly clear by

Skin Hygiene

Health is very much in fashion nowadays. The modern idea of a beautiful complexion is a skin that glows with health and freshness. That is why the Cuticura way of caring for the skin gets more popular every day — it is the recognised method of skin hygiene recommended by skin specialists and beauty experts.

Cuticura Soap is a beautifier in the best sense of the word. Its gentle, creamy lather removes all the accumulation of tiny dirt particles and grease from the skin, and frees the pores of every trace of "foreign matter" which has been clogging them. This soap is mildly antiseptic in action, so that the skin is not only cleansed but *purified*. It feels soothed, too — its texture is softer and finer.

Cleanse the face twice daily with Cuticura Soap and watch your complexion get that transparent glow of health which only pore-deep cleanliness can give. Use Cuticura Ointment as needed for pimples, rashes or skin outbreaks.

Give yourself a daily treat by always using Cuticura Talcum after your bath. Most refreshing and fragrant.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS *For Clear Healthy Skin*

YOU'LL BE RICHER . . . . .

In pleasurable holiday experiences if you plan your next vacation somewhere in—

VICTORIA

SUPREME among Australia's holiday playgrounds, Victoria is distinguished for a superb variety of scenic features, embracing inspiring mountain regions, a magnificent coastline of 700 miles, placid, tree-fringed lakelands, glittering and fascinating caves, winter sunshine, steamboat tours along the Murray River . . .

And tennis, golf, bowls, croquet, fishing, boating, shooting, walking, motoring, with evenings of dancing, music, cards, bridge, billiards . . .

VICTORIA IS GREAT FOR GREAT HOLIDAYS!

For all details consult the Victorian Government Tourist Bureaux, 11 Martin Place, Sydney; 204 Adelaide St., Brisbane; Queen's Walk, Melbourne; 131 King William St., Adelaide, and 8th Street, Mildura . . .

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars— excellent.*

★★ *Two stars— good films.*

★ *One star— average films.*

No stars . . . . . no good.

★★★ TUDOR ROSE

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nova Pilbeam. (G.B.)

THIS must be the open season for historical dramas — everybody's shooting 'em. (Joke.) Seriously, though, we've had "Peg of Old Drury" and "The Amateur Gentleman," to name only two, while now we have with us this offering, with "Mary of Scotland" and "The Marriage of Corbal" looming up on the horizon.

To come to our muttons, however, this film is a splendid sample of the excellent productions of its type which English directors are turning out. In spirit and in detail it recaptures the whole flavor of late-Tudor England, and the acting, in the main, is something to gladden the heart of anyone who retains a feeling for this under-estimated art.

While, ostensibly, the purpose of the picture is to tell the story of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, in actuality the major theme of the work is the striving for power of great nobles, and the ruthless trampling underfoot of personal emotions when the well-being of the State is threatened.

Twice, of late, I have become enthusiastic about Hardwicke's acting. After watching him in the role of the Earl of Warwick, I repeat again: here is a great actor, one of the few worthy of the name. Nor is his the only good work; Leslie Perrins, as Lord Thomas Seymour, and Felix Aylmer as Lord Edward Seymour, turn in remarkably good performances. As for young Desmond Tester, who plays Edward VI, the boy king, Freddie Bartholomew, that

GRACE MOORE, next to be seen in "The King Steps Out," at Sydney Regent.

little idol, should watch him before making another picture.

In a picture in which everything has been well done, it is hard to specify highlights. But the early sequences, showing the death of Henry VIII, would take a lot of beating. They are superbly done.—Embassy; showing.

★★ TWO IN REVOLT

Lightning (a dog), Warrior (a horse). (R.K.O.)

TO get the justification for the two stars which adorn this offering you want to forget that human beings appear in the picture at all. Just think of it as an affair of one very intelligent dog, one very intelligent horse, and one intelligent and very patient director. In that order these three are: Lightning, Warrior, and Glenn Tryon. Animal pictures, usually, are to me the kind of things one sits down to hoping for the best. That was the mood in which I went to see this one. But Tryon has worked in some very good sequences: fights between Lightning and wolves; Warrior's battle for the leadership of a mob of wild horses; Warrior's strikingly convincing fight with the toughs who are trying to get away with him.

Plus all this, the backgrounds are good. As for young Mr. Arledge and little Miss Latimer, well, they appear as sops for the romantically minded, and if they don't count for much, that's because the script is more concerned with the animal stars.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT

Marguerite Churchill, Lyle Talbot. (Warners.)

AS murder mysteries go, this is a very fair effort. The black sheep of an aristocratic American family comes home to renew his funds per medium of suave and always polite blackmail. Several members of the family are affected by his threats, so that when the scoundrel is discovered shot there are suspects in plenty. The only troubles are: (a) Everybody appears to have a watertight alibi, and (b) the family is so powerful in the county that justice would appear to have about as much chance of catching up on the murderer as had the proverbial celluloid dog of catching the asbestos cat in a chase through Satan's dominions.

Everything, of course, is solved in the end—and very ingeniously, too. Every apparent contradiction is explained—and that without anybody's credulity being even temporarily injured.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ POT LUCK

Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare. (G.B.)

THIS is by no means one of Ben Travers' brightest efforts—far from it. Indeed, were it not for the fact that it becomes a bit more laughable towards the end, it would appear on this page naked and unashamed, without even one small star to save it.

The situations are not particularly funny; the gags are moth-eaten and weak for the most part, and, with these disabilities, even the brilliant Walls-Lynn-Hare combination fails to scintillate.

For once, the versatile Mr. Walls is not convincing in the role allotted to him. As an Irish ex-Detective Inspector, he misses; his stage brogue rings falsely. As for Mr. Lynn, that gentleman, too, is let down by the script; during the greater part of the picture he is just a silly ass—not a funny, silly ass, as he should be. Robertson Hare is Robertson Hare, the best of the team in this particular opus.

Coming now to the story, it is a crime-comedy mixture with neither ingredient of very high-grade quality. Purloiners of art treasures enter into it, chiefly to enable Messieurs Walls, Lynn and Hare to track them down. There is much talk, a lot of creeping about, funny business down a well, and, as a climax, a gun fight.

All told, an average picture, but with nothing to spare.—Embassy; showing.

Star Makes "Come-back"

From Our Correspondent

AFTER struggling along for several years with unimportant bits, Marie Prevost, popular star of the silent days, has at last signed a long-term contract, this time with Warner Brothers. The story around the studios is that Marie, discouraged, had allowed herself to get rather plump. But when she suddenly fell in love she dieted and exercised vigorously and regained her slender figure. Not long afterwards she signed the contract.

Fame, Fortune.. But Is It Worth While?

Continued from Page 38

I'VE just bought a small plot of land in Bel Air Canyon, just to the north-west of Beverly Hills.

I'm going to build a house there. It will have no drawing-room. Just one large living-room, two bedrooms, servants' quarters of a couple, a double garage, and stables for two good horses.

There I plan to live alone and fancy free until 1941.

The gossips may go on with their gossiping. They may hint at romance every time I am seen in the company of a pretty girl.

I am in love with no one. I'm hoping to stay this way.

By 1941 I shall have put aside sufficient money in sound securities to give me a minimum income of £100 a month for life.

I could live on that amount easily; in fact, I don't know that I ever wish for more.

Nothing will induce me to make films after that.

I have five more years to go. I shall appear in four pictures each year . . . twenty more. Isn't that enough?

In 1941 I shall be forty.

They tell me life begins at forty.

I mean to find out.

(THE END)

NURSE SPREADS NEWS

REXONA SOAP IS MEDICATED TO CLEAR YOUR SKIN

To keep your skin clear and healthy, you must cleanse not only the surface skin, but the pores as well. Special ingredients enable Rexona's medicated lather to penetrate right down into the pores and there, at the root of the trouble, clear away dust, germs, and impurities from which skin disorders begin. Use Rexona to *correct* present skin faults . . . and to protect you in the future.

REXONA OINTMENT . . . FOR STUBBORN SKIN DISORDERS

For more stubborn skin disorders—sores, ulcers, even eczema—Rexona Ointment combines with Rexona Soap to make a complete skin treatment. Its soothing properties ease irritation instantly.

Rexona

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin (City and Suburbs)

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REDUCE SAFELY

with FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES

A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 2lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment endorsed by leading dietists. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/-; at all chemists, or post free from NORL F. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Uni.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown. Tel. LF112.

Stubborn Coughs

No, sir. No matter how hard and deep-seated your cough or cold may be, BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE is sure to conquer it in next to no time. The very first dose gets down to business—you can feel it doing you good.

Its fast action amazes everybody when they take it for the first time.

If you or any member of your family has a cough, cold or bronchitis, try Buckley's Canadiol—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada—and be convinced. Buckley's Canadiol is sold by all good chemists.

AT CHEMISTS - 2/3 BOTTLE

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD Toronto Canada - Rochester N.Y.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Coty

For your handbag, Coty genius gives you a new, perfect powder that cannot spill . . . yet has all the velvety smoothness of loose powder.

Pressed Powder is Coty's inspiration . . . Definitely not a compact . . . but ordinary "loose" powder pressed into a block by a special Coty process. The merest rub releases loose powder as fine, as pure as Coty's famous boxed powder — no grittiness or impurity —for no adhesives are used in compressing it.

For evening use, particularly, you'll welcome Coty Pressed Powder. In modern plastic-topped boxes or exquisite enamel designs . . . and of course, in Coty's distinctive perfumes. Lasts three times as long as an ordinary box of powder. 5/6 — 10/6 — 16/6 — refills 3/3.

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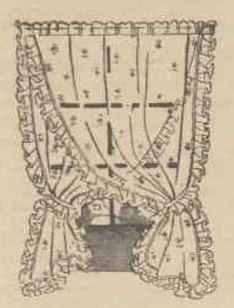
HORDERN BROTHERS

Free Making Cross-Over Curtains



8 pieces only! You'll have to be early to get this offer. Ready Frilled Muslins featuring a dainty sprigged design in lovely colourings. Three-inch fully gathered frills. 76 inches wide. Usually 5/11 yard..... 4/11

These pieces ONLY will be made up into Cross-over Curtains Free of Cost.

Loose Covers made up at HALF Usual Rates

Our machinists will make up your Loose Covers from materials purchased in our Furnishing Department at not less than 2/11 yard. Order early. This offer is for a limited period only. All orders will be cut in rotation.

SAVE ON COVER MATERIALS as well as cost of making up

30 pieces only—Cretonnes, Shadow Tissues, Slub Tissues, etc. Beautiful Floral or modern motifs include the latest pastel tonings. 30 inches wide. Usually 3/11 to 6/11 yard. WHILE THEY LAST, yard ..... **2/11 & 3/11**

What a saving this is! The usual cost of Loose Cover for Chair is from 55/-. With this offer the cost, including making-up, is only **35/-**

A SAVING OF 20/-.

Why have unsightly weather-torn Blinds ?

READY-MADE ROLLER BLINDS

Genuine Holland Blinds of dependable quality with attractive self-corded stripe—it's new. Shades are pongee, beige and ecru. Mounted on sturdy spring rollers. 36 x 72 in. Usually priced at 7/11. EACH **4/11**

30 ins. x 72 ins. Usually 7/6. Now **4/9**
24 ins. x 54 ins. Usually 6/3. Now **3/11**
20 ins. x 54 ins. Usually 5/11. Now **3/9**

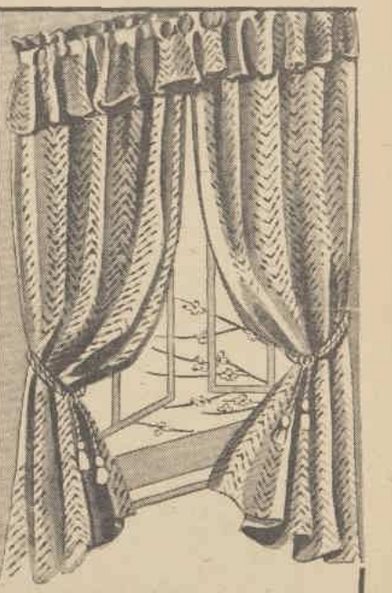
New Blind LINENS

in eleven fadeless shades

FREE MAKING

Plain style made up free of charge. Bring or post your measurements and we will give estimates for supplying materials required, adding no charge for making up. New colours have been landed in best quality linen Hollands—**FADELESS.** Made to fill a modern want. **Sand, Nile, saxe, rose and green light.**

Fadeless Printed Floral Hollands offer another delightful Blind material.



CURTAIN MATERIALS

Nowhere is there to be found a better choice of suitable Curtain Fabrics at such moderate prices.

MODERN FOLK WEAVE in delightful stripe and check designs. Displaying new colour harmonies. Double width. From, yard **1/6½**

PRINTED LINENS are back in all their colourful glories. In Linen you get lasting wear and a delightful range of designs. 48 inches wide. From, yard **3/11**
30 inches wide. From, yard 1/11

SHADOW TISSUE—just opened! These materials are surprising in the new beauty of designs and colourings. Just what is wanted in new Furniture coverings. 30 inches wide. From, yard **1/9**
48 inches wide. From, yard 2/9

CURTAIN MAKING Free of Charge

Purchase your materials from our Furnishing Department and we will make up Curtains and simple valances—free of charge. For making up elaborate Pelmets and Frilled Curtains—HALF. USUAL RATES. No material under 2/11 per yard can be made up free of charge.

Save Time and Labour and Own Well-Tailored Windows

Bring in the measurements of your windows and your problems to our experts. You will receive practical help and advice.

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MAKES YOUR SKIN LIGHTER FRESHER YOUNGER

The increasing evidence of the years will be changed to the glorious freshness of youthful loveliness when you start to use "FACIAL YOUTH." It is a marvellous discovery! No matter your age or how rough, red, "veined," freckled, or blemished your complexion, as soon as you apply Facial Youth you double your beauty! This creme disappears into the skin—but not as a vanishing cream. Facial Youth is a real beautifier—a means of quickly gaining a loveliness impossible to secure as quickly in any other way. Nothing else like it. It gives you back the charm of girlhood: you will look and feel years younger. Facial Youth whitens the skin, smooths out the lines, prevents shiny nose, eradicates "blackheads," and eliminates enlarged pores. It holds powder perfectly for hours. Fragrantly perfumed, but no spirit to irritate a sensitive skin; no grease to grow hair. Use Facial Youth yourself this very day! See how it refreshes and revitalises your skin; how it increases your charm and attractiveness. Judge it in your mirror and by the compliments you get! The cost is trifling, tubes being 1/- and 1/9, and large jars 2/6, at all good chemists and stores.

Kathleen Court's **"FACIAL YOUTH"**

FLIRTS—*But* NOT SUCH

Flirts as They Seem!

Astrology by JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

Are they, or are they not, flirts? That is the question! I am talking, of course, about Leo people—those whose birthdays fall anywhere between July 23 and August 24.

It all boils down to another question. What is a "flirt"? One dictionary says "a heartless coquette"; another "a volatile girl"—and both forget to mention men.

THE goodwill and admiration of others are the very breath of life to Leo people.

Accordingly, they try to attract and charm all those whom they contact. They are usually quite sincere in their ideals and intentions, but are apt to forget that the other person may take them more seriously than is desired.

Then, too, Leonians can be as cool as they can be ardent (especially after the conquest is assured). Thus do they earn the title of flirts.

Not only those born between July 23 and August 24 have this power to charm. All those with the sign Leo strongly placed in the individual star-map have it also. Fortunately, too, it is the niceties and attractions of this world, and the happiness and pleasure which they bring, that make life really worth while.

Leo people are impulsive, ardent and quick in anger, but just as quick to forgive. Their jealousy must not be aroused, nor their dignity and pride ridiculed, for crossed wills and humiliation are things they cannot bear gracefully. In this connection they are capable of acting without mercy in order to reinstate themselves.

They are courageous, energetic and indomitable, so that, although their enthusiasm and over-confidence often bring them difficulties, they can usually extricate themselves with seeming ease. They make friends easily, are ambitious for social prestige, and seem able to ask favors without loss of dignity. As a result, they often reach success because of the aid of friends.

Leonians are happiest when in the company of those of the opposite sex, but failing this they will quite cheerfully exert their charms for the benefit of others. They are usually good company and can be relied upon to create a happy environment in their immediate vicinity.

Written in the Stars

Loyal Partners

AN harmonious marriage partner is essential to the complete happiness of Leo people. They expect so much happiness through marriage and children that, if disappointed over the partner, they are liable to grow hard and selfish, or to place far too much stress on the mother-love given the children.

The love of a Leo person is intense, ardent, and loyal, but it thrives best when the partner is wise enough to pander a little to the pride, and to the desire for admiration, which are inherent qualities in these folk.

Their most harmonious companions will usually be found among those born under the signs Aries (March 21 to April 21), and Sagittarius (November 23 to December 22). Those born under their own sign (between July 23 and August 24), often prove splendid partners also, but in this case both husband and wife must realise the strengths and weaknesses of each other and strive to avoid discord and temperamental upheavals.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Work hard. Stabilise your affairs. Make important changes, ask favors, etc., especially on August 7 and 8.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Do not venture on important enterprises. Wait for a week or two. 9th and 10th a poor best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Fair on August 4 and 11.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Fair on the 5th and 6th.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Make hay while the sun shines. Get important matters moving and stabilised. 7th and 8th best days this week.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Fair on the 9th and 10th. Poor on the 11th.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): The 4th and 11th seem fair. 7th and 8th poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Hibernate if possible. Otherwise beware of delays, upsets and worries on the 4th, 9th and 10th.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be confident, optimistic and hard-working, and success should follow your efforts. This is a good time to seek advancement, sign important papers, etc., especially the 7th and 8th.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Perfect routine work. 9th and 10th fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Live very quietly. Be on guard against losses, partings, opposition and general upsets. Ask no favors. They would be refused or regretted. Be especially careful on the 9th and 10th.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A routine week only. The 5th and 6th should be quite fair. The 11th poor.

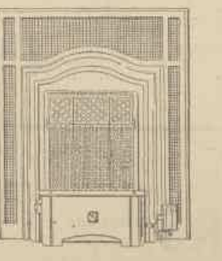
(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

The doctor's wife tells why she prefers a Gas Fire

In the first place we had a gas fire installed because my husband insisted on it for our health's sake. But the reasons that I prefer it are—its generous warmth that makes the whole room sunny; its smart style and colour that lend a harmoniously modern touch to our decorative scheme; its labour-saving cleanliness; the convenience of its ever-ready heat; and its real economy. In my opinion the gas fire is vastly superior in every way.

Home would not be Home without GAS

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA



Smart Girls

All agree that Kathleen Court's

'VELVET-SKIN' FACE POWDER at 1/- is the biggest Value on the Toilet Goods Counters TO-DAY

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What Women Are Doing

From North China

MISS E. S. LIVENS is spending a short holiday in Melbourne before returning to England after 33 years spent in North China at the London Missionary Society.

Much has been accomplished in the mission field in China, she said, and the Chinese people are taking much more responsibility in the management of their affairs in the church.

The proportion of readers among Christian Chinese is much larger than among the other Chinese owing to the phonetic system of teaching the illiterate, especially women.

✣ ✣ ✣

Teaching at St. Hilda's

MISS GRACE EDMONSON, from Victoria, has this term joined the teaching staff of St. Hilda's School at Southport. She was educated at St. Margaret's School, Brisbane, and then went to the Glennie Memorial School in Toowoomba, where she was for some years.

For the last few years Miss Edmonson has been teaching in Victoria, first on the staff of the Ivanhoe Grammar School, and then at the Methodist Ladies' College.

✣ ✣ ✣

Singer Returns After Twelve Years Abroad

MISS WILMA BERKELEY, the Victorian soprano in whose career the late Dame Nellie Melba took a special interest, is returning to Australia by the Strathaird.

Miss Berkeley.

Miss Berkeley won the Nellie Rowe scholarship several years ago, and at a concert at which she and Dame Nellie Melba were the only performers over £2000 was raised to help her pursue her studies abroad.

On her arrival in London, however, and on the advice of Dame Nellie, Miss Berkeley relinquished her scholarship, and Dame Nellie personally trained her for grand opera.

She has had considerable success in the twelve years she has been abroad, having sung before Royalty on several occasions, and played leading roles in opera.

To Visit S.A. Centenary

ONE of the most distinguished visitors to South Australia for the Centenary celebrations in September will be Professor Winifred Cullis, of the University of London. Professor Cullis is the Sophia Jex-Blake Professor of Physiology at the University School of Medicine for Women. She includes the writing of papers and articles in science journals and papers in her many achievements.

The Institute of the Federation of University Women, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, the Education Committee of the English Speaking Union, the Central Council for Recreative Physical Training, and the Advisory Council of British Films Institute are but a few of her interests.

Woman Missionary Goes Back To Korea

MISS DAISY McCAGUE, who first went to Korea in 1918, is now returning there for her fourth term of five years, as a representative of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Union attached to the Victorian Presbyterian Church's mission in the South-eastern province of Korea.

She will live in Chinju, where her department is evangelical work. Korea now has good roads, and Miss McCague, who has her own car, will be able to reach all but the most secluded mountain villages. She and the Korean Bible women will visit fifty or so little village churches, gather the people for services, and speak to them in their homes. Sometimes they stay for a week in one village and gather the women for classes, and once a year the women meet in Chinju for a class.

Miss McCague has many other jobs, too. She superintends Sunday-school work, helps with the choir work, etc.

✣ ✣ ✣

Absorbed In Her Work

THE Superintendent of Educational Activities at the Adelaide Children's Hospital, Miss Florence McIntosh, finds the subject of child education one which presents new and interesting aspects from day to day.

Miss McIntosh returned about a year ago from eighteen months' study of the subject in England, where she was associated with the London County Council in its work with schools, kindergartens, nursery centres, and similar institutions.

She has put much of the knowledge she gained abroad into her work in Adelaide.

Miss McIntosh teaches each morning at an infants' school, spends her afternoons with a group of voluntary workers at the hospital, giving special lessons to children, and in addition is taking the newly-instituted Social Service course at the University.

Pianist Touring Commonwealth For A.B.C.

MISS HILDA WOOLMER, the Brisbane pianist who is touring the national stations for the Broadcasting Commission as accompanist to the violinist, Leslie Chester, will also be heard as a soloist.

Miss Woolmer.

Miss Woolmer has appeared as accompanist to numerous visiting artists and with individual members of the Sydney String Quartet, besides doing concert work with the Brisbane Concert Orchestra. During the Russian Ballet Company's season in Brisbane in 1934, Miss Woolmer became official pianist.

Miss Woolmer did not start lessons until 15 years old, and after two years with Stanley Hobson and two with Percy Briers she gained the L.T.C.L. Diploma and Gold Medal.

✣ ✣ ✣

Nine American Women On Australian Tour

DESIRING a first-hand knowledge of Australian affairs, a party of nine American women are touring Australia. They arrived in Sydney last week. All are members of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and one, Mrs. G. M. Poole, was until recently president of the Federation.

Mrs. Poole is a leading American feminist, and has held office in many important women's organisations.

Other members of the party are Dr. L. Butcher and Dr. M. L. Gomel (Illinois), Mrs. W. M. Comly (New York), Miss K. M. Shapard (Georgia), Mrs. B. G. Seth (New Mexico), Mrs. E. W. Shirk (California), Miss V. V. Goodwin (Maine), and Mrs. C. B. Roberts (Maine).

Idea Inspired By New Zealand Fete

THAT very big enterprise in aid of the Free Kindergartens which, this month, will bring the atmosphere of an Old English village to the Sydney Town Hall, was really conceived when Lady Julius, on a visit to Christchurch, New Zealand, saw a fete carried out on much the same lines.

Lady Julius
—Raymond Sawyer.

Thoroughly impressed by its novelty and beauty, Lady Julius, on her return to Sydney, fired fellow members of the kindergarten committees with the desire to go and do likewise. She and Sir George Julius enlisted the sympathies of that well-known architect, Mr. Waterhouse, and of big men in the building world (including Mr. James McIntyre, Mr. James Leckie, and Mr. James Watt), with the result that they undertook to build a village in accordance with her scheme.

The village fair will be in full swing for three days from August 20. Goods and refreshments of every description will be for sale. There'll be side-shows and competitions galore.

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Labor Women Confer In S.A.

WITH Mrs. E. Hill as president and Mrs. M. Mills secretary, the Labor women of South Australia have been holding a conference at which about 70 delegates, representative of city, suburbs and country, were present. At the conference, which is an annual affair, the women aired many important subjects which included those of hospital facilities, anti-war work, and other similar topics.

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Returned From Interesting Trip

MISS MARY GODLEE, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Perth, has returned to duty after a delightful three months' leave which she spent mainly in travelling.

She went north from Perth to Java and Singapore, and returned via the east coast, visiting all the "sister" associations en route. Miss Godlee was formerly secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Adelaide.

Viennese Artist Exhibits In Melbourne

GREAT interest has been aroused in Melbourne by the exhibition of woodcuts by Madame Bressler-Roth.

She is a Viennese who recently attracted much attention in London with her beautiful work. Melbourne was anxious to see the woman who made it possible for them to see so many delightful woodcuts of animals, birds, and reptiles, but Madame Roth is still in London.

She merely sent out a selection of her works, and, judging by the large number of red seals on the frames, this exhibition should be unique, as one at which every picture was sold.

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Woman Graduate Appointed Police Officer

MISS A. B. CONSTABLE, M.A., a graduate of Edinburgh University, has been chosen as Leicester's second woman officer in the police force. Her appointment coincided with the announcement that Scotland Yard has appointed 50 more policewomen.

✣ ✣ ✣

Commander of the "Land Cruise"

TO Mrs. Archie Michaelis goes the credit for suggesting the two days' Land Cruise to be held at Earl's Court, St. Kilda, Melbourne, on August 21 and 22, when the passage money will be divided between the Eye and Ear, the Children's and the Alfred Hospitals, and the St. Kilda and Balaclava Free Kindergartens, in all of which Mrs. Michaelis is interested.

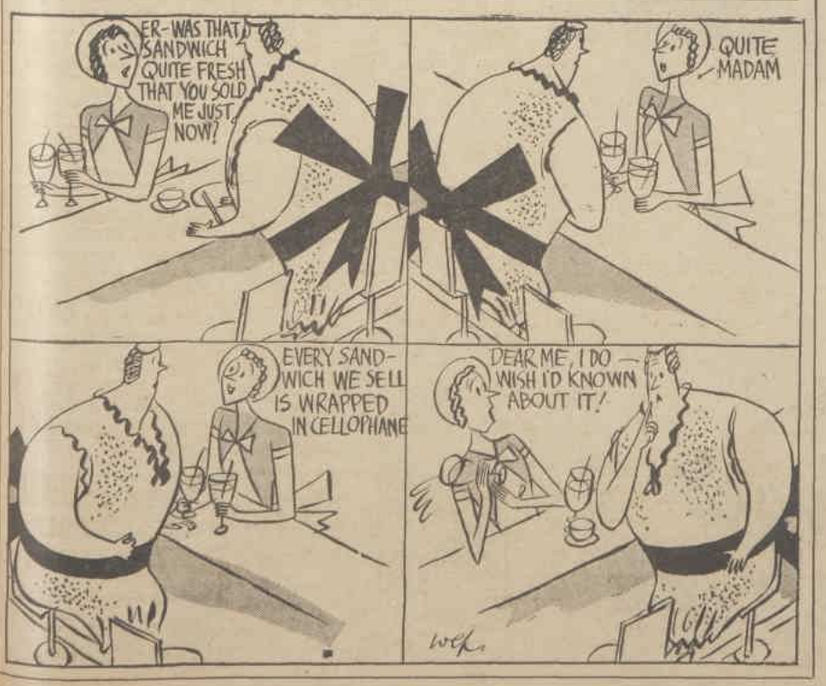
Mrs. Archie Michaelis.
—Dickinson-Monteath

On hearing that this unique idea for having all the joys of a sea trip without leaving the shore had been put into practice in England, she immediately wrote for particulars and set to work.

Nautical terms now flourish in the conversation of the large committee.

Mrs. Michaelis is the commander, Mrs. G. Rodd and Mrs. Lamb Smith are secretaries for the cruise, and there are publicity agents and a purser. All the activities, including bridge parties, dances, deck games, etc., take place on "A" deck and "B" deck, and so on.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP



DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH
take HEARNE'S *today*

Doctors are fighting for many a life today because a "simple Cold" was neglected in its early stages. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or other serious complications.

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker in action than HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics, and does not upset the stomach.

For all CHEST troubles take

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .

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STOP 'FLU'

ARREST its attack in the early stages, or obtain speedy relief from its after effects by taking Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Now used in Australia's largest hospitals and recommended by the medical profession. Powders and tablets 1/6 and 2/6.

All chemists and stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 76-78 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

SUSANNA *and her* ELDERS

SHE crouched down beside him. She had thought of him as old, because all grown-ups were old. But she saw now that he was only big. A big little boy

It was blood trickling down from the dark hole in his shoulder She knew because once mademoiselle had cut her hand, and they had washed it and tied it up and given her lots of stuff called brandy. And mademoiselle had laughed and cried and sung

She turned the torch round the room. She ought to have screamed. Heads grinned down at her from the walls, glassy-eyed monsters with wicked waving antlers But she did not scream. Like crying, it was no use. This was the real world

There were matches on the table. Susanna had never been allowed to touch matches. Everyone knew that she would set fire to herself Her fingers were so stiff and blue that they could hardly move But they had to. The tiny point of light steadied as she set it to the paper under the logs It burst into a lovely, beneficent warmth that spread out farther and farther, beating back the wicked cold, filling the room

She took a pillow and put it under the head of the boy lying on the floor. She covered him with a blanket She found a towel in the little kitchen, and the searching eye of the electric torch picked out a tall bottle whose name she spelled out carefully. She was glad now that she had learned to spell, because she knew that the bottle was the kind she wanted Somehow, she managed to turn him over. With the light propped against a book, she could see everything that lay within its golden circle And the fire came to her help, showed her that the darkly astonished monsters on the walls were just dead stags who could not frighten her She was growing up. Faster and faster In this real world there was no time to waste on being seven She was still very small and not very strong. But she was quiet and resolute.

THERE was not any water in the shack But she ripped open his leather coat and washed out the dark hole in his shoulder with brandy It was the best thing that anyone could have done She did not know that. She was simply doing what she could—what the little events urged on her The last spoonful she forced between his lips.

He came back slowly, unwillingly. He had hoped that he was dead. The first thing he saw was her face, bent over him with an immense earnestness For a moment he thought it must be his mother Or Jane Someone, at least, who cared.

"Hullo!" he whispered.

"Hullo!" she said.

He pulled himself up gingerly on his elbow to have a better look at her She had managed to make a rough bandage round his shoulder tying the ends of the towel into a rabbit's-ear knot. He felt wretched enough to cry. But he found that he had laughed.

"Did you do that?" he asked.

She nodded.

"And light the fire?"

"Of course." (It was an expression that mademoiselle did not consider proper. One said "Yes" like a lady. But now no one cared what she was.)

He rubbed his hand over his mouth, tasting it.

"Brandy. Where the dickens did you find that?"

"In a bottle."

"Anything else about?"

"Food. Tins and tins. I found them——"

"Well," he said, "you may be a young devil, but you've got some pluck."

SHE blushed with pleasure. Most people when they were being nice about her said: "Isn't she sweet?" And she was promptly very rude and naughty. Because she knew that she was not sweet But she did have pluck. She did not know quite what it was. But she was sure that she had it. And now that this boy knew, too, they could be friends.

She gave him her hand solemnly, and he let her help him to his feet. They found a lamp half-filled with oil, and the light made everything look usual, as though they had always lived there. He went out and filled a pail full of icicles and set it over the fire. It was not easy. His shoulder hurt like an inflamed tooth and he felt weak and queer. But now he had an obstinate, unreasonable determination to survive

And she was right about the food She stood next him as he ran the eye of his torch over the well-stocked shelves She was like a friendly, protective, little dog. He wondered whether they would give him an extra year for tin-opening It would not make much difference.

"Well what's it to be?" he asked "Irish stew?"

"I think it would be very nice," she said politely

She hated Irish stew. But she wanted to be polite For the first time in her life she wanted to be good There was some sense in it. He needed her He wanted her to do things He let her fetch a chair for him and push cushions behind his shoulder All at once he felt almost happy, too, as though this warm, firelit lodge was the whole world and he and this kid the only people in it. She did not look so bad with her hair ruffled and her face all dirty Pretty much like any kid

"How's the stew, Miss Marshall?"

Continued from Page 30

Please turn to Page 48

ANN DVORAK, Warner Bros. player, relieves the severity of her gown by pinning a multi-colored posy to the bodice. A silver lame botero adds a piquant touch.

"LISTEN Daddy to my Rice Bubbles."

Kiddies have so much fun eating Rice Bubbles—they love the snap, crackle and pop when cold milk is poured on! There's no coaxing or scolding at breakfast or tea-time when Rice Bubbles are served — in fact, children come back with eagerness for more and more!

Serve them regularly to the family. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are economical — they're full of nourishment — they're easy to digest—they require no cooking — and they fascinate everyone!

Grown-ups too, like Rice Bubbles—that snap, crackle and pop means crispness, and that toasted rice flavour is so delicious! Order some Rice Bubbles to-day.

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

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YOURS for 2/- DEPOSIT

35/- Model for 19/6

Remarkable value! Genuine Heavyweight, best quality, English Morocain Frock. Send on FREE APPROVAL to any address in the Commonwealth.

Designed by our Fashion Expert especially for Spring and Summer wear. Exclusive and most attractive model. Bodice is cut with a chic panel effect and trimmed with white collar of unusually smart cut. finished with straps and tie of self material. Opening at back fastens with white button. Sleeves long and tight fitting. Pleats form panel in front of skirt and waist is finished with belt of self material and white buckle.

Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S., and X.O.S. in latest fashionable shades: Black, Ice Blue, Navy, Malacca Brown, Green, Scarlet.

All you have to do is to send postal note for 2/-, plus 6d for postage and one of these charming frocks will be forwarded by return mail. Easy payments thereafter of only 2/- per fortnight till balance is paid. Full price only 19/6. Sizes O.S. and X.O.S. 1/6 extra.

If not satisfied, return frock unworn within 7 days and your deposit will be refunded. Write Now, stating size and colour required.

FELIX ARDEN

Dept. W.3., 71 YORK ST., SYDNEY.

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know of an internal medicine that in many thousands of cases has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who were almost deaf have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible a foot away from either ear. Therefore if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut this out and hand it to them, and you may help save them perhaps from total deafness! The medicine can be made up at home as follows:

Secure from your chemist a 1oz bottle of Parmint (double strength). Make up a half-pint of medicine by adding 4ozs of sugar and ½ pint of hot water. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

Parmint has been remade on more action, the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes thus equalising the air pressure on the drum. It also helps expect any excess of secretion in the middle ear. Results are nearly always quick and effective—relief complete and lasting.

Every person who has catarrh in any form should give this Parmint mixture a thorough trial. ★★★

Spring is Here!

Housewives will soon be thinking of SPRING CLEANING

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RING F1148 for Quotations.

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FREE BOOK on the Second Coming of Christ—Its Nearness and Certainty

May be obtained on application to the secretary, Regent Hall, Regent Street, Sydney.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A Master Magician, and
LOTHAR: Powerful Nubian, his servant, are helping
LORA GATES: Who believes her home to be inhabited by a werewolf. They are hindered in their investigations by
VASIL: Lora's uncouth cousin and
BORIS: Her uncle, who make several attempts on Mandrake's life. In the search for the werewolf Mandrake meets
EMIL JACQUES: A circus man who wants to add the werewolf to his circus. Mandrake rescues Lora from a terrible ape-like creature, and carries her back to her home. He and Lothar are both captured by Vasil and Boris, but turn the tables on them and bind them in their place. Suddenly they hear Lora calling for help, follow her into the garden, and find her on the point of collapse, with the terrible, ape-like creature standing over her. NOW READ ON.

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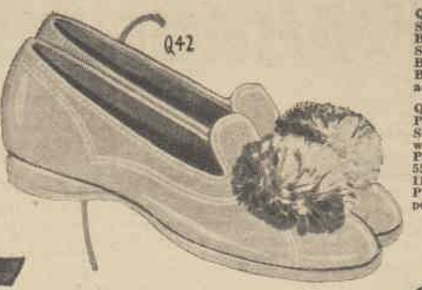
E117—Child's Set—Knife, Fork, and Spoon—in case. 12 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 24 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 3d. for postage.

E117

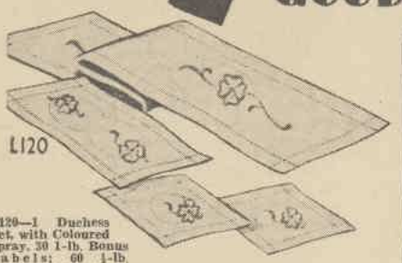
Free—

THESE ATTRACTIVE AND GOOD QUALITY ARTICLES



Q42—1 Pair Nevis Slippers (Albert style). Blue and Red only. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6. 45 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 90 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 5d. for postage.

Q43—1 Pair Black Patent Leather Slippers. Trimmed with uncrushable Poms. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6. 55 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 110 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 5d. for postage.



L120—1 Duchess Set, with Coloured Spray. 30 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 60 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 4d. for postage.

Why not economise by securing your selection from them, while enjoying the pure-food goodness of Inglis products.

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Illustrated are a few only of the many useful articles which can be obtained for the Bonus Labels from the quality products packed by Inglis Ltd.

If you cannot call, write for INGLIS BONUS BLUE BOOK. This book gives you full particulars of how to obtain Bonus Presents, and the number of Bonus Labels necessary.

Post your Bonus Labels to INGLIS TEAS, Box 1582E, G.P.O., Sydney, and write your name and address clearly on the package. In a separate letter give your name and address, the number of Bonus Labels you are forwarding, and the number of presents you have chosen.

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Bonus Labels are to be found upon the following goods prepared and packed by Inglis Ltd:—

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BILLY TEA
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INGLIS GRANUMA PORRIDGE MEAL
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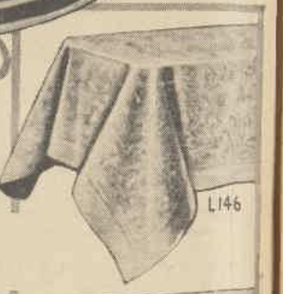
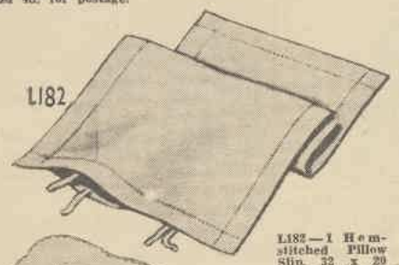


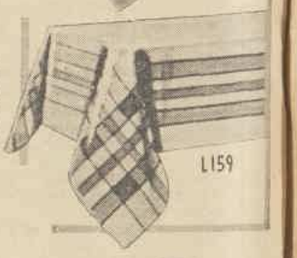
L146—1 White Tablecloth, 54 x 70 inches. 80 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 160 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 1/- for postage.



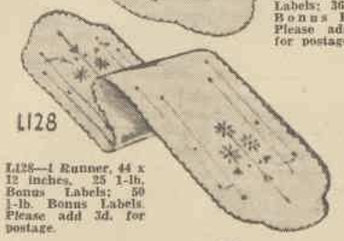
L182—1 Hem-stitched Pillow Slip. 32 x 29 inches. 25 1-lb. Bonus Labels. 50 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 5d. for postage.

L160—1 Coloured Tablecloth. 53 x 53 inches. 50 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 100 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 9d. for postage.

L122—1 White Table Centre, Coloured Spray. 24 x 16 inches. 18 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 36 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 3d. for postage.

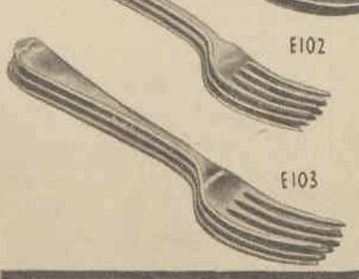


L159—1 Coloured Linen Tablecloth. 44 x 44 inches. 40 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 80 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 6d. for postage.



L128—1 Runner, 44 x 12 inches. 25 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 50 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 3d. for postage.

E104 — 3 British N.S.P. Heavy-weight A Quality Soup Spoons. 30 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 60 ½-lb Bonus Labels. Please add 4d. for postage.



E101—3 British N.S.P. Heavy-weight A Quality Dessert Spoons. 30 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 60 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 3d. for postage

E106 — 2 British N.S.P. Heavy-weight A Quality Tablespoons. 30 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 60 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 4d. for postage.

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E103—3 British N.S.P. Heavy-weight A Quality Table Forks. 35 1-lb. Bonus Labels; 70 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 4d. for postage.

INGLIS GOLDENIA TEA

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That at Boweral, t'other day, Mrs. John Gunning, driving a borrowed and very gorgeous limousine, drove into a local petrol station . . . The attendants, hustling to the bowser, were somewhat disgruntled when "Dell," smiling sweetly, held out her little cigarette-lighter with the request, "Please fill this for me," and then drove off with a gracious "thank you" but no further order!

Gathering of the Clans

MRS. BELL, of Eskdale, and her daughter Phyllis did some intensive shopping in Sydney with a view to the gaieties of Exhibition Week in Brisbane.

Fair-haired Phyllis, who is blessed with a quota of enchanting dimples, has also been discussing the bridesmaid's garb which she'll wear when Patsy Dangar becomes Mrs. Grant Giblin next October. There'll be a great gathering of the Dangar clan for that event, and the whole Bell family are returning to Sydney for it.

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Mrs. I. Street, who flew to Brisbane a week or two ago, is spending most of her time with her brother, Dr. Jack Thompson, but has also stayed with Mrs. Adolphe Fees and other old friends.

✣ ✣ ✣

Belles of 1950

WHAT a lot of charming daughters of equally charming mothers will be the debutantes of fourteen years hence . . . Just to mention a few of them!

There'll be fair, blue-eyed Morna and Bettine White (so like the former Judy Coombe), Angela Fell (daughter of sweet Nonie Robinson), Edwina Hordern (Mary Bullmore's darling little daughter), Janice Henty (her mother was Joan Bullmore), Perella Bowden, Deirdre and Valerie Campbell (born overseas but Sydney doesn't forget Pauline Copland and Evelyn Robertson), Jacqueline Baillieu (daughter of lovely Betty Willsallen), Barbaraleigh Vivers (Ada Carr all over again), and the Strath Playfair foursome, who all possess the same direct simplicity and charm that made Babs Campbell such a heart-breaker.

The wee daughters of the Countess of Bective and the Countess of Jersey, Australians on the distaff side, must not be omitted.

Yes, they'll be lucky lads who annex these lovelies not so many years hence!

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Next week, Mrs. Ashburton Thompson will be regretfully packing her trunks, her all-too-short visit to Sydney being nearly over. She departs by the Strathaird.

✣ ✣ ✣

The A.B.C. Language of Music

THE Australian Broadcasting Commission has earned the gratitude of the community with the musical treats it has accorded us lately . . .

Elisabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza, accustomed though they be to the plaudits of a Covent Garden audience, were visibly pleased with the enthusiasm of Sydney's music-lovers, and showed it by the number of encores with which they responded to the applause . . .

Madame Rethberg's exquisite gowning has called forth much admiration . . . Worn at her first appearance in the Town Hall, that cunningly-cut garment—negligee in type—of rose satin, with its encrustations of glimmering sequins and froth of shaded feathers at the hem, is perhaps the most favored.

Madame Rethberg wears marvellous jewels, but leaves her flaxen hair unadorned, the long plait wound coronet-wise round her head.

Costly Converse

THESE cosy chats per long-distance telephone may be worth the money . . . nevertheless the cost is a bit hair-raising!

Nine pounds to tell one's husband that by "doctor's orders" one is not to face the journey home yet awhile, and about the same amount to assure one's mamma that one is well and happy!

The above-mentioned "London callings" took place last week between (a) Mr. and Mrs. Francis Due and (b) Mrs. My Henry and her daughter, My Wessels.

N.B.: "Silence is golden," or at any rate saves gold.

"Say It With Flowers"

BETTY BALFE has been sporting a daily ration of gorgeous orchids of late, but, despite much friendly quizzing, she remains firmly reticent as to the identity of the donor . . .

She left last Sunday on a visit to the Steenie Osbornes, and will celebrate her eighteenth birthday while their guest . . . Half the district will foregather at the cocktail party the Osbornes are giving in her honor.

"One Up" On Melbourne

"THERE is nothing like this in Melbourne," said Mrs. Percy Dobson, referring to the Royal Sydney Golf Club's Sunday buffet lunch, which she was at the moment enjoying . . . The big golf clubs there are not so convenient to the city, and women are rather pushed into the background, particularly at the week-end, she says.

The Dobsons, who had a gay couple of weeks in Sydney after the Orama cruise, motored back to their Melbourne home last week.

Happy Outlook

GLAD to be at last off the sick list, Mr. Comerford left St. Vincent's last week, and is at his old pied-a-terre, 52 Macleay St. Ltd. . . .

His whole family is overseas at the moment, but he looks forward to the promised visit of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Geoffrey Godfrey, later in the year, and plans to return with her to England.

Traveller Returns

MRS. BRUCE RYRIE, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Justice James and Mrs. James, returns from her first trip abroad on August 10 in the Mariposa.

Her sister, Mrs. Victor Coppleson, went to Fiji to meet her, and Dr. Coppleson (who'd intended to do so, too, but was detained at the last minute), managed to greet her in Auckland.

One of the first "welcome home" gestures will be the dinner party given for her by Lady Richards.

✣ ✣ ✣

Fay Robinson, of Melbourne, and Wilma Baly, of Sydney, have both been annexed by attractive young Orient Co. officers. Peter Hodges, of the Orsova, and Fay have plighted troth, and lots of girl travellers on the Orama are thinking Wilma awfully lucky to have attracted "Jonah," as Gilliat Herbert-Jones is universally dubbed.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIANS in London will soon have an addition to their numbers, as Goldie Gray will be joining her sister there in a few weeks' time . . . This is her most recent photograph.

—Raymond Bawyer.

Misses the Sunshine

MRS. MONTAGUE WILLIAMS, writing from London, says that she is homesick for Sydney sunshine, but her daughter Babs (Mrs. Colin Richards) is keen to take a house in the country and settle permanently in England, so plans are vague at the moment.

✣ ✣ ✣

Kirrie Cade and Colleen Gray gave up their projected trip to South America, and are at the Park Lane Hotel in London. They had a very gay time in New York, but, strange to say, haven't a good word for American fashions, except in sportswear, "which is always suitable as well as ultra-smart."

✣ ✣ ✣

Encore!

ALWAYS a feast for music-lovers, the fourth musicale of the season given under the auspices of the Strathfield Music Club was outstandingly good and drew a large and fashionable audience to the Strathfield Town Hall.

Margaret Chalmers is always a perfect accompanist, and with violinist Lloyd Davies she also gave an attractive performance of a Mozart sonata.

Gladys Graham was the vocalist, and young John Hannell (whose own recital at the Conservatorium was arranged for August 6) gave a foretaste of his artistic musical ability.

John, who is a son of the J. A. Hannells, of Newcastle, pursued his musical studies in Europe for several years, and was a pupil of Teichmuller at the Leipzig Conservatorium.

He is blessed with a tall, slim figure and classic profile, and despite his youth his playing is both matured and individual . . . A successful career may well be predicted for this young Australian.

✣ ✣ ✣

Mrs. Robertson will accompany her stalwart son, Murray, when he leaves with The King's School football team for England . . . They plan to stay on there indefinitely.

✣ ✣ ✣

Correspondence Made Easy

SLICK American phrases fairly drip from Joy Howarth's pen nowadays . . .

She writes from Los Angeles that she is "stepping high and wide," "going places and seeing things" and having the time of her young life.

One of her friends has received from her an amusing time-saver yclept "the busy person's correspondence card."

Under some half-dozen headings it contains a hundred or so of the comments and phrases usually prominent in a commonplace letter . . . These are culled by the sender, who ticks off the words appropriate to the moment, scribbles the address, pops on a stamp, and the job is done.

Compared with this, the old "On active service" cards were a very feeble effort!

Have You Heard—

That the gage d'amour which that young legal luminary, John Phillips, has given Helen Hers is the envy of all her girl friends? . . . It is a large Indian sapphire, set in a square platinum frame, on either side are diamonds also framed in platinum . . . The whole effect is most unusual.

Peggy Spell

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Warns Against "alkaline" Shampoo

Miss PATRICIA MINCHIN

Lovely Patricia Minchin—possesses all the talents of the art combined with unusual intelligence and charm of personality. Well-known in both radio and motion-picture audiences. Her dark, vibrant hair, truly a most captivating type of beauty.

IF you wish your hair to show at its very best—to bring out all the hidden beauty of wavy highlights—you can't be too cautious in washing it!

Soaps and shampoos laden with free "alkali" ruin nice hair with their drying, chemical action. Especially with such things—there is often risk of the solid matter not dissolving properly, and so burning the hair—and "flattening" out the wave.

That's why thousands of society women—who value beautiful hair — use only Colinated Cocoanut Oil. This pure, positively neutral, non-"alkaline," greaseless, "beauty-salon" shampoo cannot possibly injure nor change colour of hair.

A couple teaspoonsful cleanses of every sign of dirt, dandruff, or excess oiliness—from roots to tips—completely. Its lather rinses out easily. Your hair dries quickly and evenly—coming out thick, silky, brilliant, glossy, wavy—and far easier to dress and "set."

Demand "Colinated" at your chemist—(keeps life in permanently-waved hair) — a small bottle lasts months.

TRY THIS TEST for POSITIVE PROOF

Pull a hair from head and soak for a few hours in sooty water of ordinary shampoo liquids full strength — (Fig. A)

You won't need microscope to see how limp, weakened, almost lifeless — (Fig. B) — prolonged use of an "alkaline" shampoo makes hair.

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL "Natural Wave" SHAMPOO

Copyright

SUSANNA *and her* ELDERS

Continued from Page 44

"IT'S fun," she said. It was the best that she could say for it. She had never known before that stew could be fun. It had always been what mademoiselle would have called disgusting. "And my name's Susanna," she added.

"Mine's Jim. Not frightened, are you?"

"Not now. I was in the car. It bumped so. And the other men weren't nice. They threw me out. I think"—she groped anxiously for her thought—"I think I shouldn't have got home. I'd have been lost." That was as near as she could get to what had so nearly happened—to the black thing that she had felt hovering over her. She knew that he had felt it, too. His face was so dark and hurt-looking. "But you stayed with me," she comforted him. "So it's all right."

"Oh, you were such a kid—such a long way from home," he muttered.

"You're nice," she said.

He grinned unwillingly.

"You didn't think so that day you smashed my valve."

"You hit me," she retorted.

"I'm glad I did. You were a nasty little cat——"

"I wasn't so nice as I am now," she admitted.

"You're better," he conceded.

"I feel better—lots better."

"Then pass me the stew. And don't get ideas. Don't get it into your head that I'm nice. I'm not. You don't know what I am." If he had got to be a wrong 'un for the rest of his days he might as well begin now. "I'm what they call a gangster. Perhaps you know what that is?"

"It's bad," she said contentedly.

"Well, I'm not even a good gangster. I don't get anywhere. I haven't even got a gang." He began to laugh. It was funny sitting there talking to this kid—of all kids in the world. And then suddenly it was not funny at all. He had lost his job. And Jane. And everything. He put his face in his hands. And he was crying bitterly.

SHE let him cry. She kept mouse-quiet. She knew how it was. Grown-up people never let you alone, never let you cry if you wanted to.

He got up to throw a log on the fire, hiding his face. And then for the first time he saw the telephone. It stood on a little table in the shadow, like a malevolent, hunchbacked dwarf, watching him. He stared back at it. He tried to think what it meant—the outside world of hostile people crowding down on him, prison, years of prison, Jane's broken-hearted face. But the kid would go back where she belonged—to her pretty nursery, to her toys, to good food and comfort and love and safety. They would put ribbons in her hair again.

"Perhaps it's still connected." He spoke his thought aloud.

She had seen it, too. They looked at it and at each other, like fugitives who find the pursuer suddenly on their heels. "I've got to try," he said.

"What will they do?" she asked.

"Send up a rescue party."

"Mother and father and mademoiselle?"

"I expect so. And a crowd of policemen for me——"

TO his bewilderment, she broke down. It was she who cried, clinging to him in a storm of protest. "But I don't want them. I don't want to go home, ever. I want to stay here with you, always."

"But we can't, kid. We can't—not always——"

"Then just to-night. Oh, please——"

He held her close to him. Above her sobs he could almost hear the snow.

"Well, then, perhaps, Susanna—just to-night," he said.

He woke somewhere before dawn. His shoulder hurt him. A fire still glimmered on the hearth, and a belated, straggling moon peeped through the cracks in the shutters and turned ordinary things into fantastic shapes. Susanna slept in the crook of his good arm. She cried a little in her sleep as though something were hurting her, too, and he tucked the blankets closer, sheltering them both from the bitter, encroaching cold.

He got up cautiously. He stoked up the fire. Day was creeping up the hills. It was still snowing, but very lightly, and if he was to make good his escape it must be before it stopped altogether. He had planned it all. He would telephone, but it would be two hours or more before they could reach the lodge, and by that time he would be miles away, with his tracks covered. She would be all right. And perhaps he could connect up with the Saneys. Perhaps they would take him on again.

And then, suddenly, he saw the Jumper. The Jumper sat propped up against the arm of a chair, just outside the firelight. He carried himself like a cheerful, high-spirited soldier who has lost a leg in a good fight. He twinkled good-naturedly. It evidently amused him to see his creator's astonished face.

"And where did you spring from?" Jim asked aloud.

Susanna woke up. It was really her tooth that woke her. It had been hurting her through her dreams. And now it had caught her. It was a bad tooth. The last time the dentist had looked at it he had shaken his head. "One of these fine days we'll have to have that one out, young lady." But he had not reckoned on her running away with it. And there it was, throbbing and bumping. But when she saw Jim and the Jumper looking at each other she forgot her tooth.

"He's mine," she said.

Please turn to Page 49

MAROON-COLORED velvet is chosen by Delma Byron, Fox player, for a dinner dress. The sleeves are clipped to the bodice by rhinestone rings. The sandals are of silver kid.

"She often thanks me for bringing her husband back"

LIFEBUOY *does* clear up your complexion. Its rich, active lather cleanses deep down in the pores, removing all the impurities that lead to ugly blemishes. It freshens up the skin and brings the clear glow of radiant health.

Kills "B.O." Worry

A daily bath with Lifebuoy and you need never worry about offending. The clean, healthy scent of Lifebuoy is a refresher in itself, though it vanishes as you rinse.

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A LEVER PRODUCT

MILLIONS SAY.. "It agrees with my skin"

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SUSANNA *and her* ELDERS

Continued from Page 48

"HE'S not," Jim reported. "He belongs to my little sister. I made him for her. I suppose you pinched him." He had a last spurt of bitter resentment. "Didn't you have enough—with all that lot of toys to play with?"

"But they wouldn't play with me," she said.

She had climbed down from the divan. She stood opposite him across the firelight, holding the injured Jumper against her cheek warming and consoling him for her neglect. She had not many words. And when she was in a hurry she lisped and mademoiselle said: "You must speak properly." But this boy sat cross-legged by the fire and listened. She told him about Dear Betty—who was quite silly—to the little girl who wanted her and who had given her the Jumper. The Jumper was the only person who would really play. The other toys would not. They were too grown-up. They were real trains, real shops, real houses, real people.

He sat quiet, trying to make sense out of it all.

Robin had cried secretly for a doll. And this kid who had the finest doll in the world had wanted the rough, clumsy toy he had made for Robin. Wanted it desperately. It had almost cost her her life. So there was something wonderful about it. Perhaps there was always something wonderful about things one had not got. Perhaps things—whether one had too few or too many of them—were never quite right for anyone, not even for this kid's father and mother, so smart and sure of themselves. If that were true, it knocked his hatred of them sideways. He would never be able to hate anyone properly again.

HE put his arm over Susanna's shoulder.

"I hadn't thought of things that way, Susanna. I suppose they're not so easy for you either—perhaps not for any of us." He took the Jumper from her, examining him carefully, hiding his eyes from her. "But he'll be all right. I'll make another leg for him—a fine new leg. He'll jump finer than ever."

So they had breakfast, and afterwards they went out into the clearing and found just the right piece of wood. The sun was peering at them dimly through the thinning clouds. The snow had almost stopped. In another hour it would be too late. He went back with her and they sat by the fire again, and she watched him, whittling away with his knife, and tried hard not to think about the tooth. And presently there it was—the fine new leg. It was a different color but capable of the most high-spirited kicks. The Jumper fairly danced with joy over it.

JIM gave him back to her.

"Perhaps this time they'll let you keep him—so as you'll remember me when you get home."

"Don't let's ever go home."

"You've got to."

"Not now. To-morrow. Or next day."

He shook his head.

"They'll be half-crazy, worrying about you. And I've got to be off, too——"

"But you'll come back."

"I don't think so. They wouldn't let me."

"Yes, they would," she said. "I'll be good. They'll give me anything if I'll be good."

"You've got to be good, anyway." He was struggling with his own thoughts. He was not very clear about them either. They came up out of some secret depths in him. "It's like this, Susanna. I'd sort of hate losing you now. You're a fine kid. You could grow up nice—in spite of 'em all. You've got to—somehow." He whittled away fiercely with his knife, cutting crazy animals out of the wood. She was not a kid. Or he was not grown-up. They were equals—two people lost in a strange, difficult world, trying to find a way out. "Perhaps if I told you how things are, perhaps you'd remember and it would be easier."

He had more words than she had. Some of them she did not understand. But she understood about Robin who was ill and about his mother and father who had not enough of anything. And that because of her he had lost Jane and his job and everything that mattered.

"So that's what things are like, kid. We've got to make a go of them somehow—both of us. We've got to promise. Cross our hearts——"

"Cross my heart," Susanna said.

He bent over and kissed her gently.

"I've got to telephone."

She said humbly:

"My tooth hurts."

She had not meant to tell him. But now if he was going to leave her it was more than she could bear. He looked down at her in consternation. Robin had had toothache. He had sat up all night with her, holding her in his arms. He had never forgotten how glad and proud he had been when she fell asleep, comforted.

HE took down the receiver. Yes, it was alive all right. She listened piteously. She could even hear the excited voice at the other end. His voice sounded calm and even.

"This is Jim Brace speaking. Yes—a shooting lodge up in the hills. You'll see the name on the signpost—Harold Smith's. The owner. Tell Miss Marshall's people she's safe. But she's got toothache and they should bring something along." There was a moment during which he listened to the ghostly voice. He glanced over his shoulder. It was queer that anything so small could look so desperate. Suddenly he had a poignant knowledge of how alone she was. He did not know what he was going to say. And then he had said it. "Of course," he said. "I'm standing by."

He hung up and came back to her. He picked her up in his arms, and sat down with her by the fire, her aching cheek against his shoulder. "Now we'll just wait, Susanna," he said. "And try to forget what hurts."

Prison. And Jane. And everything.

They spent the last hour, not moving, not speaking, holding close to each other. He fell asleep, too. Dusk and the voices came together. The door burst open. There was the well-dressed young man, with a flushed and frightened face—perhaps for him, too, things would never be the same again—and a policeman and a sergeant, crowding in the doorway, staring at them foolishly.

Jim got up and set her gently on her feet, letting her go where she belonged. She was very sleepy. But she held on firmly to him. She stood between him and those men and the whole world.

"You're not to hurt him," she said. "He's been good to me." She spoke with a calm and final wisdom. "Gooder than anyone."

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Watch your complexion improve as mine did..

when you begin using these creams

Women who have tried many vanishing and foundation creams know from experience that no other cream can compare with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. It *protects* the most delicate skin from exposure to the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust. It is an ideal powder base because it lends a smooth finish to powder and make-up. It conceals skin imperfections and imparts a soft natural tone to the complexion. Start looking your best through the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.

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CLEAR SKIN, BRIGHT EYES Wonderfully FIT

Thousands of women are defeating premature old age by keeping internally clean —the Schumann's way . . . .

You too can banish ill-health with these purest of all Mineral Salts

When you are nervy, run down in health, suffer from Headaches, Bad Breath, Blotchy Complexion and general depression or feel the twinges of pain which come from excess Uric Acid, you should act immediately, for these are the signs of poisons in your system caused by neglect. Scientists and eminent medical men state definitely that the accumulation of waste in the intestines is the reason for most human ills and this state of health definitely brings on such chronic ailments as Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and often deadly internal complaints. It is easy to imagine therefore, that when your body retains these poisons and passes them on to the blood stream and tissues you must show the signs in your face, your eyes and your actions. Age creeps on you before time and you lay the foundation of some chronic ailment which in a year or two may wreck your life and happiness.

Women Particularly Must Not Neglect Nature's Strict Rule of Health

Don't be misled into thinking those sudden stabbing pains in the back or that down-dragging dull ache and general feeling of listlessness will just wear off—these are sure signs that your internal system is clogged and so cannot do its work.

Tonics may act as a temporary stimulant, but to get any measure of permanent relief and cure you must remove the *cause*. For this purpose, there is no better *natural* remedy than the world famous Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts.

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts contain the same important active ingredients as found in the famous natural Spa Waters of Europe, known throughout the world for their curative value.

Faulty Kidneys Poison System

Your kidneys are the filtering plant of your body. Day and night they are at work cleaning out the acids, disease germs, poisons and waste matter from your blood. If they are not functioning properly, your system gradually, but surely, becomes poisoned. Before long Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and Neuritis pains develop in the muscles and joints and if the kidneys are not immediately helped to function correctly you may quickly become a crippled martyr to chronic Rheumatism.

Simple Home Treatment Ensures Perfect Health

For years Schumann's Salts have been giving permanent relief to sufferers, because Schumann's contain the essential Salts which promote a free flow of bile from the liver to the intestines and free the kidneys of all impurities. Pure Salts, such as Schumann's, are nature's own cleansers of the internal organs and if taken regularly in warm water first thing each morning, will soon bring perfect health to you—a clear fresh complexion, youthful sparkle to your eyes and vim and vigor which you have probably not known for years.

Hundreds of letters from all parts of Australia tell of wonderful cures in what have been called hopeless cases.

This woman was crippled—NOW DANCES!

"I have read so many testimonials about Schumann's Salts that I want to tell you my experience. For years I was run down and suffered with Rheumatism. I tried many mixtures without relief until a friend gave me a sample of Schumann's. After the first few doses I noticed a change and at the end of a month, my trouble had gone. I am now able to go to old time dances, which I could not do before. This gives you some idea of how Schumann's cured me. Thanks for such a marvellous cure and wishing you success."

SCHUMANN'S banish RHEUMATISM, CONSTIPATION, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA and LIVER DISORDERS

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Lip Secrets OF A LADY

● Truly smart women know that make-up should brighten—not paint! Tangee never paints, but blends with your own natural coloring. Brings a soft youthful glow to your lips—a subtle allure men find hard to resist. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

UNTOUCHED: Lips without lipstick often look faded.

PAINTED: Lips coated with paint look unnatural.

TANGEE: Intensifies the natural rose of your lips.

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TANGEE *Ends that painted look*

● **TANGEE FACE POWDER.** Send for purse size Tangee Face Powder (Sachet). Supply limited. Send at once. Enclose 3d. stamps with your name and address to: Tangee, Dept. O, Box 1810Q., G.P.O., Melbourne.

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The one—flaxen-haired, with serene, grey-blue eyes, a cool, ivory skin. The other—brown-haired, with brown eyes and a creamy skin almost olive. Utterly different—who would think they could use the same shade of face powder? The blonde's colouring fades with too light a powder shade—her skin lights up with a brunette tone. The very one the other girl uses to clear and freshen her creamy skin! Pond's lively Brunette shade gives each one what she needs!

Which type are you—cool blonde, creamy brunette, or still another? Your skin should decide—not your hair! Study your skin in daylight—see whether it needs brightening or toning down—clearing or warming up. Then choose the Pond's shade that does that very thing—for every one of Pond's shades contains new important tints that add life to the skin. Among them, *bright blue* gives transparency to fair skins, *brilliant green* makes creamy skins glow! These beauty-giving tints, blended invisibly into Pond's Powder, bring youth and life to any skin!

Over 300 girls' skins colour-analysed to find hidden beauty tints—now blended invisibly in Pond's new Powder shades.

Lasting Texture.

Lovely women everywhere adore Pond's Powder, not only because it brings vibrancy to the complexion, but because it is of the perfect texture to spread softly, evenly, and to stay perfect for hours. It never cakes or clogs—suits every type of skin. And its exquisite perfume has just enough freshness, just enough allure. Pond's Powder is inexpensive—1/6 and 2/6 a box. Fill in the coupon below and send for your shade of Pond's Powder—it will do wonders for your skin!

Trial Offer: Mail coupon with two 1d. stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's exquisite new Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream (Natural) ☐, Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐, Rose Brunette ☐, Dark Brunette (Sunset) ☐.

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GET GERMOLENE for BAD LEGS, ULCERS, PSORIASIS, PILES, CUTS, BRUISES, SCRATCHES, ABRASIONS, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, ECZEMA, Etc.

Obtainable from All Chemists

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

Continuing . . .

A.B.C. MURDERS

From Page 5

"How ridiculous you are, Poirot!" I said, unable to keep from laughing.

"Ah well, one cannot be tragic all the time. More and more I interest myself in the human developments that arise out of this tragedy. It is three dramas of family life that we have there. First there is Andover—the whole tragic life of Mrs. Ascher, her struggles, her support of her German husband, the devotion of her niece. That alone would make a novel. Then you have Bexhill—the happy, easy-going father and mother, the two daughters so widely differing from each other—the pretty fluffy fool, and the intense strong-willed Megan with her clear intelligence and her ruthless passion for truth. And the other figure — the self-controlled young Scotsman with his passionate jealousy and his worship of the dead girl. Finally you have the Churston household, the dying wife, and the husband absorbed in his collections but with a growing tenderness and sympathy for the beautiful girl who helps him so sympathetically, and then the younger brother, vigorous, attractive, interesting with a romantic glamor about him from his long travels.

"Realise, Hastings, that in the ordinary course of events those three separate dramas would never have touched each other. They would have pursued their course uninfluenced by each other. The permutations and combinations of life, Hastings—I never cease to be fascinated by them."

"This is Paddington," was the only answer I made.

It was time, I felt, that someone pricked the bubble.

On our arrival at Whitehaven Mansions we were told that a gentleman was waiting to see Poirot.

I expected it to be Franklin, or perhaps Japp, but to my astonishment it turned out to be none other than Donald Fraser.

He seemed very embarrassed and his inarticulateness was more noticeable than ever.

Poirot did not press him to come to the point of his visit, but instead suggested sandwiches and a glass of wine.

Until these made their appearance he monopolised the conversation, explaining where we had been, and speaking with kindliness and feeling of the invalid woman.

Not until we finished the sandwiches and sipped the wine did he give the conversation a personal turn.

"You have come from Bexhill, Mr. Fraser?"

"Yes."

"Any success with Milly Higley?"

"Milly Higley? Milly Higley?" Fraser repeated the name wonderingly. "Oh, that girl! No, I haven't done anything there yet. It's——"

He stopped. His hands twisted themselves together nervously.

"I don't know why I've come to you," he burst out.

"I know," said Poirot.

"You can't. How can you?"

"You have come to me because there is something that you must tell to someone. You were quite right. I am the proper person. Speak!"

Poirot's air of assurance had its effect. Fraser looked at him with a queer air of grateful obedience.

"You think so?"

"Yes, I am sure of it."

"M. Poirot, do you know anything about dreams?"

It was the last thing I had expected him to say.

Poirot, however, seemed in no wise surprised.

"I do," he replied. "You have been dreaming——?"

"Yes. I suppose you'll say it's only natural that I should—should dream about—it. But it isn't an ordinary dream."

"No?"

"I've dreamed it now three nights running, sir . . . I think I'm going mad . . ."

"Tell me——"

The man's face was livid. His eyes were starting out of his head. As a matter of fact, he looked mad.

"It's always the same. I'm on the beach. Looking for Betty. She's lost—only lost, you understand. I've got to find her. I've got to give her her belt. I'm carrying it in my hand. And then——"

"Yes?"

"The dream changes . . . I'm not looking any more. She's there in front of me—sitting on the beach. She doesn't see me coming. It's—oh, I can't——"

"Go on."

Poirot's voice was authoritative—firm.

"I come up behind her . . . she doesn't hear me . . . I slip the belt round her neck and pull—oh—pull . . ."

The agony in his voice was frightful . . . I gripped the arms of my chair . . . The thing was too real.

"She's choking . . . she's dead . . . I've strangled her—and then her head falls back and I see her face . . . and it's Megan—not Betty!"

He leant back white and shaking. Poirot poured out another glass of wine and passed it over to him.

"What's the meaning of it, M. Poirot? Why does it come to me? Every night . . .?"

"Drink up your wine," ordered Poirot.

The young man did so, then he asked in a calmer voice:

"What does it mean? I—I didn't kill her, did I?"

Poirot answered I do not know, for at that minute I heard the postman's knock and automatically I left the room.

What I took out of the letter-box banished all my interest in Donald Fraser's extraordinary revelations.

I raced back into the sitting-room.

"Poirot," I cried. "It's come. The fourth letter."

He sprang up, seized it from me, caught up his paper-knife and slit it open. He spread it out on the table.

The three of us read it together:

Still no success? Fie! Fie! What are you and the police doing? Well, well, isn't this fun? And where shall we go next for honey?

Poor Mr. Poirot. I'm quite sorry for you.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

We've a long way to go still.

Tipperary? No—that comes further on. Letter T.

The next little incident will take place at Doncaster on September 11th.

So long A.B.C.

Please turn to Page 53 ➲

MODERN SUCCESSOR TO OLD-FASHIONED COUGH SYRUPS

More convenient, less expensive, lingers longer in the throat.

Medicated with Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

Pile Sufferers

Can You Answer these Questions?

Do you know why ointments do not give you quick and lasting relief?

Why cutting does not remove the cause?

Do you know the cause of piles is internal?—a stagnation of blood in the lower bowel?

Do you know that there is an internal remedy discovered by Dr. Leonhardt, and known as Vaculoid, now sold by chemists everywhere under a guarantee of complete relief?

Vaculoid tablets banish piles by removing the cause. They begin to restore healthy blood circulation in the lower bowel within 24 hours. Soothe hurting and itching. Broken, bloated veins start to shrink and heal, often in 4 or 5 days! This pleasant home treatment has an almost unbelievable record for sure, safe and lasting relief to thousands in saving the needless pain and expense of an operation. Don't delay. Try Vaculoid to-day.★★★

Enjola Takes Inches off Hips, Bust, Waist

FAT GOES *fastest* known way - NO THYROID

Absolutely SAFE

The Fat You Lose Stays Lost!

Enjola takes off ugly FAT faster than other safe treatments, building stamina, giving LIFE as it removes hateful rolls of unwanted flesh. One user says: ". . . after following instructions for 13 days, I noticed a reduction of 1 st. 2½ lbs." Another declares: "I have, through Enjola, reduced a protruding stomach which had defied other treatments, taking off 8 lbs. in a week."

"I was so pleased with results that I felt I must write and tell you of the success with which I have used your 'Enjola' Slimming Tonic," says another lady. "I find I have lost 9½ lbs., and my health has improved considerably."

A gentleman user states: "In a few days my weight dropped from 13 st. 8 lbs. to 12 st. 4 lbs. without change of diet."

Women Regain Gorgeous Curves — Men Look BETTER When Podgy Limbs Take on Athletic Shape There's nothing to equal Enjola. Try what you will, Enjola takes off fat faster, better; often succeeding in cases where other things have no effect. If you want to get rid of that thick waistline, double chin, fat legs, arms and ankles; heavy rolls of fat across stomach, hips, chest, shoulders—start taking genuine ENJOLA at once.

Wear Smart Clothes. Instead of having your clothes hang on you like a sacks, let Enjola enable you to wear attractive styles. Clothes count, and you can't wear the right styles if you have a bulky outsize figure.

Rely on Enjola—*it's SAFE!*

Don't hesitate to start Enjola Reduction. It can't hurt you. No thyroid. Nothing to upset health. You stop taking when down to the weight you desire, then reduction stops. But you keep the slim figure you've won! Get a 6/6d package of Enjola from the chemist. If any difficulty order from Ow Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney, adding 1/3d towards postage cost. Remember: Enjola, by reducing faster, costs you less than other treatments. Not the least risk; and it cannot fail to act! Start Enjola now, and watch the scale-hand move backwards daily.

Quick, Sure, Reliable

ENJOLA

Takes off *UGLY* FAT so it stays off!

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RADIO INTERVIEWS *are Popular with Listeners*

John Frazer to Tell of His Stage Career

Dorothea Vautier, who conducts the sessions for The Australian Women's Weekly over the air, has established a name as an interviewer of personalities at the radio.

Consequently, when John Frazer steps up to the "mike" at 2GB at 11.45 a.m. next Monday to tell her what it feels like to be a comic opera star the chat should be of more than usual interest.

JOHN FRAZER, who is appearing as Johann Strauss in the stage play, "Waltzes from Vienna," has an astonishing stage record for so young a man.

He has played Gilbert and Sullivan in every English-speaking country in the world, touring South Africa as well, and has also played in musical comedy on tour in England.

Recently he appeared as Luiz in "The Gondoliers" in Sydney in the last series of revivals, and has also played the leading male role in "Miss Hook of Holland" in Melbourne opposite Marie Bremner.

He played in "Waltzes from Vienna" opposite Miss Bremner when in Melbourne, and delayed a trip to London to fill the role in Sydney. He has also broadcast extensively here and abroad, and was seen in Sydney recently as the notary in "The Gipsy Princess."

Radio-minded

PETER BRUNTON GIBBS, the youngest member of the B.S.A. Players, who has been heard in 2GB productions recently, has just celebrated his twelfth birthday, and thereby provided a nice problem for his mother.

Young Peter is very interested in the technical branch of radio, and asked his friends to give him valves and other spare parts from which he could build a radio set. To house these he placed two tea-chests in his bedroom. **The color scheme of the room is brown and green, and to tone with these he painted the front of the tea-chests green, but he overlooked the sides—with unfortunate results for the furnishing scheme.**

Wide-range Girl

KATH JORDAN spends most of her time these days writing advertising copy for the air, being the only woman on 2GB engaged in this work. She has another distinction—she is 2GB's wide-range girl, the only woman announcer who has learnt the art of handling 2GB's exclusive wide-range recordings.

As wide-range recordings form a big part of Saturday afternoon programmes Kath is kept very busy, both with announcing and placing recordings on the air. Each side of a recording contains four selections, and not only must the operator choose the selection which has been announced in another studio, but she must be able to time the playing of the record so that it does not commence before the speaker has finished.

Big-hearted

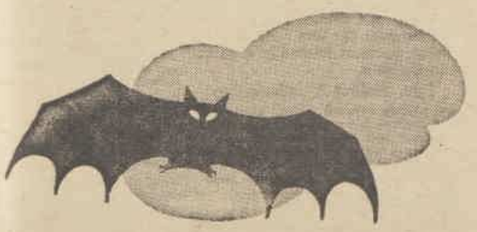
THAT Australian audiences have big hearts Albert Russell and Reg Morgan proved at the last 2GB community singing. Coming to the studio from across the water they heard the performance of a street singer and his accompanist. The singer had a voice quite above the ordinary, and the girl violinist certainly knew how to play.

They stopped and listened to them singing "Bonnie Mary of Argyle,"

JOHN FRAZER, comic opera actor, who will be interviewed at the radio by Dorothea Vautier from Station 2GB.

"Danny Boy," and "La Donna e Mobile," and suggested that they should appear at the 2GB community singing that day.

Before their appearance on the stage Albert Russell told the story, and after their appearance the audience quadrupled the fee by gifts of money ranging from pennies to florins, while many phone calls of appreciation and offers of help were received.



If the terrifying vampire bat of fiction really existed, how carefully you would guard yourself from its secret attacks! Yet, in these modern times there exists a menace just as insidious, just as dangerous—ANAEMIA. Unseen—it saps your vital forces, weakening the blood stream, making you nervy, listless, irritable, and leaving you unprotected against the germs of serious illness—'flu, pneumonia, etc.

Doctors will tell you that there is no better way of combating this menace and building up your health and vitality than by taking that fine old tonic wine Wincarnis 3 times a day. Buy a bottle today! Prices: 7/3 quarts; 4/3 pints.

WINCARNIS

Puts New Blood in your veins

GRACE BROS

51ST BIRTHDAY GIFT.

For SPOT CASH 2/- IN THE £ DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL UNTIL DEC. 31ST

This is our 51st Anniversary Gift to the public for fifty-one years of continuous support, and it means that all CASH buyers at Grace Bros. will have 2/- in the £ deducted from their bills until the end of 1936.

Please note that this discount is for "SPOT CASH PURCHASERS ONLY; it cannot be given for Lay-by or Account Purchases, as both these systems cost extra money to run, and our prices are too fine to allow it. Also excepted from the 2/- in the £ discount on account of our extra low "mark-up" on cost prices are our CASH AND CARRY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENTS, "QUICK SALES" SECTION and "SERVICE" DEPARTMENT. A few Proprietary articles are also excepted.

4 SPECIALS FROM OUR *New* 4 PRICE "FROCK SHOP"

AT LEFT
1—Dainty Frock of Pebble Crepe. Tastefully finished at neck with tucked bow, piped with contrasting shade, long sleeves with finished cuff. Shades of Brown, Cherry, Royal, Black, and Navy. Sizes: SSW., SW., and W. BIRTHDAY SPECIAL 10/-
(Less 2/- in the £)

AT RIGHT
2—Introducing the Bolero. Smart and new for the coming season! Made of BRITISH FLAT CREPE, combining Floral and Plain. This snappy style has floral bodice with smart neck-line and full bell sleeves. Skirt and Bolero Coatee of Plain contrasting shades. In tones of Royal, Cherry, Dusty Pink, Mid Brown, Almond, Navy, and Black. Sizes: SSW., SW., and W. BIRTHDAY SPECIAL 15/-
(Less 2/- in the £)

ABOVE
3—This Ever Popular Tailored Frock, made of ANTI CREASE ANGORA; the seasons newest fabric for immediate wear! Showing new pleated sleeve treatment, yoke, and action back. Skirt has inverted pleat back and front. Delightful style, suitable for SSW., SW., W., and OS. Sizes. In shades of Ice Blue, Royal, Dusty Pink, Maize, Green, Salmon, Wine, Brown, Navy, and Black. BIRTHDAY SPECIAL 20/-
(Less 2/- in the £)

ABOVE
4—Saunter Ensemble of Fancy and Plain Sand Crepe. The illustration is one of many styles featuring full swing-back coat of Plain material with newest front belt treatment. Frock to tone in Floral; long sleeves, gored Skirt, and something new in cuff and neck effects. Wanted shades of Royal, Brown, Black, and Navy. Sizes: SSW., SW., W., OS., and XOS. BIRTHDAY SPECIAL 25/-
(Less 2/- in the £)

Ladies' Frock Dept.—2nd Floor, 7-Storey Building.

Pay a Visit to our Ladies' Hairdressing Dept., Top Floor, 7-Storey Bldg.
ALL WORK DONE BY EXPERTS
GENUINE EUGENE PERMANENT WAVE 22/6
For the month of August only.

GRACE BROS., Ltd. Broadway SYDNEY Phone: M6506

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POSTAL BARGAIN CORNER
SHOP BY MAIL

DEAF?

Chico Invisible Earphones

The last word in really Scientific Earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury.

CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are so perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.

£1/1/- PER PAIR

NO FURTHER COST OF REPLACEMENTS.
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET.
THE MEARS EARPHONE COMPANY,
14 State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

REPUTABLE MEN WANTED

WITH OR WITHOUT SELLING EXPERIENCE.

Suitable applicants trained to give GILMOUR SERVICE to permanent round of consumers—sell exceptional quality Food Products, Toilet Preparations, Medicines, and other Necessities—steady earnings for hard workers, from unusual and liberal plan of remuneration, commission, etc.—small expenses—sell direct from farm to farm and house to house—practically no outlay required—products supplied for cash if preferred, but we finance under approved Guarantee—exclusive districts available in town and country. For fuller particulars inquire

THE JOHN GILMOUR CO. LTD.,
Department 132, corner Parramatta and Pyrmont Bridge Roads, Camperdown.

TO BOYS & GIRLS **GIVEN**

WRIST WATCHES
Cameras, Ma Ma Dolls, Fount Pens, many other valuable prizes for selling small packet of 'seed garden seeds. Send for parcel and big catalogue of presents Send no money now, only name and address Write to-day.
JOHN B. MURRAY 661V George St. Sydney

WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY!

If you have bad luck in the Lottery, games, gambling, love, business, you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Bilgar - Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are carried by south Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other, to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Posted by return mail, price 4/6 the pair. Posted 2/6 extra. Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.

Royalty Traders, Room 40 YB, 3 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

FITS—TRENCH'S has an Australian record of 40 YEARS' successful treatment of THOUSANDS of cases of Epilepsy. One month's treatment, 11/-. Particulars from The UNION MFG. CO., N—299 Elizabeth St., Melbourne, C.1.

ICE SKATING

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!
Grand Fancy Dress Carnival
"LA FIESTA"
in a Colourful Spanish Atmosphere
Thursday, 13th August

Admission: Reserved Seats .... .. 7/6 and 5/6
General Admission 4/3
Skates and Fancy Costume . 3/2
(Plan Now Open at Paling's)

GLACIARIUM
RAILWAY SQUARE. MA3183

WIDE RANGE MUSICAL FAVOURITES

MUSIC THAT IS THRILLINGLY ALIVE!

Wide Range gives you music that is different, because it is true to life. Every tone in the human voice, every instrument in the orchestra, is faithfully reproduced, and in "Wide Range Musical Favourites" you will hear specially selected numbers from 2GB'S Exclusive Wide Range Library, each Monday night at 9.15 and Wednesday night at 9.30.

A MUSICAL TREAT FOR ALL

THE ARMCHAIR TRAVELLER
There's Music in the Air!
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY at 7.15 P.M.

"THE MAN WHO TELLS"
How the Stars Rule Your Life!
The influence of the stars on your fate is told in a series of fascinating talks, and you are invited to consult "The Man Who Tells" regarding personal questions and problems.
Each MONDAY and WEDNESDAY at 11.15 a.m.

THE FUNNIEST STORY SESSION
Are you in the running for a Big Prize?
Saturday Nights at 9.30

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
Here are amazing dramas from real life, each presenting a vital problem to those concerned. You are asked, "What would you do?" and then you are told what actually happened.
Each WEDNESDAY Night at 9.15.
Commencing Wednesday, August 12

DOLLY AND DAN
In and out of trouble with the delightful Luigi.
Six Nights a Week at 8.20

2GB THE NATION'S STATION

WOMAN HELPED *to Build the* QUEEN MARY

How King and M.P. Planned for Great Liner

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from London.

When the liner, Queen Mary, moved majestically into New York Harbor after winning the blue riband for the fastest Atlantic crossing (which she is not to officially claim owing to the lesser distance traversed), it was revealed that but for a woman the ship might not have been built.

THE story goes back to 1931, when owing to lack of money all work on the giant Cunard liner 534 was suspended and thousands of Tyneside shipbuilders were thrown on the dole.

David Kirkwood, M.P. for Tyneside in the House of Commons, canvassed the idea of building the ship with Government assistance, but he fought a losing fight until Lady Astor, M.P., decided to do something about it.

She invited him to a dinner party at her London home, but Kirkwood refused. Even when she told him that the King (then Prince of Wales) would be there, Kirkwood declined. He declined to put on evening dress to meet

MRS. S. M. NORTON, whose husband is secretary of the Rural Bank and chairman of the committee working for the success of the Bankers' Ball to be held at the Trocadero on August 13. Mrs. Norton combines surfing, in season, and tennis with her household affairs, and takes a keen delight in her garden.

Royalty with Tyneside in such a condition.

When the Prince said he was not interested in what clothes the M.P. wore, and on Lady Astor assuring him the Prince wanted to talk of conditions at Tyneside, Kirkwood agreed to attend.

Lady Astor, brilliant politician and society leader, had worked a miracle, but how would these men from opposite poles of ideas meet each other?

She hadn't long to wait. When Mr. David Kirkwood was announced, the Prince rose and went round the table to welcome him. Then he took Kirkwood's arm and led him to the library.

"We can talk better here. How are things on the Clyde?"

For an hour they talked, and Kirkwood said: "You should come to Clydebank and see the Cunarder. It means work. It means life. It means the prestige of the British Empire and the blue riband of the Atlantic."

A month later the British Government voted £3,000,000 for the building of the liner, and the 534 became the Queen Mary.

And when the launching was celebrated the Prince turned smilingly to Kirkwood and said, **"This celebration is the result of our conversation at Lady Astor's house."**

Now! the largest-selling soap brings FREE GIFTS AGAIN

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Save 36 wrappers for a Bath Towel or 27 for a Pillow-case. Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to:— Lintas Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (opp. Town Hall), Sydney. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to:— "Sunlight Department," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4310YY, G.P.O., Sydney. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED 1.194.27

IF YOUR FEET START TO ACHE —Then You Need Zam-Buk

HOW many thousands of women say to themselves during the day, "Oh, my poor feet!" Hours of standing and walking—shopping or at business—cleaning, cooking and other household duties, are responsible for swollen ankles and tired, aching feet. Therefore be sure your hard-working feet have regular attention.

First bathe them every night in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. As this fine herbal ointment is readily absorbed into the skin,

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened. Joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again wear shoes in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & Stores

"When I had to do a lot of running up and down stairs owing to illness in the house, my feet were beginning to blister and feel the strain. Zam-Buk was very soothing and brought great relief." Mrs. Scott.

"Soreness, swelling and callouses on the soles of my feet caused much suffering. Thanks to rubbing Zam-Buk in regularly I now walk in absolute comfort." Mr. R. Beedham.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

THE LATEST ONE-PIECE GILLETTE

22/6

THE LATEST GILLETTE ONE-PIECE SAFETY RAZOR, in neat Metal Case, complete with 10 Blades. A few turns of the Handle and the blade is Free. No pieces to lose. 22/6 each.

Post Free for cash with order

W. JNO. BAKER, LTD., 3 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY

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A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 50

It was at this moment, I think, that what Poirot called the human element began to fade out of the picture again. It was as though, the mind being unable to stand unadulterated horror, we had had an interval of normal human interests.

We had, one and all, felt the impossibility of doing anything until the fourth letter should come revealing the projected scene of the D murder. That atmosphere of waiting had brought a release of tension.

But now, with the printed words jeering from the white, stiff paper, the hunt was up once more.

Inspector Crome had come round from the Yard, and while he was still there, Franklin Clarke and Megan Barnard came in.

The girl explained that she, too, had come up from Bexhill.

"I wanted to ask Mr. Clarke something."

She seemed rather anxious to excuse and explain her procedure. I just noted the fact without attaching much importance to it.

The letter naturally filled my mind to the exclusion of all else.

Crome was not, I think, any too pleased to see the various participants in the drama. He became extremely official and non-committal.

"I'll take this with me, M. Poirot. If you care to take a copy of it . . ."

"No, no, it is not necessary."

"What are your plans, inspector?" asked Clarke.

"Fairly comprehensive ones, Mr. Clarke."

"This time we've got to get him," said Clarke. "I may tell you, inspector, that we've formed an association of our own to deal with the matter. A legion of interested parties."

Inspector Crome said in his best manner:

"Oh, yes?"

"I gather you don't think much of amateurs, inspector?"

"You've hardly the same resources at your command, have you, Mr. Clarke?"

"We've got a personal axe to grind —and that's something."

"Oh, yes?"

"I fancy your own task isn't going to be too easy, inspector. In fact, I rather fancy old A.B.C. has done you again."

Crome, I had noticed, could often be goaded into speech when other methods would have failed.

"I don't fancy the public will have much to criticise in our arrangements this time," he said. "The fool has given us ample warning. The 11th isn't till Wednesday of next week. That gives ample time for a publicity campaign in the Press. Doncaster will be thoroughly warned. Every soul whose name begins with a D will be on his or her guard—that's so much to the good. Also, we'll draft police into the town on a fairly large scale. That's already been arranged by consent of all the Chief Constables in England. The whole of Doncaster, police and civilians, will be out to catch one man—and with reasonable luck we ought to get him!"

Clarke said quietly:

"It's e— y to see you're not a sporting man, inspector."

"What do you mean, Mr. Clarke?"

"Man alive, don't you realise that on next Wednesday the St. Leger is being run at Doncaster?"

The inspector's jaw dropped. For the life of him he could not bring out the familiar "Oh, yes?" Instead, he said:

"That's true. Yes, that complicates matters . . ."

"A.B.C. is no fool, even if he is a madman."

Please turn to Page 54

THIS ATTRACTIVE ensemble is fashioned from wool georgette. The bodice is pleated on to a square yoke to give fullness to the front. The hip-length matching coat is pleated from the shoulders and falls in graceful folds.

—Air Mail photo.

Knuckles Ached With Rheumatism

"My knuckles were so sore and swollen with rheumatism I couldn't hold a pen in my hand. After many remedies had failed I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil.' Almost instantly the pain disappeared and soon my hands were normal again."

"St. Jacobs Oil" is the good old remedy for the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sprains and Strains. It goes directly to the seat of the trouble and draws out all the pain. It works every time and does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your chemist and see the magic.

St. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

Brownish Blondes
bring out those
GOLDEN GLINTS

that lie hidden below
DARKENED, Mousy HAIR

True natural Blondes are most fascinating to both men and women but if hair darkens—becomes brownish and mousy you lose that charm—it makes you look years older. Now at last you can bring back that lovely natural blond colour of childhood that lies hidden below even the most faded and colourless light hair. STA-BLOND, the new secret formula shampoo—is a new discovery that combines the advantages of both soap and soapless products without the disadvantages of either. Also it contains no dyes or injurious bleaches. It will not only make your hair 2-4 shades lighter but will give it that luxurious shining lustre, softness and beauty that makes all true Blondes stand out. Prevents light blond hair from darkening and makes the perm last longer. Used by millions of women all over the world. Known in America as Blondex. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, s.s. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

AIRZONE Offers You

Never-ending Entertainment!

AND such entertainment too—the world's greatest artists, singers, pianists, violinists: Tauber, Crooks, McCormack, Peter Dawson, Grace Moore, Heifetz, Cortot and Australian Eileen Joyce fill your home with their charm.

The great master conductors wave their batons for your pleasure bringing magnificent orchestral music to your fireside. And then, mirth and merriment! The crash and jangle of joyful dance tunes, the quips of comic opera and from across the footlights the risque joke of musical comedy and the broad fun of the vaudeville show.

And, remember—it's better on an Airzone. If it's music, it's at its best, if it's speech, it's clearer—for

"Airzone's tone is Airzone's own."

MODEL 556

5-valve A.C. Electric Superheterodyne. Interstate Reception.

This magnificent model has a special Speaker which gives amazing tonal quality and volume. A new horizontal dial is fitted with edge illuminated glass scale. Fitted with "G" type glass valves and metal core coils, the very latest development, giving considerable increase in efficiency, greater selectivity and more sensitivity.

Cash Price **20 Guineas** *Easy Terms*

MODEL 554

5-Valve Mantel Type A.C. Electric Superheterodyne Interstate Reception.

This smart model has a special large 8in. dynamic speaker. A new 3in. simple action dial calibrated in kilocycles. Full automatic volume control. Metal core coils—the very latest development—giving considerably increased efficiency, greater selectivity and sensitivity. This Mantel model has all the qualities and volume of many console sets.

Cash Price **16 Gns.** Easy Terms

Sydney Retailers:

David Jones Ltd. Nicholsons Ltd. Mick Simmons Ltd. Carnegie & Sons Elvy & Co. Ltd. Farmer & Co. Ltd. Beharfalds Ltd. Nock & Kirby Ltd. E. F. Wilks & Co. Ltd. W. Harry Wiles C. Winkworth & Son Ltd. Mark Foy's Ltd. Bryants Ltd. Saloneia Radio Suttons Pty. Ltd.

Sydney Wholesalers:

Bloch & Gerber Ltd. Mick Simmons Ltd. Fox & Macgillycuddy Ltd. Westcott, Hazell & Co. Ltd.

COUNTRY RESIDENTS: Airzone also makes fine battery Sets. Ask the authorised dealer in your town for a demonstration.

Residents in States other than N.S.W. can obtain Airzone Fine Radio from the leading Music and Radio Houses and Departmental Stores.

Manufactured by Airzone (1931) Limited, 16-22 Australia St., Camperdown.

AIRZONE *fine* **RADIO**

EVENING skirt lines vary. Under a transparent tulle dress the slip might be middle-calf length. Some skirts are cut above the ankles in front, others are split to the knees.

o o o

COLORED bands are the newest dress trimming. Two or three colors for bands let in at the hem of a full-skirted evening frock. Straight bands inserted perpendicularly on day skirts. A contrasting band let in where the belt should be. Scalloped edges are also popular.

FIRST CHURCH of CHRIST, SCIENTIST, SYDNEY

ANNOUNCES A

FREE LECTURE

ON

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

By Mr. Paul Stark Seeley, C.S.B.,

Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

IN THE TOWN HALL, SYDNEY

On TUESDAY, 11th AUGUST, 1936, at 8 p.m.

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.

MULTI-SITE LENSES

MULTI-SITE LENSES fill a need that no other lenses have done. Three sights in one: DISTANCE, INTERMEDIATE, and READING. The intermediate range gives clear, accurate vision from 24 inches to 48 inches, in addition to distance and reading. Multi-site lenses are being used with great success in Great Britain and America. We now have the necessary machines for making multi-site lenses. Call and we shall be happy to demonstrate the many qualities that Multi-site lenses have.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.

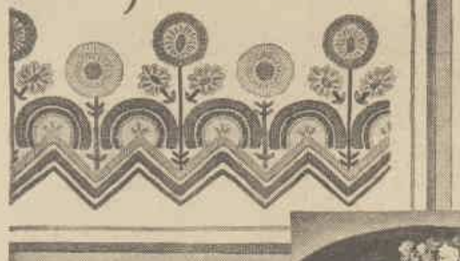
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 23 Martin Place, (3 Doors from Commonwealth Bank) SYDNEY

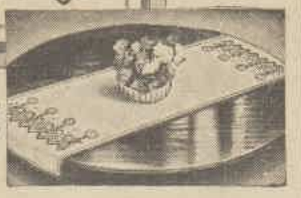
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 PITT STREET (Opp. Anthony Horderns)

And at 109 Hunter Street, NEWCASTLE

Bring the sunshine of MARIGOLDS *into your home*



..with this adaptable embroidery motif..!



For a dazzling table runner . . . for curtains as bright as the sun outside . . . for cushions and chairbacks with a brilliant smile . . . "Border of Marigolds." Embroider these rich glowing flowers wherever a room needs a beauty treatment! Instruction leaflet with transfer (2d. at your needlework shop or by coupon) whisks you through the design in next to no time—while Clark's Anchor Embroidery threads bring out to the full its liveliness and loveliness. "Border of Marigolds" is just one of a range of new and exciting embroidery leaflets. Ask to see them all.

CLARK'S ANCHOR EMBROIDERY THREADS

Anchor Stranded Cotton. Anchor Pearl Cotton. Anchor Soft Embroidery.

COUPON WW

To P.O. Box 1694F, Melb.; P.O. Box 2575E, Sydney; P.O. Box N1090, Perth; P.O. Box 135 Te Aro, Wellington N.Z. I enclose 2d. in stamps for one copy of leaflet "Border of Marigolds."

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

A.S.C.S.K.

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 53

WE were all silent for a minute or two, taking in the situation. The crowds on the racecourse—the passionate, sport-loving English public—the endless complications.

Poirot murmured:

"He has imagination.'

"It's my belief," said Clarke, "that the murder will take place on the racecourse—perhaps actually while the Leger is being run."

For the moment his sporting instincts took a momentary pleasure in the thought.

Inspector Crome rose, taking the letter with him.

"The St. Leger is a complication," h.. allowed. "It's unfortunate."

He went out. We heard a murmur of voices in the hallway. A minute later Thora Grey entered.

She said anxiously:

"The inspector told me there is another letter. Where this time?"

It was raining outside. Thora Grey s wearing a black coat and skirt and furs. A little black hat just perched itself on the side of her golden head.

It was to Franklin Clarke that she spoke, and she came right up to him, and with a hand on his arm waited for his answer.

"Doncaster—and on the day of the St. Leger."

We settled down to a discussion. It went without saying that we all intended to be present, but the race-meeting undoubtedly complicated the plans we had made tentatively beforehand.

A FEELING of discouragement swept over me. What could this little band of six people do, after all, however strong their personal interest in the matter might be? There would be innumerable police, keen-eyed and alert, watching all likely spots. What could six more pairs of eyes do?

As though in answer to my thought, Poirot raised his voice. He spoke rather like a schoolmaster or a priest.

"My children," he said. "We must not disperse the strength. We must approach this matter with method and order in our thoughts. We must look within and not without for the truth. We must say to ourselves—each one of us—what do I know about the murderer? And so we must build up a composite picture of the man we are going to seek."

"We know nothing about him," sighed Thora Grey helplessly.

"No, no, mademoiselle. That is not true. Each one of us knows something about him—if we only knew what it is we know. I am convinced that the knowledge is there if we could only get at it."

Clarke shook his head.

"We don't know anything—whether he's old or young, fair or dark! None of us have ever seen him or spoken to him! We've gone over everything we all know again and again."

"Not everything! For instance, Miss Grey here told us that she did not see or speak to any stranger on the day that Sir Carmichael Clarke was murdered."

Thora Grey nodded.

"That's quite right."

"Is it? Lady Clarke told us, mademoiselle, that from her window she saw you standing on the front doorstep talking to a man."

"She saw me talking to a strange man?" The girl seemed genuinely astonished. Surely that pure, limpid look could not be anything but genuine.

She shook her head.

"Lady Clarke must have made a mistake. I never—Oh!"

THE exclamation came suddenly—jerked out of her. A crimson wave flooded her cheeks.

"I remember now! How stupid! I'd forgotten all about it. But it wasn't important. Just one of those men who come round selling stockings – you know, ex-Army people. They're very persistent. I had to get rid of him. I was just crossing the hall when he came to the door. He spoke to me instead of ringing, but he was quite a harmless sort of person. I suppose that's why I forgot about him."

Poirot was swaying to and fro, his hands clasped to his head. He was muttering to himself with such vehemence that nobody else said anything but stared at him instead.

"Stockings," he was murmuring. "Stockings . . . stockings . . . stockings . . . ca vient . . . stockings . . . it is the motif—yes . . . three months ago . . . and the other day . . . and now. I have it!"

He sat upright and fixed me with an imperious eye.

"You remember, Hastings? Andover. The shop. We go upstairs. The bedroom. On a chair. A pair of new silk stockings. And now I know what it was that roused my attention two days ago. It was you, mademoiselle . . ." He turned on Megan. "You spoke of your mother who wept because she had bought your sister some new stockings on the very day of the murder . . ."

He looked round on us all.

"You see? It is the same motif three times repeated. That cannot be coincidence. When mademoiselle spoke I had the feeling that what she said linked up with something. I know now with what. The words spoken by Mrs. Ascher's next-door neighbor, Mrs. Fowler. About people who were always trying to sell you things—and she mentioned stockings. Tell me, mademoiselle, it is true, is it not, that your mother bought those stockings, not at a shop but from someone who came to the door?"

"Yes—yes—she did . . . I remember now. She said something about being sorry for these wretched men who go round and try to get orders."

"But what's the connection?" cried Franklin. "That a man came selling stockings proves nothing."

Please turn to Page 66

GIRLIGAGS

"THE IDEA is to keep your youth until you get one."

Great Success of New Treatment for Skin Diseases

PRAISED everywhere over the Radio and in the Press, the marvellous new treatment for Skin Diseases discovered by Mr. R. Richard Diamond, the well-known Bondi Chemist, has, according to reports from patients, effected amazing recoveries from long-standing skin complaints. Hundreds of letters from patients all over Australia praise Mr. Diamond's skill. A Newcastle woman writes:—"I spent pounds seeking a cure for my eczema in the past 10 years and visited Doctors everywhere. Your treatment cured me in a few weeks." Skin complaints successfully treated, both personally and by post, include eczema, psoriasis, germ-under-nail, ulcers, ringworm, tinea, acne, boils, pimples, pruritis, varicose veins, and other irritating and disfiguring diseases. Every treatment is personal and readers afflicted are advised to write for free diagnosis to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist, BEW Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W. ***

MR. RICHARD DIAMOND

An OBVIOUS CASE for Laxettes

A mood like this—of crying without reason—ought to be taken seriously even in a young baby, not because one mood is important in itself, but because one mood leads to another and a continuation of "cranky" moods leads to disastrous warping of character and is dangerous to health. Never neglect or ignore a "cranky" mood. Give Laxettes at once. Laxettes are the famous safeguard against "cranky" moods. They cleanse the system completely, yet gently, with no nervous upset or exhaustion. Nothing else is nearly so good. Try a large tin (1/6d.), or a small sample tin (6d.), but make very sure of the genuine by asking for "a tin—a TIN—of Laxettes."

LAXETTES

Choked with Stomach Gas On Heart?

"Almost choked last night with gas around my heart. Couldn't breathe"—many people say.

No such choking or anxiety if you will use Salix Magnesia—recommended by doctors and chemists for over 1? years, and prepared specially to eliminate bloating stomach gas and neutralise the excess acids which are the real cause of a gassy stomach.

Take a teaspoonful in half a glass of hot water right after meals. Salix Magnesia has a higher amount of "light" magnesia that quickly gets ... stomach walls, and soothes irritated lining. That empty, gnawing feeling at the ... of your stomach, and that anxious, nervous feeling, with heart palpitations, will vanish. You will once more be able to take a deep breath, so often prevented by gas pressing against your heart and lungs.

Any good chemist can supply Salix Magnesia — modern chemistry's most scientifically-balanced compound of magnesia and bismuth—at very small cost. But be sure you don't confuse Salix Magnesia with unsatisfactory forms of magnesia—granular, salines, citrates, etc. It is always wise to clearly pronounce the name "S-A-L-I-X" Magnesia.

"Rinso Gave Me a New Idea of 'Whiteness'"

writes Mrs. M. B. Carnan, of 45 Alexander Street, Crow's Nest

HERE IS HER LETTER

"I used to think one kind of suds was as good as another, but one day I tried Rinso. What a difference! Rinso gave me a new idea about how white my washing should be and now I'd never be content with anything less than Rinso whiteness. I've proved the safety of Rinso over and over again for I've washed everything—colours, silks, woollies and all—in Rinso."

You can tell a Rinso wash by its extra whiteness. Or by the bright, unfaded clearness of colours, or by the look and feel of woollies—soft, fluffy and unshrunken—or by the way delicate silks and laces seem just like new. Rinso suds, SOAPY ALL THROUGH, have a way all their own of safe, gentle washing.

USE RINSO ALONE — NO BAR SOAPS NEEDED

A LEVER PRODUCT 4.160.19N

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

August 8, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One

Hand-made Bedspreads are Fashionable

BERTHA MAXWELL...

Needlework genius . . . creates a perfectly lovely one for your spring bedroom!

GRACED with a bowl of stately tulips—also little clumps of these gay spring flowers scattered here and there along the edges if you wish—this glorious cream linen spread has shams to match, and comes in any size to suit your requirements. Can we send you one?

You may also obtain a ready-to-be-worked cushion or fire-screen, carrying this tulip design. The screen can be framed when you make it, at little cost, and will hide the empty grate charmingly.

WE do not see tulips in Australia except in the coolest parts, but we all know them as delightful needle subjects, typical of spring, full of joyous hues, and so delightfully simple to express in thread and fabric . . . So capture their fleeting beauty for some corner of your home, and enjoy a color revel while you work.

Have you ever noticed how some kinds of needlework, or some special pieces of work, occasionally become popular with everyone and form fashion periods for themselves? It is impossible to account for it, it just happens; and when it does happen everyone seems to derive a great deal of pleasure from following the mode.

To-day it is the right thing to make a bedspread; they are the most important needle items amongst the larger pieces of work, and have been seen in great numbers at recent exhibitions of home crafts. They are better than they have been for years, and are characterised by a sweet simplicity which makes them comparatively quick and simple things to embroider or sew.

There is no more satisfying cover for your bed than something which you have sewn and worked for yourself, in your own choice of colors and materials; and if it is well planned and good in quality it is a cherished possession for the rest of your life. We think you will like the set shown here.

This is the list of spreads from which you may choose one to suit your own room. You will find the cream linen perfectly lovely for this design, and satisfying for all time.

Bedspread of cream linen with spokestitched edges, 72 x 108 inches, with central design and border designs as illustrated, traced ready for embroidery. Price 30/-. With plain cut edges for hand-hemming. Price 27/6.

Same size in Cesarine, blue, pink, primrose, yellow, or green, joined with hemstitching, and with spokestitched edges. Price 22/6. With plain cut edges for hand-hemming. Price £1.

Smaller Sizes

BEDSPREAD in cream linen, size 72 x 100 inches, with central design and with (or without) border designs. Spokestitched edges, 27/6; 72 x 90 inches, price 25/-. With plain cut edges for hand-hemming. Price 22/6.

In Cesarine (blue, yellow, green, or pink), joined with hemstitching, and with spokestitched edges, 72 x 100 inches, price 20/-; 72 x 90, price 17/6. With plain cut hems for hand-hemming, 72 x 100. Price 20/-; 72 x 90, 16/6.

Single bedspread in cream linen, 54 x 72 inches, with spokestitched edges, border designs also included, if desired. Price 20/-. With plain cut edges for hand-hemming. Price 19/-.

In Cesarine (blue, pink, yellow, green), joined with hemstitching and with spokestitched edges. Price 16/6. With plain cut edges for hand-hemming. Price 15/-.

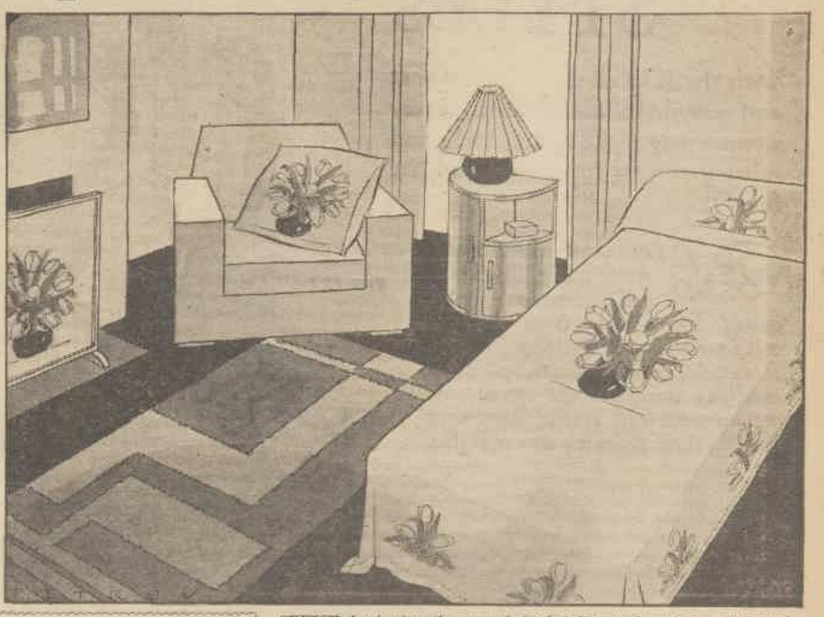
Matching pillow-shams carrying design of lovely growing tulips, with spokestitched edges. In cream linen. Price 3/6 each.

In Cesarine (blue, yellow, green or pink) traced with same design as quoted for the linen sham and with spokestitched edges. Price 2/6 each.

Cushion cover measures 18 x 18 inches, and carries the bowl of tulips. There is enough material for both back and front; design stamped on front. Plain or spokestitched edges. In cream linen. Price 3/3; in Cesarine, 2/6.

Fire-screen, with bowl design, traced on 18 x 18 cream linen square. Price 2/6; 24 x 24 inches, price 3/-. Plain edges.

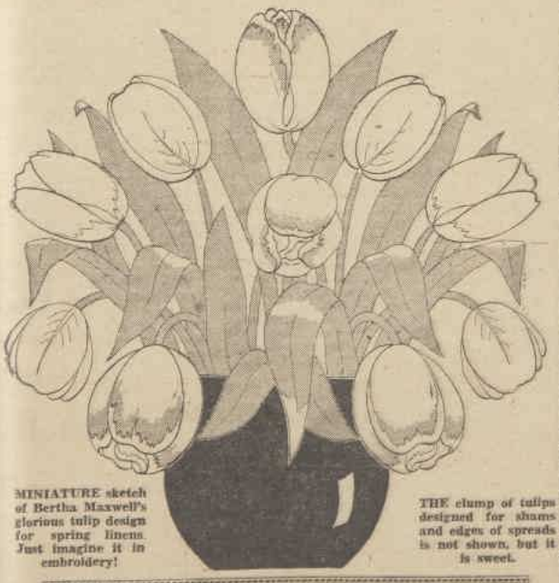
Edges: Don't forget that plainly-hemmed-by-hand edges are very smooth and good for spreads; they have a pleasant tailored appearance, and always set and hang well on the bed.



SKETCH showing how the gay and stately tulip may decorate your bedspread. Full directions for capturing the brilliant colors, graceful lines, and quaint simplicity of the fascinating old-world flowers are given on this page.

Tulip Glory

SO esteemed are these stately beauties in Holland (the country so long associated with their production) that excursion trips are run to the tulip fields every spring. Tourists tell us that the acres and acres of carpeted glory in crimson, purple, scarlet, and gold make an unforgettable sight.



MINIATURE sketch of Bertha Maxwell's glorious tulip design for spring linens. Just imagine it in embroidery!

THE clump of tulips designed for shams and edges of spreads is not shown, but it is sweet.

The Design

A BOWL of tulips for the centre of the spread, and a quaint little growing group for the shams or to scatter along the edges of the spread; these small groups are not placed on the spread unless you order them, so if you wish to make a sweet border all round, or work a few clumps spaced nicely here and there, be sure to mention it.

And if you decide to make a cushion or fire-screen from the design, you will find these in the list above. The screen can be framed by a cabinetmaker when you have worked it.

Applique: This is the kind of work which is suggested by the solid masses of the flower forms and by their handsome broad leaves, with a rich dark piece for the bowl. Hem into place, or satin-stitch all round over a running thread; add detailed lines afterwards.

Solid Stem-Stitch: Outlining, better known as stem-stitching, usually so thin and fine, has recently leapt into notice as a filling stitch suitable for covering broad masses with sweeping colors. The stitching is worked in lines packed closely side by side, very even, and always worked in the same direction so that every stitch catches the light in the same manner. The effect is very good. One strand may be used, but quicker work is done on large flowers by using two or more strands at a time.

Colors and Shading

SOME of the flowers have pretty zigzag markings, which indicate borders and splashes of another color; thus a golden flower may be bordered with scarlet, a deep red flower may have a yellow splash at the base of the petals, red blotched with gold, pink with red. These are some of the color tricks which make these flowers so full of variety and charm.

Their main colors run the range of all the red shades from deep maroon and purple through crimson and scarlet to golds and yellows.

There are pinks and whites as well, but most people think of tulips in tones of brilliant reds and yellows.

Their leaves are medium green, coming straight up from the bulb in the usual manner of the lily family.

I wish I had space to tell you of the strange "tulipomania" of olden days, when men gambled with the bulbs and paid fabulous prices for them, and cared nothing at all for their real beauty and charm! And then the lovely Dutch names some of the bulbs still bear, enchanting to the ear and the mind; but that is all another story, and perhaps you know it.

INDIGESTION

READ HOW YOU CAN GET RID OF THIS TROUBLE AND ENJOY YOUR LIFE TO THE FULL

Only the man who is ill appreciates what he is missing in life. Sufferers from indigestion are probably more numerous than from any other complaint. The pain and discomfort of any disorder of the stomach so engages the sufferer's interest that he cannot attend to any but the barest essentials of work. The hours that should be spent in healthful recreation are devoted to nursing his trouble.

It is all so unnecessary. De Witt's Antacid Powder has brought new digestion health to thousands. Sufferers from gastritis, dyspepsia, flatulence, heartburn or other digestive disorders can depend on getting quick relief and lasting benefit by its use. It costs 2/6

DeWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611362

OUR FASHION SERVICE .... *and Concession*

First Presentation of SPRING STYLES

PLEASE NOTE! TO ENSURE prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

With the help of these expertly-cut and easy-to-follow patterns, every woman may make smart frocks and other garments for herself and her family.

NOW is the time to plan your spring wardrobe, and here are special advance spring styles from which to make your choice. Patterns for these new season's evening gowns, sports and children's wear, and the special concession pattern of a smart street-wear frock in three styles are now available.

Make Your Choice Now!

PARISIAN CREATION

WW1277.—Evening gown, straight from the Paris salons, with marvellous skirt treatment—draperies on one side and a clever moulding of the hipline finished with two enormous flowers. Bodice's unusual drapery will please you. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EVENING GOWN

WW1278.—Model evening gown with tailored bodice and new, flared train. Decidedly slimming, and very, very chic. In chiffon this would be delightful. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide, and 2½ yards for back drape. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DAINTY LITTLE-GIRL STYLE

WW1279.—Smartly may you introduce spring to your little girl with this dear little frock. Collar trimmed with demure pleated edging. Sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required: 2 to 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard for collar. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

AND A BOY'S SUIT

WW1280.—A practical and everyday suit for the young man 6 to 12 years of age. Note the double-breasted effect and the smart, square pockets. Material required: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FOR THE GOLFING LASS

WW1281.—A very simple and charming outfit for golf. The blouse is neat, and provides plenty of room for movement. The skirt is divided, but looks like an inverted pleat when standing upright. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for blouse for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards; for skirt, 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EVENING CAPE

WW1288.—Rich finish to a smart evening gown. Has a lovely long flared line. Line it with contrasting material and color. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and the same amount of material again for lining. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EVERY WEEK IN COLOR!

This week's presentation of new spring styles in color will, we feel sure, appeal to every reader. Future pattern pages will also be presented in color.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611363

Patterns!

PATTERNS AVAILABLE FOR ALL DESIGNS

Note below our special three-in-one concession pattern.

CHARMING TENNIS DRESS

WW1282.—Because of its cute sleeves and collar, its full-flared skirt and smart button treatment, you will add this snappy style to your spring sports wardrobe. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SVELTE STREET DRESS

WW1283.—Has a debonair air and a chic simplicity, and is a really charming mode for street wear and day occasions. Note little scarf fly-away at the back. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR FULL-FIGURE TYPE

WW1284.—Delightful spring style for a figured material specially designed to flatter the full figure. Final effect is simple and youthful. Bust sizes, 32 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SIMPLE AND SMART

WW1285.—No more delightful style for spectator sports than this dapper, finished-looking style. Contrast scarf tie is very fetching. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8th yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

GAY SPRING NOTE

WW1286.—A gay little frock calling for figured spring material. Deft tie belt, dressy gathered sleeves, and raglan shoulder treatment complete a very enchanting model. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

YOUTH PERSONIFIED

WW1287.—Joyous little frock that every girl will want for herself—bouffant sleeves, demure collar, pert basque at front, and cute bows blend in youthful effect. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 3-8th yards, 36 inches wide, 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Our Special Concession Patterns for Spring!

IMMEDIATELY above are shown three chic frocks that may be made with our new three-in-one concession pattern.

Pattern is cut in three sizes—32, 34, and 36-inch bust. Each pattern in each one size costs only 3d. To obtain, fill in coupon at right as directed, and send to us. Please be careful to state in which size you want the pattern.

FROCK No. 1.—For 32in. bust, 3½ yards, 1½ yards pleating. For 34in. bust, 3 7-8th yards, 1½ yards pleating. For 36in. bust, 4 yards, 1½ yards pleating.

FROCK No. 2.—For 32in. bust, 3½ yards, 5-8th yard flouncing. For 34in. bust, 3 7-8th yards, 5-8th yard flouncing. For 36in. bust, 4 yards, 5-8th yard flouncing.

FROCK No. 3.—For 32in. bust, 4½ yards, ½ yard collar. For 34in. bust, 4 5-8th yards, ½ yard collar. For 36in. bust, 4 7-8th yards, ½ yard collar.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated above fill in the coupon and post it WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box [illegible], G.P.O., Sydney. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—C/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name ....
Address ....
State ....
Pattern Coupon. 8.8.'36. ....

PROTEX ENDORSED BY MEDICAL PROFESSION CONTAINS TI-TREE OIL WHICH IS ELEVEN TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC IT IS THE BEST GERMICIDAL SOAP MADE & SELLS FOR SIXPENCE

Men like Protex because it washes away the body poisons that ooze through the pores of the skin, and makes them feel really clean, fresh and invigorated. Protex guards against infections of the skin, scratches, cuts and abrasions—yet it leaves no carbolic or medicinal smell.

Women like Protex because its bland, soothing lather keeps their complexions clear and free from blemishes, and it makes an excellent shampoo.

Doctors know the antiseptic value of Protex. They recommend using it regularly. Being triple milled, Protex will not waste away. Use it every day—for your skin's protection.

11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC YET NON-IRRITANT

Melaleuca Alternifolia (showing the tree and the leaf) from which ti-tree oil—the powerful Australian antiseptic used in Protex—is distilled.

PROTEX

MADE BY COLGATE 11/226

MAKERS OF FINE SOAPS SINCE 1806

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted :: by :: EVE GYE

Hand-Embroidered Cape for Early Spring Wear

PATTERN of cape and transfer, containing 24 smart motifs, available.

Lucky the young lasses of 6 to 8 years of age, for they will be able to wear this smart little cape, which has been specially designed for them by a fashion expert.

THE hand-cut pattern of cape costs 1/1, the transfer design costs 1/-.

Materials required: 1¾ yards of 54-inch blazer flannel, or lightweight woollen material, multicolored wool or embroidery thread for the working of the border to contrast favorably with color of the material. If an ice-blue is chosen, bright green, red, and yellow would be most attractive; beige also could carry these colors admirably.

How to Make Up: Press out creases in pattern and material; place half-front of No. 3 pattern to selvedges and half-back to fold; also collar. Fold the remainder of material with each selvedge to centre crease. Now place No. 1 and No. 2 cape pattern to fold. From remaining pieces of material cut a collar-facing. Allow ½-inch inlay round edge of pattern.

Match notches at side seams of cape No. 3 and tack; match notches of No. 2 and No. 1 cape and tack to neck-line of No. 3 cape, make fitting, and determine the exact position for slots. These are indicated on pattern, but individual fitting is also necessary.

Stitch the side seams of the cape proper, press open and clip seam, turn in hem at centre-fronts, also hem at bottom of cape. Face these with inch facings cut to the bias of material. A sateen lining to match the flannel is necessary to do this effectively. Treat the fronts and edges of capes No. 2 and No. 1 in similar manner.

CAPE for the little lass of 6-8 years. It is easy to make, comfortable to wear, and flattering to youthful charm. Pattern costs 1/1. Above you see a close-up of transfer motif—24 on sheet, price 1/-.

The Collar: Place the right side of facing to that of collar with centre-backs matching. Stitch round outside edge, leaving neckline free for turning out and attaching to cape; turn out, tack and press.

Place the centre-back of collar facing to that of cape, which has the additional capes already attached to neck-line, and proceed to tack collar facing into position, working to the fronts. Machine-stitch and turn collar over this seam, and hem neatly. Press thoroughly.

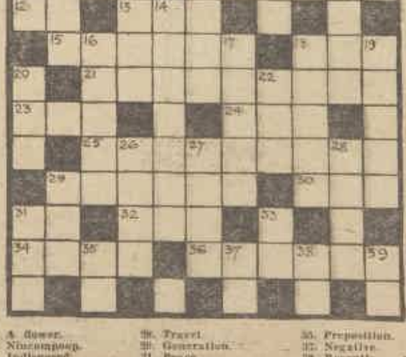
The Slots: Take a piece of material the length of slot desired, allowing an extra 1½ inches at each end and 3 inches wide. Place this strip to slot position on cape, with right sides together. Tack firmly, marking clearly with tailor's chalk the length of slot. Make this slot after the manner of a faced buttonhole, machine-stitching the full length of slot, making a return width 3-8 inch, and so completing the slot by machining a long rectangle. Cut down the centre of this shape, cutting well into the corners in diamond fashion; turn to wrong side. At each end make a tiny inverted pleat; this gives a very finished appearance to the slot.

Press well and herringbone facing securely. Be most careful that no stitches are showing on the right side.

Finish with hook and eye at neckline, and press well.

The transfer design should be traced off on to hem and collar before making up. If the material is a woolly one, it is best to stitch the motifs into position and work over the tissue paper.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Clues Across.

6. "So let it be!"
9. Spanish expedition against England in 1588.
12. Towards.
13. Girl's name.
15. Fruit.
18. Bleat of a sheep.
21. Knights.
23. French coin.
24. Doctor of Laws (abb.).
25. To exalt.
29. High regard.
30. A beetle.
31. River in Italy.
32. Latin for "and."
34. Immediately.
36. Undergo.

Clues Down.

1. Animal.
2. French island.
3. Conjunction.
4. Exclamation.
5. Thanks.
7. Crowd.
8. Child's nurse.
9. Indian coin.
10. Military decoration.
11. Term of affection.
14. Pick and shovel workers.
16. Blaspheme (two words).
17. Compound salt.
18. Irish explanation.
19. A flower.
20. Nincompoop.
22. Indisposed.
26. T.T.E.N.
27. Measure.
28. Travel.
29. Generation.
31. Peace.
33. "In the year of Our Lord."
35. Preposition.
37. Negative.
38. Recently excavated city.
39. Editor (abb.).

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.

ACROSS: Camels, select, are, rosin, gas, re, litters, me, bed, avoid, alive, bellows, token, moe, dirt, beam, A.G.N., Arian, beggats, senna, siren, K.C.S., eg, baronet, el, see, bower, boa, stress, Ostend.

DOWN: Carrot, are, mr, trident, sol, sieve, coral, eg, ram, tastes, slab, lover, sil, hikings, domains, lodge, woman, baskers, steel, abbess, narlad, gib, arabs, terns, snow, art, nea, son, er, he.

Don't imagine that beautiful hair is just a question of luck. Every woman can have lovely hair by feeding the starved hair roots with Barry's Tricopherous. This fragrant liquid revives the hair, tones up the scalp and promotes luxuriant growth. It drives away dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Excellent as a dressing. Fine for children's hair. Splendid for men. Get a bottle to-day.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/- per bottle.

FELL FROM TOP OF STAIRS

Accident That Brought on Neuritis

This old lady survived a fall downstairs from top to bottom, only to become a victim of neuritis and rheumatism. But in Kruschen she found the right remedy for that, as she writes in the following letter:—

"About three-and-a-half years ago I had the misfortune to fall downstairs from top to bottom. I did not feel any effect for some time; then I developed neuritis in both hands and arms. After trying a hundred-and-one remedies, it turned to rheumatism.

"I was persuaded to try Kruschen Salts and have now been taking them regularly for two years in my first cup of tea. Now I can use my hands and arms as I could before my accident. I am 69 years old, and still play the piano."—(Mrs.) P.L.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients of these Salts assist Nature to expel the dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

WHO IS THE GIRL?

...and why is she always smiling?

● She is the "sixth" woman — the intelligent girl—who relies on Myzone to keep her charm undimmed by severe pain or distress.

● You can easily pick her out — she is always on her toes—confident of herself—clever, witty, bright[illegible]—her spirits never seem to [illegible] during even the hardest day's work.

● For Myzone's amazing new [illegible] special **actevin compound** [illegible] all such suffering and even when pain, upset or headache is most severe or prolonged, two tablets with a cup of tea (or drink of water) will bring [illegible] blessed relief in 7 minutes!

● Specialists say that while Myzone is twice as quick, and three times as effective, it is also new for safest [illegible] pain action [illegible] "doping" after-effects! Get a box to-day. 2/- every chemist. **Try it on your very next headache!**

"Regular" BUT NOT THOROUGH —Her TONGUE TELLS

Headaches, indigestion, lack of energy, pimply skin and other signs of constipation warn thousands that regularity is not enough. Bowel action must be THOROUGH as well as regular. But "regular" or constipated, you'll benefit by taking an occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.

MID-SEASON hats are not very different. Still many berets—the new ones made of black satin or grosgrain ribbon, high-crowned black felt toques with little black or colored eye-veils, there are very low flat crowns and high draped ones.

You will probably wear a ruffled petticoat under your spring evening frock—and it will show when the skirt is slightly shorter in front. These are made of pleated chiffon, frills of taffeta and ruffles of lace.

YOU will swathe bright sashes around your waist and tuck a bouquet of artificial flowers in at one side.

ASTROLOGY

Will I always be unlucky?
When will my conditions improve?
What is my Lottery luck?
Will I realise my ambitions?
What are my future prospects?
All questions answered and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 3427R, G.P.O., Sydney.

SPRING KNITTEDS!

Colorful presentation of the very newest hand-knitted woollies for wear 'twixt now and summer...

★ FREE

knitting directions for this delightful quartet may be yours! Call or send in for your choice. If ordering by post, please send stamped, addressed envelope.

"SPRING LOVELINESS" (left). Anny Blatt has captured a breath of spring and woven it into this lovely frock and hat for you to copy. Buttoned from the waist, the frock has raglan sleeves, neat revers, and flaps to simulate pockets. Use navy buttons and belt and wear a navy velvet ribbon on your hat.

Sketched by PETROV

"HAPPY DAYS" (above). Happy days will most certainly be yours if you make and wear this delightful navy jumper-blouse spotted in dusty-pink. The roll collar is new and flattering.

"AFTERNOON" (left). Don't you simply adore this afternoon jumper-blouse? It has the cutest neckline, with three tabs falling over the ribbed neckband. The wood-brown of the belt, neck, and arm bands offers a delightful contrast to the rich shade of olive-green. Remember, knitting directions are free!

"PARTY GIRL" (top right) for 6 to 8-year-olds. Simple and quick to make, yoke is made in one with the dress and worked entirely in garter-stitch. Crushed strawberry was used for the original, but it would look equally lovely in any pastel shade.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611366

How easy it would have been for malicious tongues to wreck her happiness. Yet there are hundreds of wives like you — just fagged out. As the Doctor explained, we use up energy even while we sleep. Then, unless this energy is restored as it is used, little wonder that we wake tired — we are suffering from "Night-Starvation".

Horlick's taken regularly at bed-time prevents "Night-Starvation" — replaces energy as it is used. The flavour is fascinating. And Horlick's is economical — you need no milk — only water. Prices from 1/6. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

CLEVER *Recipes* *Earn* CASH PRIZES

Everyone with a good recipe has a chance in our weekly Best Recipe Competition

Every week we give a first prize of £1, second prize of 10/-, and four consolation prizes of 2/6 each for the best recipes sent in to our weekly recipe competition.

THIS week, a Tasmanian reader wins first prize with "Gum Nuts." Have you a recipe you think might be just as good, just as tasty? If so, send it in to us. Mark envelope and entry "Best Recipes," give full name and address, and be careful to put in all ingredients, and all steps in the method of making.

GUM NUTS

6oz. butter, 6oz. treacle, 6oz. sugar, 7oz. flour, 1 teaspoon brandy (optional), pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ginger to taste.

Warm butter, sugar and treacle; add brandy, lemon juice and rind. Sift flour, ginger and salt, add gradually to the warm mixture, stir and mix evenly. Drop mixture in half-teaspoonfuls on buttered baking trays, allowing sufficient space between each to spread. Bake in moderate oven for six to nine minutes until evenly browned and dry. Remove from oven; leave a minute; then mould into egg-cups, before cold, as quickly as possible. Shape neatly, and when cold store in airtight tins till required for use. When required, part fill with whipped cream, top with pale pink icing, smooth surface, color a small portion of icing with cocoa, make tiny rings of brown for the centre and add six tiny spokes, from centre ring to outer edge; finish with a tiny stem of the brown icing. Any other favorite filling such as chopped nuts, fruits or preserved ginger, etc., may be used.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. H. W. Easton, Rhyndaston, Tas.

CARROT AND CAULIFLOWER PICKLE

3½lb. cauliflower, 4lb. carrots, 3lb. onions, ½lb. beans or celery, 2 cups salt, 2 cups sugar, 5 pints vinegar, ¼ teaspoon cayenne, ½ granted nutmeg, 3 teaspoons curry powder, 6 teaspoons mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 6 tablespoons flour.

Cut into ½ inch dice cauliflower, carrots, onions, and beans. Put in dish and cover with brine. Make brine by putting 2 cups of salt to 3 quarts of water, and boiling for 10 minutes. Soak overnight, in the morning pour off brine and drain well. Place in pan, add 2 cups of sugar and vinegar, and parboil about half an hour. In a basin put dry ingredients, mix with vinegar till all lumps are dissolved, pour over the pickle and bring to the boil. Boil for 15 minutes, being careful to stir all the time. Bottle while hot. If preferred not too sour, dilute vinegar with water to suit taste.

Second prize of 10/- to Miss Gardner, 852 Sydney Rd., Brunswick N10, Vic.

ORANGE SAND CAKE

½lb. butter, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. arrowroot, 2 eggs, juice of 1 small orange.

Beat all ingredients together for 20 minutes, and then fold in lightly 1 teaspoon baking powder. Bake in sand cake tin for about half an hour. If you don't possess the proper sand cake tin, just use an ordinary sandwich tin (the small size), placing a small round tin in centre, which must be weghted to keep it in positon and greased well. Then ice all round cake and inside hole with a fairly thin orange icing:—1½ cups icing sugar with 1 small teaspoon butter smoothed into it, and use the juice of one orange.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. M. Paterson, Croxley, Oakey, Qld.

CREAMY CHOCOLATE RICE PUDDING

Three cups milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons rice, 1½ squares chocolate cut in pieces, 2¼ teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup sugar, one-third cup nut meats, broken, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cream (whipped).

Add chocolate, rice and salt to 2¾ cups milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cover and cook 1½ hours longer. Combine gelatine with remaining ¼ cup of milk and let stand 5 minutes, add sugar. Add gelatine mixture to hot rice and stir until gelatine is completely dissolved. Chill. When slightly thickened add nuts and vanilla; fold in whipped cream. Chill until mixture thickens again. Serve in sherbet glasses with or without additional whipped cream. This will serve six people.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Point Road, Gladesville, N.S.W.

ORANGE DIAMONDS

Genoese Pastry: 5 eggs, 6oz. sugar, 4oz. flour, 3oz. butter, flavoring.

Whisk eggs and sugar together in a basin over hot water for about 20 minutes, until thick and creamy. Stir sifted flour, and butter in very lightly. Pour the mixture into a flat baking-dish lined with buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour.

When pastry is firm and cold cut it in halves horizontally. Spread with a layer of marmalade, press together again and sift some icing sugar into a basin. Mix it to a coating consistency with the juice of two oranges, pour over the cakes, allow it to set. Cut into diamond shapes with a knife dipped in hot water. Decorate each diamond with some candied orange peel, cut into fancy shapes. Serve in fancy paper cases.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. E. Sincock, 12 Clifford Street, Torrensville, S.A.

POLO FRUIT BUNS

Six ounces flour, 1oz. ground almonds, 2 mandarins, ½ teaspoon baking soda, 3oz. candied peel, ½lb. sultanas, 2oz. currants, 3oz. butter, 1 egg; 3oz. castor sugar, pinch salt, orange juice, icing sugar, pistachio nuts.

Chop peel finely. Clean fruit. Cream butter and sugar together in a basin. Stir in grated mandarin rind. Sift flour with soda and a pinch of salt. Add with the ground almonds and prepared fruit to other ingredients.

Stir in the beaten egg and strained mandarin juice. Beat well. Add a little milk if necessary. Bake in buttered-bun tins in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Cool, spread tops with sifted icing-sugar, moistened with strained orange juice.

Decorate each with a saltspoon of minced pistachio nuts.

This quantity makes about 16 buns.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Homan, 82 Scarborough Street, Kogarah, N.S.W.

'In mother's footsteps'

She's very proud, coming home from her first shopping expedition. She has been very careful to get exactly what mother told her, and she particularly insisted on Cerebos. Mother said it was always worth the little extra to be certain the salt was the finest that money could buy and would run freely, no matter how damp the weather.

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

Saves in the long run!

Issued by Cerebos Limited, 39 Pitt Street, Sydney.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 9 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

TO TEMPT YOUR TASTE!

Here's a delicious taste-tempting cake. Try it! Easy to make . . . easy to eat . . . for in such delicious slices are embedded these precious nuggets of healthfulness, viz.—

CURRANTS • SULTANAS & RAISINS

which, with their natural pre-digested fruit sugars, replenish mental and physical energy almost instantly. Their vitamins, too, promote growth, health and beauty and increase resistance to infection. RECIPE BOOK FREE.—WRITE for a copy of the Enlarged New Sunshine Cookery Book containing recipes for making cakes (as illustrated), as well as many new ways of using CURRANTS, SULTANAS and RAISINS. Post the coupon NOW.

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Melbourne.

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Address ....
A.W.W.

NEW *Spring* SALADS

Easy to prepare, tempting to the eye, and full of health-giving goodness!

THOUGH salads are never out of season in this wonderful country of ours, none can compare for flavor and crispness with the first-fruits of Spring. And none are more welcome —nor beneficial—for as the days grow warmer we feel the urge to substitute light, gaily-mixed salads for heavy, clogging winter fare. Which is a good thing from the standpoint of health—and good looks.

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to the Australian Women's Weekly

SALAD vegetables must be fresh. Lettuce should be crisp, washed well, and dried without pressing. It is best to shake it dry in a clean kitchen towel. And never cut lettuce with a knife—just pull it apart with the fingers.

If dressing is added, pour over just before serving. Better still, serve in a sauce-bowl.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD

One cooked cauliflower, 2 tomatoes, salt, cayenne, mayonnaise, parsley, olives, gherkins.

Drain cauliflower well and when quite cold take the white part and divide it into sprigs. Pile in the centre of a flat salad bowl. Remove skin from tomatoes, slice, and place them round it in a border, slightly overlapping. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Pour over the mayonnaise and garnish with chopped parsley and stoned olives or whole gherkins.

ORANGE AND LETTUCE SALAD

Heart of 1 lettuce, 4 oranges, lemon juice, mayonnaise, chopped parsley.

Peel oranges, remove all pith, cut in thin slices across the fruit, and remove the pips. Line a bowl with shredded lettuce leaves, put in the orange slices, sprinkle with lemon juice. Pour over the mayonnaise. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

This salad is a nice accompaniment to cold pork or duck.

SPRING SALAD

Lettuce, watercress, cucumber, hard-boiled eggs, garlic, French dressing, radish, celery.

Prepare lettuce and watercress and dry well. Rub the salad bowl over with a piece of garlic. Tear the lettuce and watercress in small pieces and place in bowl, piling high in the centre. Garnish with slices of cucumber and hard-boiled eggs, then curled radish and celery. Serve dressing in sauce-boat.

SALADS ARE GOOD for the little ones, too. They help to keep the bloodstream in perfect condition, the skin clear, and eyes sparkling.

A FEAST for the eyes as well—stuffed tomatoes. And an ideal way of using the health-giving tomato when other ways pall. They should be daintily arranged on a dish lined with heart of lettuce leaves.

STUFFED TOMATOES

Three new-laid eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 1½ teaspoons tomato sauce, 6 even-sized tomatoes, pepper and salt to taste, lettuce.

To serve six people you will need six medium-sized tomatoes, and choose nice, firm ones. Hard-boil eggs, peel and halve them. Remove the yolks carefully and mash them till smooth with butter, tomato sauce, and pepper and salt to taste. Stuff the six half-shells with this mixture. Hollow out a little flesh from the stalk end of the tomato, using a very sharp knife to do so; then season inside lightly with pepper and salt, and sink in each a stuffed half-shell of egg.

If you want to make a particularly nice job of these, mask the top with thick mayonnaise and garnish with a scrap of gherkin. Arrange the tomatoes on a dish lined with lettuce leaves.

CARROT SALAD

One cup cooked, diced carrot, 1 lettuce, horseradish, dressing, salt, cayenne, parsley, few drops of oil, sugar, grated lemon rind.

Place diced carrot in a serving-dish. Sprinkle with salt, cayenne, sugar, oil, lemon rind, and grated horseradish. Mix well. Arrange a border of the shredded lettuce around. Serve dressing in sauce-boat.

GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

Lettuce, grapefruit, 1 tablespoon grapefruit juice, 2 tablespoonfuls salad oil, salt, cayenne.

Line salad bowl or individual dishes with shredded lettuce. Remove peel, pith, and pips from grapefruit and cut into small pieces. Put juice into basin, add drop by drop the oil till it thickens, stirring well. Add salt, cayenne, and chopped grapefruit. Pile on top of the lettuce, and serve at once.

Delicious served with game or wildfowl.

ALSATIAN SALAD

This is an admirable way of using up scraps of cold meat or poultry:—

Cut meat into small, neat pieces free from fat and mix with them any cold, cooked vegetables, beetroot, gherkins and olives. Add some French dressing. Mix well, and allow to stand 1 hour so that they get well soaked in the dressing. Mix again carefully. Pile in flat serving-dish. Sprinkle with minced onion and chopped parsley.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

Asparagus, mayonnaise, eschalot, capers, parsley.

If fresh asparagus is used cook in the usual way, then drain well. If tinned, remove and drain thoroughly without breaking. Place a few slices of asparagus on small individual plates, heads all one end. Add the minced eschalot, capers, and parsley to the mayonnaise. Pour over the asparagus and serve at once.

ASPARAGUS SALAD (No. 2)

One packet lime jelly crystals, 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt, cayenne, 1 tin asparagus, mayonnaise, lettuce.

Make jelly, using only 2 pint water (the liquid from asparagus can be used instead of water). When cool, add vinegar, salt, cayenne. Rinse out plain mould with water, then line with a coating of jelly; allow to set. Arrange well-drained asparagus in the mould. Cover with jelly, and place on ice to set. Unmould carefully on to a bed of shredded lettuce. Serve with salad dressing or mayonnaise.

POTATO SALAD

One lettuce, 1lb. cold, cooked potatoes, 4 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2 pickled onions, 2 gherkins, 6 capers, 2 hard-boiled eggs, parsley.

Prepare lettuce, shred, and place in salad bowl. Add the chopped onions, gherkins, capers, and parsley to the mayonnaise, and when well mixed add the diced potatoes. Arrange on the bed of lettuce and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

Two cups tomato juice, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, salt, cayenne, lettuce, tomato.

Dissolve gelatine in a little water. Warm the tomato juice and pour on to the gelatine. Stir well. Set in a deep sandwich tin. Turn out, cut into rounds. Shred lettuce, place in salad bowl, and lay on the tomato jelly rounds. Garnish with tomato and serve at once.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

(To be used for cold meats, meat salads, or sandwiches)

To 1 cup of mayonnaise add 3 tablespoons finely-grated horseradish and 1 dessertspoon onion powder or finely-chopped onion. Serve at once.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

With 1 cup mayonnaise mix 4 tablespoons chopped pimentos, 2 tablespoons chopped olives, salt, chilli, and serve at once.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

Mix 1 cup mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons chilli sauce; add 2 chopped pimentos and 1 dessertspoon grated cheese. Serve at once.

FRENCH DRESSING

Put 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, salt, cayenne, 2 teaspoons sugar into bowl, add 6 tablespoons oil slowly, beating well. Add 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce. Serve very cold.

EASTERN SALAD

Cooked rice, slices of cooked chicken, asparagus, hard-boiled egg, gherkin, slices of tomato, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise, chopped parsley.

Put thin layer of rice on small individual meat dish. Sprinkle over a little mayonnaise. Lay on thin slices of chicken, then 2 sticks of asparagus. Garnish round edge with slices of egg and tomato, thin strips of gherkin and small lettuce leaves, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Just before serving pour over a little mayonnaise, or it can be served in sauce-bowl.

HOLLYWOOD SALAD

Lettuce leaves, slices of pineapple, continental or cream cheese, tomato, curled celery, gherkin, mayonnaise, parsley or mint.

Put a crisp lettuce leaf, cup side up, on small plate, and lay on a well-drained slice of pineapple. Fill the centre with a good lump of cheese. Garnish the pineapple with slices of tomato and curled celery. Sprinkle on a little mayonnaise. Place strips of gherkin on the cheese. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or mint. Serve mayonnaise in bowl.

Just till to-morrow! I couldn't think of cooking dinner without GRAVOX: Isn't it wonderful how it SALTS, SEASONS, BROWNS & THICKENS—all at once?
Gravox
The IDEAL GRAVY MAKER
Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE
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FOR BURNT PANS
Use Steelo . . . it secures them bright and smooth with less rubbing than ever, ideal for aluminium, for all kitchenware and for baths, basins, sinks. A packet lasts five weeks.
STEELO

COOKED SAUSAGES AND VEGETABLES
"ALSO CURRIED"
HAPPY and hungry . . . What could be more tempting than tasty pork sausages, perfectly cooked with a delightful blend of choice vegetables.
A complete meal—ready to serve when heated.

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WHY 'BiSoDoL' will banish your INDIGESTION when stomach remedies fail

Indigestion which stubbornly refuses to yield to purely stomach remedies is soon mastered by 'BiSoDoL,' thus demonstrating the superior efficacy of a remedy specially designed to strengthen and restore the digestive system as a whole instead of in parts. 'BiSoDoL' quickly proves its advantage over ordinary stomach remedies or bicarbonate of soda. No only does 'BiSoDoL' instantly neutralize excess stomach acid but it soothes and fortifies the gastric nerves and thus restores the normal acid balance of the gastric juice. Fermentation, heartburn, nausea, flatulence and inflammation then cease.

'BiSoDoL' Helps Bowel Digestion too

The restorative action of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in the stomach. The headaches, the liver attacks, the mental sluggishness and bodily lethargy, the fits of depression, the abdominal flatulence and distension—distressing symptoms of bowel indigestion with which most middle-aged and elderly people are only too well acquainted—are quickly relieved and soon vanish when 'BiSoDoL' is taken.

'BiSoDoL' actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches and all foods. It supports the feeble digestion "ALL THE WAY" from the stomach, through the duodenum and the entire length of the intestine, until the last fraction of strength and nourishment is absorbed from your food.

Gives Complete Relief that Lasts

Ends Acidity, Wind, Heartburn and Pain.

Read this Convincing Testimony

Mr. A. E. P., Dentist, writes :—"I have taken 'BiSoDoL' personally and am delighted with its efficacy. I have lately been under treatment for indigestion without much benefit, but 'BiSoDoL' started to clear the trouble immediately. Many patients complain of indigestion while waiting for their dentures. I have advised them to take 'BiSoDoL' and several have thanked me afterwards for the hint."

Mr. J. W. M. writes :—"Being subject to duodenal trouble I have found 'BiSoDoL' most efficacious."

Mr. L. G. writes :—"My wife says 'BiSoDoL' is the best thing she has ever taken for Dyspepsia."

Mrs. L. N. writes :—"I am delighted with the good 'BiSoDoL' has done me. The gentle action on the bowels has actually relieved piles very much."

Mr. R. H. A. writes :—"'BiSoDoL' is the finest Antacid I have struck, and I have tried a few in my time."

BiSoDoL (REGD)

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion by the discovery of the remedy which helps a weak digestion "ALL THE WAY"

1/9 and 2/6 OF ALL CHEMISTS *Pronounce it* BY-SO-DOL

WEANING NEVER TROUBLED HIM . . .

There is no finer food at the weaning stage than Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk. It is the easiest food to assimilate and contributes to the development of bone and muscle at this critical growing period.

● Every mother should possess a copy of "My Book", an authoritative guide to successful infant feeding. Write for your copy to-day to Cormon-Keen (A/sia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2593, M.M., Sydney, N.S.W.

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

CLEVER IDEAS

FOR SHORT CURTAINS: To prevent short curtains from sagging after being laundered, put a piping cord down each side.

PAPER-CLIPPING SEAMS: Instead of using tacking thread to keep a long seam in place, clip a paper-clip on every two inches. This will save quite a lot of time.

ELASTIC LACES: Try threading sports and gym shoes with black hat elastic, stitching the ends flatly together. The shoes will be very easy to get out of and there will be no risk of tripping over a tie that has come undone.

CREAKING STAIRCASE: Too often one particular stair of a staircase develops an unpleasant creak. When this happens, roll back carpet, and hammer a nail in the centre front of the step.

LONG LIFE FOR FLOWERS: Another good tip to make flowers last a long time is to stir a teaspoonful of saltpetre or carbonate of soda into the water in which they stand—each time the water is changed. And when the flowers do at last begin to fade, put them in a jam jar, and pour in boiling water until about a third of the stalks are covered. Leave until the water is cold, then cut off the ends of the stalks and put back into the vases, with the carbonate of soda or saltpetre as previously explained.

FLOWERS die all too quickly, but if you keep a small piece of charcoal in the water in the vase you will prolong their life considerably.

ONION ON SILVER: Any silver used for eating onions should be rinsed under the cold water tap after using, and any "oniony" odor will vanish.

SPECTACLE CLEANER: Eau-de-cologne is very good for cleaning spectacles. It removes smears and grease-marks from lens and frames, and imparts a splendid polish to the glasses themselves.

STALE SMOKE: A basin of cold water placed in a room will remove any unpleasant "hang-over" of stale smoke.

BRIGHTER BATHS: Clean enamelled baths with paraffin and salt. Mix them together, rub over the bath, wash off afterwards, and allow the bath to dry.

USE FOR SOUR MILK: Everybody knows that a delicious cheese may be made from milk that has turned sour, but not so many know that sour milk makes an excellent cleanser and polisher for lacquered trays, which should never be cleaned with water.

SINK TIDY DE-LUXE: Most sink tidies to-day are made flat without legs, but you will find by adding legs yourself that the sink is kept much cleaner and more hygienic. The usual tidy is made in triangular shape to fit into the sink. Get three large corks, pierce a hole in each cork with a gimlet, and using three screws slightly shorter than the corks, and with heads, of course, larger than the holes of the tidy, screw each cork to the sink tidy by means of the holes. Thus the air passes easily beneath the tidy, and the sink is drained quickly.

POLISHING DOORS: When polishing doors put a drop of petrol on the duster with the polish, and the doors will not show fingermarks so easily.

WASHING GLOVES: When washing chamois leather gloves, to keep them soft and pliable add a little olive oil to the water.

TO CLEAN FUR: Clean your fur at home yourself by putting it in a pillow-slip with some warm bran and shaking well.

SHABBY SATIN SHOES: Sponge shabby black satin shoes with vinegar. Let the shoes dry and then repeat the process.

SUEDE SHOES: Benzine takes the grease from suede shoes, and warm bran cleans away ordinary dingy marks.

NEW STOCKINGS: Soak new stockings overnight in cold water to which a little salt has been added. Rinse in cold water next morning.

STAINS ON IVORY: Moisten a little whiting with lemon juice and place on stained ivory for several hours. Then clean and polish in the usual way.

SILVO

Will keep your SILVER lovely

This kindly polish will bring back the radiant beauty of your Silver—make it glow with velvet sheen. Silvo is quick, safe and gentle.

Because Silvo contains no mercury, no acids nor any harmful substances, it cannot harm the most delicate Silver surface.

SILVO

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the Makers of Reckitt's Blue

NEW GIANT 2/- SIZE

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TWICE AS BIG as present 1/3 size

Colgate's NEW GIANT tube is THE LARGEST 2/- DENTAL CREAM ON THE MARKET. Again, Colgate gives better value for less money. The GIANT size is a tube for the whole family and will mean a big saving in toothpaste costs. Buy Colgate's NEW GIANT size Dental Cream to-day, and start saving!

DOUBLE THE SIZE FOR LESS THAN DOUBLE THE MONEY

Backed by COLGATE QUALITY of 130 years!

BUY THIS GIANT TUBE AND SAVE MONEY!

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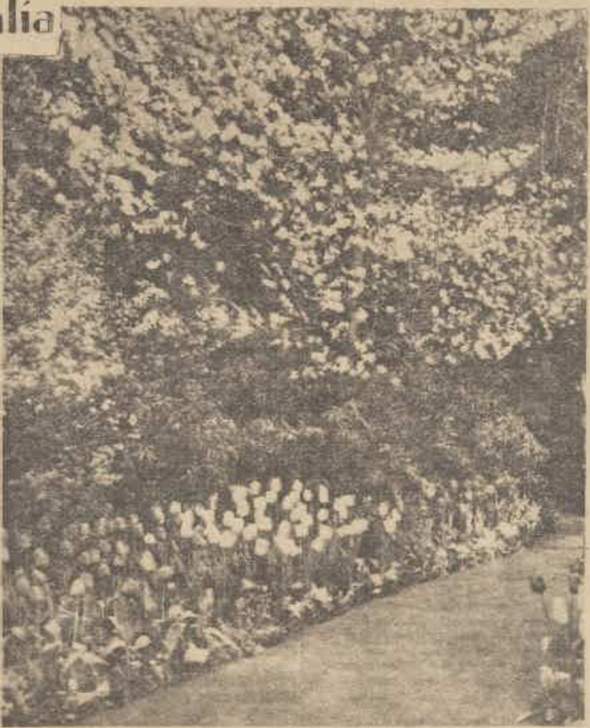
Make It . . . .

CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME In Australia

WE have the climate . . . and the space . . . so why not? If you plant now, flowering glory will reward you next Spring — Says the Old Gardener.

Of all the seasons, to the gardener spring is the happiest. After a dreary winter the earth leaps into life at our feet, flowers open, boughs are laden with blossoms, a new year is begun. Not even summer's rich display will compare with this youthful, exuberant growing. Will you be pleased with this year's spring flowering, asks the Old Gardener?



IN THE SPRINGTIME. There is no lovelier sight to winter-weary eyes than blossoming bough, nothing so heart-warming as the spring flower festival of garden bed, no fragrance so fresh and sweet. Garden-lovers enjoy sweet reward for winter-time labor; for the months of waiting; the passer-by pauses, drinks in the beauty, and moves on—refreshed.

AFTER the months of long preparation and hard work, and after a comparatively flowerless winter, with spring we receive the reward of our labors. Flowers blossom freely, and all deciduous trees—the poplar, maple, oak—will be clad in their joyous spring dress of blossoms. Spring is the happiest season of the year for the gardener.

Now we see the results of our autumn and winter labors. Here are cinerarias, high spots of the garden with their glorious colors; ranunculi, magnificent in size and color; anemones, pansies, violas, tall poppies. Lupins—blue, white, and yellow—will be giving a magnificent display, as will nemesia, with every color in the rainbow shining from its petals. Dazzling blue from the cornflower and the stately delphinium—tall hybrid and butterfly variety will be ours.

Stocks, too, will be blooming in glorious colors; wallflowers, particularly the exquisite, brown, scented variety will be shedding their delicate aroma throughout the garden; the rose, undisputed queen of the garden, will, in a very short time, bloom freely in shades of red, yellow, pink, and in white; daffodils, tulips, snowdrops, and jonquils, and all the other spring flowers. Amply are we repaid for all the dreary months of winter and our patient labor.

In the midst of all this plenty we can spare a thought for the blossoming fruit trees. Many Australian gardeners have realised their beauty, but in general they are neglected. Japan's "Cherry Blossom Time," synonym for spring, has no counterpart here in Australia. We have every condition suitable—climate, space—and more room should be found for the cherry, plum, peach, quince, and almond trees. Their joyous, mixed blossoms are among the loveliest sights of spring. So prepare now so that your garden next year may have this glory.

Now you must busy yourself preparing for the summer flowering display, for flowers die and spring flowers will all too soon depart. A few weeks ago I explained how to raise from seed, and how to make seed-frames. Following this procedure, now sow seed for all these summer flowers: phlox, petunias, zinnia, portulacca, verbena, chrysanthemum, dahlia, perennial phlox, balsams, and others.

Remember, too, that Jacobea elegans, which hundreds of readers are trying this season for the first time, will bloom in summer.

Then the vegetable garden must not be overlooked. Plant now potatoes, beans, lettuce, spinach, carrots, parsnips, runner beans, melons, cucumbers, squash, beetroot, eschalots, in fact, all summer vegetables in the warmer districts, but in cooler climes prepare all beds now and plant these vegetables in a month's time.

Remember, readers, if there is anything you want to know about your garden, or any seeds you wish to obtain from this department, you have only to write to me. Address letters to the "Old Gardener," Australian Women's Weekly.

Seeds Available

THE Australian Women's Weekly has established an up-to-date seed department.

Readers are now able to obtain best quality seeds (no inferior types will be stocked) of any flowers mentioned in the Old Gardener's articles for 6d. and 1/- per packet, plus 2d. postage.

"SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS"

That's the popular name of one of the most unique, useful, and attractive of annuals! If you haven't grown it so far, then give it a trial at once. The foliage is its chief feature, long, narrow, pointed, and borne profusely. The leaves are pea-green, with a distinct white margin all round each, making a very distinct contrast. The plants grow 18 inches or 2 feet high, and are ideal when massed. We get thousands of inquiries for seeds when people see it growing, but it is then too late—you must sow now! When cut, the sprays make wonderful decorations for vases—either alone or with other flowers. They last nearly a week quite fresh. Ideal for bouquets, wreaths, [illegible] and all Floral Work. Seeds, 1/- and [illegible] pkt. Post Free.

ANDERSON & CO. LTD.,
[illegible] George St., and [illegible] Pitt St., SYDNEY.
Box [illegible] G.P.O. 'Phones: BW[illegible]—B[illegible].

This woman endured 10,000 hours of Stomach Pain!

Even one hour of acute indigestion is more than enough to prostrate any man or woman, yet in six years Mrs. H. R. suffered 10,000 hours of stomach torture. It was needless — as her vivid letter tells you. Read her own words of this harrowing experience:—

"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me, being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years, after every meal, I used to get severe pains which lasted for a couple of hours. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H. R.

If you also have stomach trouble, don't give up hope; remember that all this suffering is quite needless. Prove it by getting 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day; you will be amazed at the quick, sure relief you get. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the quickest-acting stomach remedy known, and it is used, prescribed and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world.

The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark BISMAG

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

Golden Lily of the Valley

One of the finest plants in cultivation, large golden orange lantern-like flowers, 1 inch across, fine, nuggetty roots—2/6 each, 5 for 10/6. Leaflet giving planting instructions sent with every order. **Pink Lily of the Valley**, fine roots, 6/- dozen, 25 for 12/-. **Giant White Lily of the Valley**, large flower, 9d. each, 6 for 4/-. Ordinary White Variety 3/6 dozen, 50 for 9/6, 17/6 per 100.

Golden Rayed Lily of Japan, large white, gold bands, scented. Flowering size 2/9, largest 3/9 each. **Bleeding Heart**, deep pink and white, heart shaped flowers, 2/- each. **All Posted Free.** Monster Illustrated Bulb Book, 1/- posted.

PHILIP MONTAGUE,
BULB SPECIALIST, FRANKSTON, VICTORIA.

LUNG TROUBLE PATIENT

"Enjoying life again . . . thanks to Membrosus"

Suffering in body and mind that the average person can scarcely comprehend, trying everything and finding no relief or improvement and then, at last as though by magic to get real relief, and slow, steady improvement with a new world of hope opened up is the experience of Mrs. V.G., a sufferer from LUNG TROUBLE, who writes as follows:—

"I am still improving. I don't cough so much after any exertion. . . . Now I am riding a bicycle about, so you will realise the good Membrosus has done for me. I lost interest in everything; only the thought of my two children kept me going. Now I'm looking forward to enjoying life again thanks to you."

Mrs. I.T.H., another Lung Trouble sufferer, also tells enthusiastically of her improvement. "Membrosus certainly has been a big help to me, and by another six weeks I should be really fit. . . . I find myself doing work that I have not been able to do for quite a while, on account of exertion. The other day I cut my finger, and was surprised at the rich, red blood that came from it, it has usually been so pale."

DRY INHALATION TREATMENT FOR ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

Consistent reports from sufferers indicate that Membrosus Dry Inhalation not only relieves the trouble, but definitely leaves no recurrence even after years. Membrosus is different. . . . It is not taken merely to relieve attacks when they come, but regular inhaling for a short period COMPLETELY eradicates the complaint.

Mrs. E.S. writes: "I don't know really how to express myself, as I feel so well after inhaling your tablets. I inhaled two every day for a week, and I felt so well then that I only inhaled one daily. I feel a different woman, have no wheezing, or sign of Bronchitis, or Catarrh. I have lost the cough I used to have. Anyone suffering from any chest complaint such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh or any other lung trouble ought to try your Membrosus."

Miss D.D. writes: "I have only had two slight attacks since using your 2-fume tablets, and every other night I have slept well, which I could not do before starting the treatment."

MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION—

a proved effective treatment for

CATARRH, HAY FEVER, and ANTRUM TROUBLE without operation.

Patients report complete relief and absolute freedom from Head noises; Chronic Sneezing fits; Running eyes and nose, and return of hearing and sense of smell, as well as the relief from that disgusting hawking and spitting which is so obnoxious to themselves and those with whom they come in contact. Here are typical reports from previous sufferers from Catarrh, Hay Fever, Antrum Trouble:—

Sister G.S. writes: "I certainly feel the benefit of using Membrosus. I sleep better and feel altogether different. The head noises, too, are greatly relieved, and I can lie down at night quite comfortably instead of sitting up."

Mrs. J.B.: "I have had such wonderful relief from Hay Fever for the past week that I hardly know myself."

Mrs. J. McP.: "I have been feeling much better since using Membrosus, and the Antrum seems much cleaner."

Membrosus, the tried, and proved dry inhalation treatment, because of its logical INTERNAL ACTION THROUGH THE BLOOD STREAM does bring results. Complete recovery without recurrence is the experience of an untold number of sufferers.

Membrosus positively does not contain any harmful or habit-forming drugs; nor does it affect the heart. It can be used with equal pleasing results and has been proved equally successful in treating babies and children as well as aged sufferers.

If you are a sufferer from any CHEST COMPLAINT, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, or ANTRUM TROUBLE you owe it to yourself to call, write or 'phone and give Membrosus a trial.

MEMBROSUS

Sole distributors for Australia and N.Z. Irvine's Pharmacy, Drummoyne. For particulars call or send a stamped addressed envelope to MEMBROSUS, C/- City Office, IRVINE'S PHARMACY, Room A1, 2 York Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 'Phone, B5398.

"I'M NOT WEALTHY!" ...yet I'm the richest man in the world...

"I'VE got something nobody can buy—perfect health—energy—**happiness!** I have the secret of physical and mental **fitness.** Freedom from constipation! Keep regular in your habits. Don't let poisons accumulate in your system. At the first sign of constipation take Nyal FIGSEN—the non-habit-forming laxative which does not purge or gripe. Nyal FIGSEN relieves constipation (in adults or children) in a **natural** way — gently but surely — and **there are no unpleasant after-effects.** FIGSEN defeats constipation—and THAT is the SECRET OF GOOD HEALTH." A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN 1/3
FOR CONSTIPATION

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Please send me Free Sample of Nyal Figsen.
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APPROVED BY DOCTORS

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IT'S EASY..

After SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT, has endowed young bodies with an extra fund of vigour and vitality, it is easy to maintain untiring energy. The minerals and vitamins of pure Malt Barley, which this Health Food supplies, are readily absorbed into the system, to build bone, muscle, strength and growth. Every spoonful, after meals, assures perfect assimilation of other foods, and also prevents INDIGESTION.

after SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

AIDS DIGESTION—BUILDS THE BODY

Bellhaim

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Need for Well-balanced Meals

By MARY TRUBY KING

Food is necessary to provide for growth, warmth and energy. For babies and children the proportion of "growth" foods needed is naturally higher than for adults, as after the 21st year "growth" foods are needed merely for the purpose of repair.

THE chief growth foods are milk, fish, eggs, lean meat, cheese, peas and beans—all of which may be given to a child of over two years. Until the child is two, it depends chiefly on milk for the elements of growth, plus wholemeal bread, cereals, broths and a little egg.

For proper growth, mineral salts and vitamins are also very necessary. The mineral salts and vitamins are found in vegetables and fresh fruit.

Do not look upon fresh fruit as a luxury. It is an absolute necessity for children and whatever fruit is in season is usually sufficiently cheap to allow of the child having at least one piece a day.

We depend very largely on fatty foods to produce and keep up our bodily warmth. The chief of these foods are butter, cream, dripping, suet, the fatty part of meat, and yolk of egg.

Sugar, though chiefly an "energy" food, also supplies warmth. In fact, the "warmth" and "energy" foods are frequently grouped together as "fuel" foods. They supply our bodies with heat and power, just as coal supplies an engine with these characteristics.

Starch "Fuel" Food

THE chief sugary foods are sugar-of-milk (lactose), cane sugar, honey, dates and the sugar which is in such natural abundance in fruits, especially oranges. Fresh ripe fruits are "nature's sugar bowl," and should take the place of refined cane sugar, treacle or golden syrup.

Starch is another of the "fuel" foods. All the starch we eat is turned into sugar by the action of our digestive juices. Until a baby is over six months of age it cannot deal with starch, as there is no starch in human milk. Neither is there any starch in cow's milk. Baby obtains his necessary warmth and energy from the fats and sugars which these milks contain.

Human milk contains 7 per cent. of sugar and 3.5 per cent. of fat (average contents). Cow's milk contains a little less sugar, namely, 5 per cent.; therefore when cow's milk is diluted with water to get rid of the excess protein, before giving it to a baby, its sugar content is still further reduced and requires to be made up to the human standard with some suitable sugar-of-milk mixture.

Be Penny Wise!

AFTER baby is a year old it is no longer necessary for him to have sugar-of-milk, and he can gradually change to milk merely diluted with water.

This is on account of the increase of starchy foods, which are usually introduced into his diet about the 9th or 10th month. A little sugar may be used when cooking the toddler's milk puddings.

The foods we chiefly depend upon for starch are cereal grains, rice, sago, semolina, bread, prepared breakfast foods, wheatmeal biscuits, potatoes and starchy vegetables, flour, oatmeal and bananas.

Starchy foods such as potatoes and bread are much cheaper than sugary foods such as cakes and sweets, so, as the starch becomes sugar in the process of digestion, from the point of view of expense alone it is better for children and adults to eat more of the former than the latter. A penny spent on a banana is more wisely spent than on a lollie bar.

Maintaining Warmth

DURING the winter we all require more fatty foods than in the summer, in order to keep up our warmth. Do not stint the children of butter (dripping is just as good if you cannot afford butter) or milk and a reasonable amount of fatty meat.

For those who cannot afford cream, the cream which rises to the top of your bottled milk should be poured off into a small jug, and given to the children over stewed or fresh fruit. A cod-liver oil emulsion should be given when possible throughout the winter.

Active children require more food than their less energetic brothers and sisters. A general idea of the amount of food to give at various ages may be obtained from leaflets procurable from the Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney. (Send a stamped envelope with your request.)

Children who are ill or delicate should not be forced to eat, unless under medical orders.

A good diet is an all-round diet; not one which is lop-sided—i.e., too much fat and not enough sugar and protein; or too much sugar and not enough fat and growth-promoting foods. Never neglect the vitamin foods.

"Dos" and "Don'ts"

A CHANGE of dishes very often gives the necessary fillip to a jaded appetite. The same dishes week after week, though excellent in their nutritional value, may become very monotonous.

The following foods are bad for children: Fresh bread, pork, new potatoes, the outside of potatoes baked with the meat, pickles, spices, vinegar, veal, pastry, fried foods, rich cakes, "fizzy" drinks; hot-buttered toast or hot-buttered scones, tea, coffee and alcohol.

Do not persist in giving a child something which has upset him in the past. Children have different idiosyncrasies to certain foods. Keep the meal hours regular. Children over a year old are best with only three meals a day.

The heaviest meal should, of course, be taken at mid-day, not in the evening. Slices of bread and butter, biscuits and drinks of milk should not be given between meals. Milk is a food and should be drunk at the end of meals.

See that the children go to bed with clean mouths. Decay of the teeth is often caused by a child having supper in bed, after having cleaned its teeth.

Bring up a child in the way he should go.

This is sound advice—but it is not always realised what an important part the very early months and years may play in bringing about the desire of the mother for the future welfare of her Baby.

When "grown-ups" are feeling out-of-sorts they become irritable and their usual good nature is spoiled—it is therefore the more desirable in the case of a young child to do everything possible to avoid unnecessary discomfort and suffering.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS soothe the child and help him to cut his teeth with ease and thus promote a happy and contented baby.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are absolutely harmless.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

Exquisitely savage... charmingly daring

...these new jungle reds for lips!

The new SAVAGE indelible lipstick seizes something of the warm, pulsating magic of the jungle to give you intoxicating beauty for your lips; temptation that simply will not be denied! Vibrant, transparent, SAVAGE hues that cling as long as you wish your lips to lure ... and longer. Exquisite ... exciting, to say the least. There's nothing else nearly so effective. Five stirring shades for your selection. See them all at your favorite store. TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH . . . JUNGLE.

2/6

The highly indelible

SAVAGE LIPSTICK

Savagely clings to lovely lips

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To bring back NATURAL WHITENESS to your teeth

-he says KOLYNOS

Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which are the cause of stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface and enters every nook and cranny. Your teeth are cleaned perfectly — right down to the beautiful, *natural* white enamel without injury. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE.

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Now You Can See . . . WHAT *Well-dressed* Spring Windows *Will Wear* . . .

Lovely Chintzes, Silk and Cotton Damasks, Slubs, New Weave Nets, Coarse Cottons—Even Hand-painted Moires

By **Our Home Decorator**

IN the holds of ships nearing Australia to-day are tightly-packed rolls (or is it bolts?) of the most intriguing fabrics for the redecoration of your windows. Some are already here.

What an incentive to get rid of drab winter furnishings and introduce something new and fresh into your homes for the bright days!

SINCE the walls of our rooms are now usually painted or distempered in neutral tones, chairs and tables stripped of fussy decoration, pictures hung with restraint, curtains and chair coverings assume primary importance in the scheme of decoration.

More anon about chair coverings, but listen to the very latest news concerning window furnishings:

The day of bold cubist and impressionist designs in curtain fabrics and window treatments is passing. The aftermath of the world war, modernistic patterning (oh, those bold, over-candid designs!) and general lack of moderation, give way to a renewal of pre-war reserve.

In short, fabrics are modern, but designs are modified.

The trend, in addition to plain and multi-color weaves, fine and coarse weave mixtures, is for small floral designs in soft tints, reproductions of Period styles, checks and spots. Stripes and stars are relegated to sun-rooms and breakfast nooks, and our living-rooms become more liveable. Glaring over-bold curtains will no more detract from the importance of lovely pieces of furniture.

Off-white last year gave evidence of popularity for lounge and bedroom curtains, and this year it is much in demand for the reason that it does not detract from anything in the room.

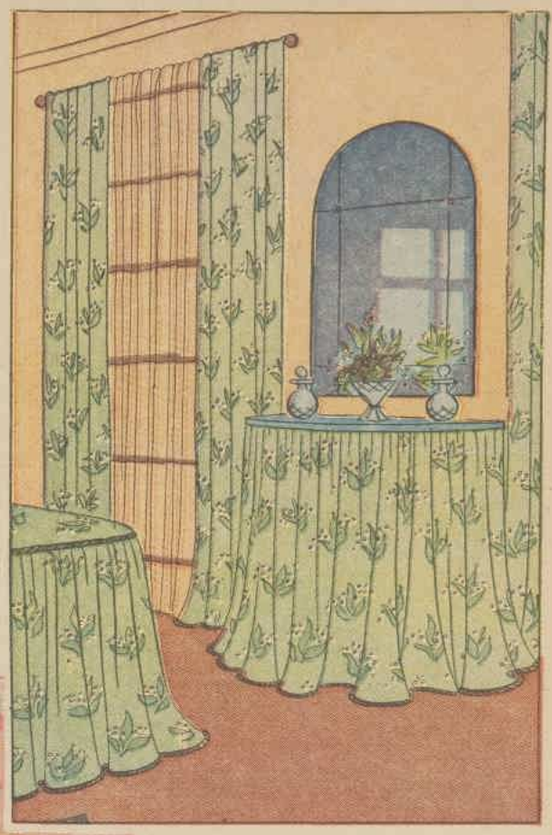
Plain hangings go right to the floor, often with six inches or so spread at the bottom, like the lace curtains of twenty years ago. Many are without valances, but with smart, pinch-pleated headings, three inches above the ring level, and are either looped back or just hanging straight to the floor.

Glass curtains are hung the full width of the light portion of the window and to the sill level. Another rather sweet style—for either a bedroom or lounge-room with a bow window—is to cover each pane with a marquisette curtain, gathered into a rosette of the material at the sill. Both sides of these curtains are frilled.

Now let me describe some of the fabrics illustrated on this page. In the top right-hand corner you see spring personified in lovely lily-of-the-valley glazed chintz. How well it looks on the windows, as a bedspread and as a cover for the old-fashioned, but enchanting, type of dressing-table!

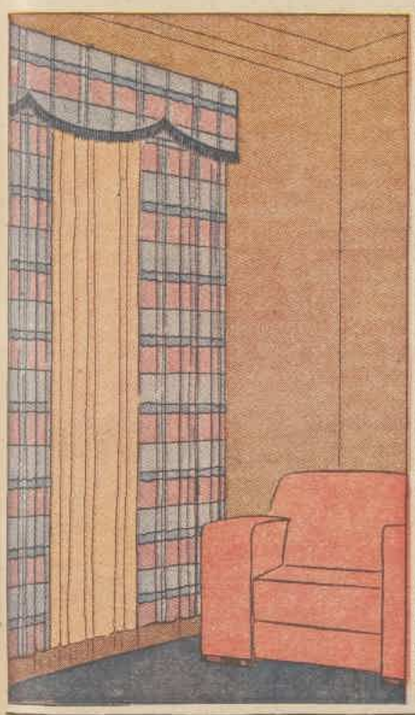
The windows of the lounge (left) are featuring art silk figured slub damask, samples of which I saw in blues, greens, and a mixture of dull old-gold and wood-brown. This material is heavy and lends itself admirably to foldless hangings and for upholstery purposes.

In the central illustration showing gay kitchen windows hang curtains of cambric with moss roses strewn over a fancy background. Rustic, don't you agree?

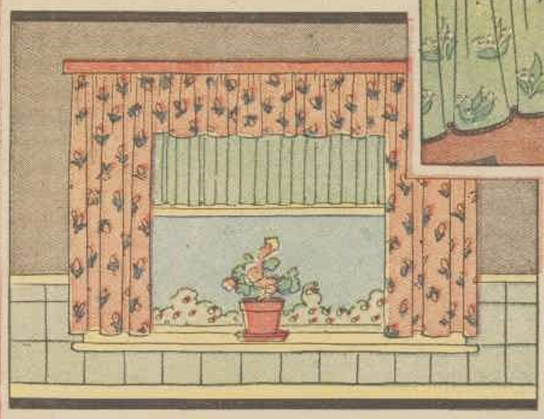


A SPRING SYMPHONY . . Showing how lovely the new lily-of-the-valley glazed chintz could look in your bedroom.

Materials by courtesy David Jones.

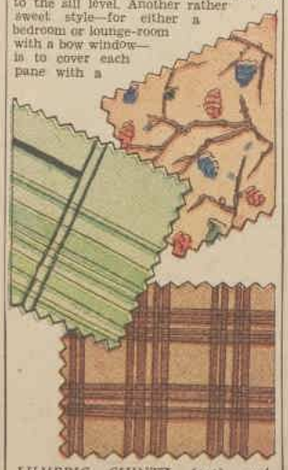


LEFT: Here you see the new, heavy art silk slub damask, not only beautiful, but fadeless.



LEFT: Kitchen windows in spring: Moss roses run riot over a buff-colored ground. One of the new cambrics.

Materials (above and at left) by courtesy Hordern Bros., Ltd.



LUMBRIC CHINTZ (top) and smart check glazed chintz for bedroom curtains and covers; (centre), the new thatch weave slub.

GLAMOROUS NEW COLOUR FOR YOUR LIPS . . .

gives the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin

Here's headline news for smart girls! Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has evolved a NEW principle of colouring for the Kissproof Lipstick. Clear, glowing shades that give the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin. This NEW Kissproof Lipstick keeps lips soft and smooth, prevents chapping and drying. Four vital shades — Natural, Theatrical, Raspberry, Orange.

KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE is also made on Dr. Pacini's NEW colour principle. In four shades to match the lipsticks.

The NEW Kissproof LIPSTICK

BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES with Delica-Brow. Makes lashes look longer, darker; encourages that fascinating upward curl. Black, Brown or Blue. A Kissproof product.

EACH KISSPROOF BEAUTY AID COSTS BUT 1/- K2-106

FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST

IN AN AGE OF SPEED SOMETHING REALLY FAST

OVER 300 SHADES ALL FAST COLORS SIZE No. 40

The Super Quality Mercerised Sewing Thread

Dewhurst's "Sylko"

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SLIM WOMEN KNOW WHY THEY'RE "Worth a Guinea a Box"

There is no risk about reducing by taking Beecham's Pills. They "reduce" simply by rectifying unhealthy conditions. If you are over-fat suspect delayed elimination. It's an old complaint, and an old cause of stoutness. Avoid constipation. Keep regular. Take Beecham's Pills. Proved absolutely safe, they benefit your general health, keep you fit, active and in good spirits. They are the reliable family remedy for constipation and all its kindred ills.

BEECHAM'S Purely Vegetable **PILLS**

The "Home" Train

Work over for the day, man and maid, young and old, are intent upon "getting home." All day they have been concerned with business, mostly someone else's business, for the majority of the homeward-bound travellers are salary or wage-earners.

Have they—have you—found time for personal business?

The Commonwealth Savings Bank is open all day in City, Town, Village, and Country Post Office, and its convenient services are therefore easily available to all.

Opening a Savings Bank account—and using it—costs little time and no money, and it will pay you well in the long run.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

A.B.C. MURDERS

"I TELL you, my friends, it cannot be coincidence. Three crimes—and every time a man selling stockings and spying out the land."

He wheeled round on Thora.

"Will you please describe this man?"

She looked at him blankly.

"I can't . . . I don't know how . . . He had glasses, I think . . . and a shabby overcoat . . .

"He stooped? . . . I don't know. I hardly looked at him. He wasn't the sort of man you'd notice . . ."

Poirot said gravely:

"You are quite right, mademoiselle. The whole secret of the murders lies there in your description of the murderer—for without a doubt he was the murderer! 'He wasn't the sort of man you'd notice.' Yes—there is no doubt about it . . . You have described the murderer!"

Mr. Alexander Bonaparte Cust sat very still. His breakfast lay cold and untasted on his plate. A newspaper was propped up against the teapot and it was this newspaper that Mr. Cust was reading with avid interest.

Suddenly he got up, paced to and fro for a minute, then sank into a chair by the window. He buried his head in his hands with a stifled groan.

He did not hear the sound of the opening door. His landlady, Mrs. Marbury, stood in the doorway.

"I was wondering, Mr. Cust, if you'd fancy a nice—why, whatever is it? Aren't you feeling well?"

Mr. Cust raised his head from his hands.

"Nothing. It's nothing at all, Mrs. Marbury. I'm not—feeling very well this morning."

Mrs Marbury inspected the breakfast tray.

"So I see. You haven't touched your breakfast. Is it your head troubling you again?"

"No. At least, yes . . . I—I just feel a bit out of sorts."

"Well, I'm sorry, I'm sure. You'll not be going away to-day then?"

Mr. Cust sprang up abruptly.

"No, no. I have to go. It's business. Important. Very important."

Continued from Page 54

His hands were shaking. Seeing him so agitated, Mrs. Marbury tried to soothe him.

"Well, if you must—you must. Going far this time?"

"No. I'm going to"—he hesitated for a minute or two—"Cheltenham."

There was something peculiar about the tentative way he said the word that Mrs. Marbury looked at him in surprise.

"Cheltenham's a nice place," she said conversationally. "I went there from Bristol one year. The shops are ever so nice."

"I suppose so—yes."

Mrs. Marbury stooped rather stiffly—for stooping did not suit her figure—to pick up the paper that was lying crumpled on the floor.

"Nothing but this murdering business in the papers nowadays," she said as she glanced at the headlines before putting it back on the table. "Gives me the creeps, it does. I don't read it. It's like Jack the Ripper all over again."

Mr. Cust's lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"DONCASTER—that's the place he's going to do his next murder," said Mrs. Marbury. "And to-morrow! Fairly makes your flesh creep, doesn't it? If I lived in Doncaster and my name began with a 'D,' I'd take the first train away, that I would. I'd run no risks. What did you say, Mr. Cust?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Marbury—nothing."

"It's the races and all. No doubt he thinks he'll get his opportunity there. Hundreds of police, they say, they're drafting in and— Why, Mr. Cust, you do look bad. Hadn't you better have a little drop of something? Really, now, you oughtn't to go travelling to-day."

Mr. Cust drew himself up.

"It is necessary, Mrs. Marbury. I have always been punctual in my—engagements. People must have—must have confidence in you. When I have undertaken to do a thing, I carry it through. It is the only way to get on in—in—business."

"But if you're ill?"

"I am not ill, Mrs. Marbury. Just a little worried over—various personal matters. I slept badly. I am really quite all right."

His manner was so firm that Mrs. Marbury gathered up the breakfast things and reluctantly left the room.

Mr. Cust dragged out a suitcase from under the bed and began to pack. Pyjamas, sponge-bag, spare collar, leather slippers. Then unlocking a cupboard, he transferred a dozen or so flattish cardboard boxes about ten inches by seven from a shelf to the suitcase.

He just glanced at the railway guide on the table and then left the room, suitcase in hand.

Setting it down in the hall, he put on his hat and overcoat. As he did so he sighed deeply, so deeply that the girl who came out from a room at the side looked at him in concern.

"Anything the matter, Mr. Cust?"

"Nothing, Miss Lily."

"You were sighing so!"

Mr. Cust said abruptly:

"Are you at all subject to premonitions, Miss Lily? To presentiments?"

"Well, I don't know that I am, really. Of course, there are days when you just feel everything's going wrong, and days when you feel everything's going right."

"Quite," said Mr. Cust.

He sighed again.

"Well, good-bye, Miss Lily. Good-bye. I'm sure you've been very kind to me always here."

"Well, don't say good-bye as though you were going away for ever," laughed Lily.

"No, no, of course not."

"See you Friday," laughed the girl. "Where are you going this time? Seaside again?"

"No, no—er—Cheltenham."

"WELL, that's nice, too. But not quite as nice as Torquay. That must have been lovely. I want to go there for my holiday next year. By the way, you must have been quite near where the murder was—the A.B.C. murder. It happened while you were down there, didn't it?"

"Er—yes. But Churston's six or seven miles away."

"All the same, it must have been exciting! Why you may have passed the murderer in the street! You may have been quite near to him!"

"Yes, I may, of course," said Mr. Cust with such a ghastly and contorted smile that Lily Marbury noticed it.

"Oh, Mr. Cust, you don't look well."

"I'm quite all right, quite all right. Good-bye, Miss Marbury."

He fumbled to raise his hat, caught up his suitcase, and fairly hastened out of the front door.

"Funny old thing," said Lily Marbury indulgently. "Looks half batty to my mind."

Please turn to Page 68

TAKE YOUR CHANCE IN **WRIGLEY'S**

A.O.17

I HAVE NEVER HAD A HEADACHE

"Not since I heard about Esterin, anyhow—and that's nearly two years ago. Once I was what you might call a "headache victim." Constant headaches made life a misery. One day a friend happened to mention Esterin, and ready to grasp at a straw, I bought a tin. The rest of my story you have heard. Now at the slightest sign of pain I take two Esterin tablets and forget that there's such a thing as a headache."

This is typical of the letters we are constantly receiving from users of Nyal Esterin. Because it acts directly on the nerve centres, where headaches originate, Nyal Esterin relieves pain quickly. It contains ingredients regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the relief of pain, and in addition, a newly developed ingredient, Esterin Compound. For headaches, sleeplessness, neuralgia, rheumatic or nerve pains, take Esterin. Sold and recommended by your chemist, 1/3d. tin.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Esterin to the Nyal Company, 431CC, Globe Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

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ALLURE Men CAN'T RESIST!

If you desire a Lipstick that will end dry lips, while giving colour that is neither yellow nor purple—a Lipstick that gives to your lips a lasting colour-loveliness that shows as much difference in tone and texture as there is between red silk and red crepe paper; then just try Kathleen Court's new 'Rose Petal' Lipstick! It never smears, and it stays on marvellously, leaving no stain on the lips, and no specks of colour. In Orange-Red, Light, Medium and Dark. Of the better Chemists and Stores. Indelible, but safe! Marvellous value at 1/3.

'ROSE PETAL' the BETTER lipstick

LEG ULCER DISAPPEARS

Another "VAREX" Success

"Just a line to tell you that 'Varex' Treatment has been quite a success in my case," writes one grateful user. "The ulcer, with its consequent pain and swelling, has entirely disappeared, and the leg is quite normal."

"Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No resting required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney, and 325 Collins Street, Melbourne.

What to do when Nerves go Wrong

Nervy Days and Sleepless Nights

Men and women who suffer from weak nerves, who tire easily, can't sleep, have brain-fag, low vitality, general weakness, loss of strength, dulled ambition, lack of will-power, or any of these symptoms that so surely arise from poor, unsteady, unstrung nerves, or nerve-force run low. Try eating a little Phosphorated Iron with your meals for a few days and watch results. This preparation is the greatest nerve-vitaliser ever known for putting back the good old "ginger," ambition, courage and real vital energy into a tired, run-down and shattered nervous system.

Here is a test worth trying.—The next time you feel tired, blue, or when your nerves are fairly crying out, eat a couple of Phosphorated Iron tablets at meal-time for a few days. It seems to go straight to the nerve-cells and start work the minute it reaches them.

A few days brings an almost amazing change from that awful, dull, weak, lazy "don't-give-a-hang" feeling to brightness, strength, clear-headedness and courage. It calms and strengthens the nerves of people who get the "jumps" and fidgets, and gives them poise, power and reserve energy. Phosphorated Iron contains no habit-forming drugs, and all reliable chemists now sell it on an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

WHY NOT *Spring-Clean Faces, too?*

By Evelyn

Here are special brightening-up hints for winter-weary skins!

THE correct face-pack or complexion-mask is the spring tonic every skin needs. And water, plenty of it, for the system. At least five glasses of cold or hot water should be sipped between meals. A small glass of orange juice or a glass of water containing lemon should be sipped on arising. And plenty of fresh fruit, salads, and green vegetables (brown instead of white bread) should be included in the diet.

HERE is a pack which, if applied twice a week during the next six weeks, will make a sallow, wind-dried winter skin decidedly softer and brighter.

Melt sufficient cocoa butter to make one tablespoonful and mix it with the same quantity of lanoline. To this add the juice of half a lemon.

Now cleanse the skin with good soap and water (or cleansing cream) in readiness for the treatment.

Before applying, comb your hair back from the forehead and pin it carefully under a cap or beneath a bandage wound lightly around the head, to prevent any of the cream from getting on the hair.

Another Beautifier

SPREAD the creamy preparation liberally and smoothly over the face and neck and leave for a few minutes. Then, using lemon rind as a massaging agent, work the pack well into the skin, using, as is always advised, firm but gentle inward and outward movements. Put with the third finger-tips of each hand beneath the eyes, working from the temples in towards the nose and up and out over the eyelids.

Now lie down and rest for at least ten minutes. But before so doing, soak two little pads of cotton-wool in equal parts of witch-hazel and rosewater and place over the eyes.

Relax.

Then remove cream with soft towel or tissue and finally with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in the witch-hazel and rosewater.

Drink your five or six glasses of water daily, and within a few weeks your skin will have lost its callowness and dryness and will be fresh, smooth, and satin-like.

If you can get buttermilk, here is another simple but excellent pack. This is made from cornmeal or oatmeal (used for porridge), toilet oatmeal, or almond-meal, which can be purchased from your chemist or the perfumery department of any large store.

Put whatever meal chosen in a saucer, and mix to a paste with buttermilk.

REMOVE the mask gently with towel or cotton-wool dipped in lukewarm (or cool) water, or as directed.

ALWAYS allow pack or mask to set by resting for ten, fifteen minutes, or longer, without moving the muscles.

Cleanse face as previously directed; spread on paste, leave for 15 minutes, rinse off with cool water and pat in a good skin food. Leave on for 15 minutes, wipe off, and rinse face with cold water.

Continue this treatment two or three times a week for six weeks.

Still another excellent mask is made from egg-white, supplemented by egg-yolk.

Cleanse skin thoroughly. Whip up egg-white and paint on face and neck with small brush, or smear on with finger-tips.

Allow to dry and spread on second layer. When dry, paint or smear on beaten yolk of egg. Leave for an hour and then wash off, and pat in skin food. Leave for 15 minutes.

Finest toilet oatmeal mixed with whisked egg-white to a thick paste is also excellent for tired winter skins.

After careful cleansing, apply mask thoroughly to face and neck and leave on till dry. Remove with a moist cotton-wool pad, and pat in some skin food. Remove after a few moments with a pad dipped in equal quantities of witch-hazel and rosewater.

Another swiftly-made and definitely good pack for a dry, tired, and "elderly" skin is to mix the yolk of an egg with about the same quantity of almond oil. This should be given the skin twice a week for three weeks, and thereafter once a week. As stated previously, the skin is thoroughly cleansed before the application, which should be painted on with a small, soft brush or smeared on with the finger-tips. Leave on for 15 minutes and then wipe off with a cloth or pad dipped in diluted witch-hazel, or water to which lemon juice has been added.

THERE'S magic in a mask, to apply as directed, very smoothly over face and neck.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

••BY A DOCTOR••

Indigestion and Its Possible Causes

PATIENT: I have been suffering a great deal from attacks of indigestion and would like your advice on the possible causes.

WHEN a person has an attack of indigestion, it does not mean, necessarily, that the real seat of the trouble is in the stomach, or even in the intestines. Indeed considerable confusion exists as regards indigestion—technically meaning the non-digestion of food—although the symptom of indigestion is probably second in frequency only to the symptom of headache.

It must be borne in mind that the **stomach is, after all, merely a reservoir in which various foods are mixed and churned; and that the stomach plays only a preliminary role in the final digestion of the food.**

The intestines are more important, really—as are also the secretions of the liver (bile) and of the pancreas (pancreatic juice)—than are the gastric juices so far as absorption and general nutrition of the body are concerned.

For even if the stomach does not do its work properly for a time, no serious damage is likely to result. And, incidentally, the stomach is placed well up under the ribs on the left side, and it should not be confused with the abdomen, in which the intestines lie.

That the stomach can give trouble there can be no question. Too much acid or too little acid is not uncommon. Pain in the stomach may be present after eating or before eating.

Gas may form. There may be heartburn or sour eructations. The point of emphasis, however, is the fact that stomach distress may not mean stomach disease.

Almost half the people who complain of indigestion are victims of disease or temporary disorder of other organs which are not even near the stomach, so far as anatomical position goes.

Many Causes

FOR instance, heart disease may give stomach symptoms. So may kidney disease. But tonsils may do it or even any other infection of the mouth, such as decayed teeth. Tuberculosis of the lungs may cause indigestion. Even eyestrain has been known to upset the stomach.

Among disorders which cause indigestion, where the stomach and intestinal tract are really normal, may be mentioned gall-bladder disorders, and a diseased appendix. And, perhaps, topping the list of remote causes for stomach upsets should be mentioned nervous affections.

The stomach and, of course, the intestines are intimately connected with the nervous system. Any discerning person can bear witness to the fact that worry can cause stomach or abdominal distress. Excitement during a meal will also do it.

Any chronic functional nerve trouble, a highly sensitised and unstable nervous make-up, a person who is full of fears, such nerve manifestations are all common causes of indigestion.

SORE, ACHING MUSCLES

Get Ease and Comfort with SLOAN'S . . . .

Your muscles are likely to be stiff and sore if you work hard for long hours. When your muscles ache, pat SLOAN'S Liniment on the affected area.

SLOAN'S sends fresh blood straight to the spot. Right away you will feel the warmth and beneficial effects of SLOAN'S through its counter-irritant action.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

It's a sad day when the dentist says "They'll have to come out." It's tragic because it's unnecessary. A germicidal tooth paste would have prevented decay germs from getting a start, and those beautiful teeth would have lasted a lifetime.

Euthymol Tooth Paste kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds. Children from the earliest age should be taught to brush the teeth night and morning with Euthymol, and to visit the dentist twice a year. Such care will ensure healthy gums and strong teeth and prevent the possibility of dental tragedies later in life. Get a tube of Euthymol to-day.

1/3 per tube

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Pronounced U-THY-MOL

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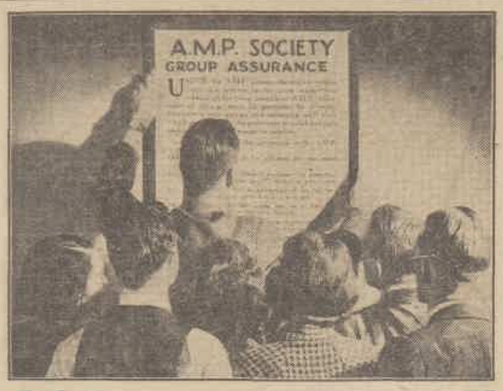

Of importance to all EMPLOYEES

UNDER the A.M.P. Group Assurance system men and women in the same employ can obtain all the great benefits of A.M.P. assurance at special rates of premium by forming themselves into groups, and arranging with their employers to deduct the premiums in small amounts regularly from their wages or salaries.

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During the last five years the A.M.P. has paid out £31,859,941 to its members or their dependents. Its bonus results are unexcelled anywhere.

The Society has published a book, "John Applethorn Finds Himself," of which it would like to see a copy in every office, warehouse, and factory. It deals with Group Assurance. A copy will be posted gladly to any address on request.

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A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 66

INSPECTOR CROME said to his subordinate:

"Get me out a list of all stocking manufacturing firms and circularise them. I want a list of all their agents—you know, fellows who sell on commission and tout for orders."

"This the A.B.C. case, sir?"

"Yes. One of M. Hercule Poirot's ideas." The inspector's tone was disdainful. "Probably nothing in it, but it doesn't do to neglect any chance, however faint."

"Right, sir. M. Poirot's done some good stuff in his time, but I think he's a bit ga ga now, sir."

"He's a mountebank," said Inspector Crome. "Always posing. Takes in some people. It doesn't take in me. Now then, about the arrangement for Doncaster . . ."

Tom Hartigan said to Lily Marbury: "Saw your old dugout this morning."

"Who? Mr. Cust?"

"Cust it was. At Euston. Looking like a hen, as usual. I think the fellow's half a loony. He needs someone to look after him. First he dropped his paper and then he dropped his ticket. I picked that up—he hadn't the faintest idea he'd lost it. Thanked me in an agitated sort of manner, but I don't think he recognised me."

"Oh, well," said Lily. "He's only seen you passing in the hall, and not very often at that."

TO-DAY

I cannot change the yesterdays,
Unravel one design,
But I may give continued praise—
To-day is mine.

I care not what to-morrow brings
To make my life complete,
Within my heart a small voice sings—
To-day is sweet.

Nor shall I hold one lingering grief;
With love made manifest
My soul renews its glad belief—
To-day is blessed!

—*May Lord.*

They danced once round the floor.

"You dance something beautiful," said Tom.

"Go on," said Lily and wriggled yet a little closer.

They danced round again.

"Did you say Euston or Paddington?" asked Lily abruptly. "Where you saw old Cust, I mean?"

"Euston."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. What do you think?"

"Funny. I thought you went to Cheltenham from Paddington."

"So you do. But old Cust wasn't going to Cheltenham. He was going to Doncaster."

"Cheltenham."

"Doncaster. I know, my girl! After all, I picked up his ticket, didn't I?"

"Well, he told me he was going to Cheltenham. I'm sure he did."

"Oh, you've got it wrong. He was going to Doncaster all right. Some people have all the luck. I've got a bit on Firefly for the Leger and I'd love to see it run."

"I shouldn't think Mr. Cust went to race meetings, he doesn't look the kind. Oh, Tom, I hope he won't get murdered. It's Doncaster the A.B.C. murder's going to be."

"Cust'll be all right. His name doesn't begin with a D."

"He might have been murdered last time. He was down near Churston at Torquay when the last murder happened."

"Was he? That's a bit of a coincidence, isn't it?"

He laughed.

"He wasn't at Bexhill the time before, was he?"

Lily crinkled her brows.

"He was away. . . . Yes, I remember he was away . . . because he forgot his bathing-dress. Mother was mending it for him. And she said: 'There—Mr. Cust went away yesterday without his bathing-dress after all,' and I said: 'Oh, never mind the old bathing-dress—there's been the most awful murder,' I said, 'a girl strangled at Bexhill'."

"Well, if he wanted his bathing-dress, he must have been going to the seaside. I say, Lily"—his face crinkled up with amusement. "What price your old dugout being the murderer himself?"

"Poor Mr. Cust? He wouldn't hurt a fly," laughed Lily.

They danced on happily—in their conscious minds nothing but the pleasure of being together.

In their unconscious minds something stirred . . .

DONCASTER!

I shall, I think, remember that 11th of September all my life.

Indeed, whenever I see a mention of the St. Leger my mind flies automatically not to horseracing but to murder.

When I recall my own sensations, the thing that stands out most is a sickening sense of insufficiency. We were here—on the spot—Poirot, myself, Clarke, Fraser, Megan Barnard, Thora Grey and Mary Drower, and in the last resort what could any of us do?

We were building on a forlorn hope—on the chance of recognising among a crowd of thousands of people a face or figure imperfectly seen on an occasion one, two, or three months back.

The odds were in reality greater than that. Of us all, the only person likely to make such a recognition was Thora Grey.

Some of her serenity had broken down under the strain. Her calm, efficient manner was gone. She sat twisting her hands together, almost weeping, appealing incoherently to Poirot.

"I never really looked at him. . . . Why didn't I? What a fool I was. You're depending on me, all of you . . . and I shall let you down. Because even if I did see him again I mightn't recognise him. I've got a bad memory for faces."

Poirot, whatever he might say to me, and however harshly he might seem to criticise the girl, showed nothing but kindness now. His manner was tender in the extreme. It struck me that Poirot was no more indifferent to beauty in distress than I was.

He patted her shoulder kindly.

"Now then, petite, not the hysteria. We cannot have that. If you should see this man you would recognise him."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, a great many reasons—for one, because the red succeeds the black."

"What do you mean, Poirot?" I cried.

"I speak the language of the tables. At roulette there may be a long run on the black—but in the end red must turn up. It is the mathematical laws of chance."

"You mean that luck turns?"

Please turn to Page 69

CALM STOMACH NERVES & INTESTINES

Stop switching abdominal nerves and muscles—END Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sourness, Acidity, Fermentation, etc., by taking Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder. Get instant relief and enjoy peaceful rest. Stomach and intestines are soothed, healed, protected more completely than by old methods. Inflamed, ulcerated tissues get back to normal, even after years of dependence on mere tablets-givers. Bowels, too (where 75 per cent. of digestion occurs), are made healthy by Harrison-Maclean Powder. If a real restoration to perfect digestive health is what you want, as well as quick relief, take Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder and recover as millions have. 2/6, at any good chemists. Beware of inferior "Maclean" substitutes—get the famous White Package, and see the name HARRISON for your protection.

Harrison-Maclean Is Sure

Hairdresser gives advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy

Miss Diana Manners, a well-known Sydney hairdresser for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, ½ oz. of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at small cost, and the mixing is so easy you should do it yourself and save extra expense. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it back to its natural shade of black, brown or blonde, as it cannot be detected—besides making the hair glossy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, does not affect waving of hair; is free from grease or sticky gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey-haired person twenty years more youthful in appearance."

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are easily upset by neglect of drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sis-tex). Soothes, tones, cleans and heals sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT
DALZO STICKING PLASTER
FOR FIRST AID
ALL CHEMISTS

Grows Hair at Rate of One Inch in 14 Days!

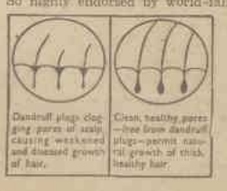
"IN less than 2 weeks Crystolis Rapid started a growth of hair—checking itching dandruff and falling hair. My hair has grown fully two inches in four weeks (a rate of one inch in 14 days), besides a quantity of new young hair — assuring abundant healthy growth."—Miss R. Richards, ——, Sydney.

The secret of the remarkable effectiveness of Crystolis Rapid in promoting hair growth is its power in cleansing the hair roots. Dandruff is not—as many imagine—merely the white, scaly flakes that fill the hair. It is a germ—hidden in the hair roots—and these white flakes are but a symptom. The insidious germ plugs the pores up tighter and tighter till the hair root is smothered. Soon—if your scalp is not cleansed of these plugs—baldness comes.

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—is swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions.

So highly endorsed by world-famous scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded.

One User Said: "You Can Almost See the New Hair Grow Up."



If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of hair with the satiny sheen, the sparkle of good health—ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'

Sing, to the tune of—

If you were the only girl in the world

(With acknowledgements to Messrs. B. Feldman & Co.)

If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world to-day,
If you went on cooking in the Bisto way.
Meat pies and hot pots, mince hash or stew,
With nothing to mar our joy.
I would say such wonderful things to you,
When you cooked those wonderful things you do,
If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.

BISTO
for all meat dishes

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A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 68

"EXACTLY, Hastings. And that is where the gambler (and the murderer, who is, after all, only a supreme kind of gambler since what he risks is not his money but his life) often lacks intelligent anticipation. Because he has won he thinks he will continue to win! He does not leave the tables in good time with his pockets full. So in crime the murderer who is successful cannot conceive the possibility of not being successful! He takes to himself all the credit for a successful performance—but I tell you, my friends, however carefully planned, no crime can be successful without luck!"

"Isn't that going rather far?" demurred Franklin Clarke.

Poirot waved his hands excitedly.

"No, no. It is an even chance, if you like, but it must be in your favor. Consider! It might have happened that someone enters Mrs. Ascher's shop just as the murderer is leaving. That person might have thought of looking behind the counter, have seen the dead woman—and either laid hands on the murderer straight away or else been able to give such an accurate description of him to the police that he would have been arrested forthwith."

"Yes, of course, that's possible," admitted Clarke. "What it comes to is that a murderer's got to take a chance."

"Precisely. A murderer is always a gambler. And, like many gamblers, a murderer often does not know when to stop. With each crime his opinion of his own abilities is strengthened. His sense of proportion is warped. He does not say 'I have been clever and lucky!' No, he says only, 'I have been clever!' And his opinion of his cleverness grows . . . and then, mes amis, the ball spins, and the run of color is over—it drops into a new number and the croupier calls out 'Rouge'."

"You think that will happen in this case?" asked Megan, drawing her brows together in a frown.

"It must happen sooner or later! So far the luck has been with the criminal—sooner or later it must turn and be with us. I believe that it has turned! The elite of the stockings is the beginning. Now, instead of everything going right for him, everything will go wrong for him! And he, too, will begin to make mistakes . . ."

"I will say you're heartening," said Franklin Clarke. "We all need a bit of comfort. I've had a paralysing feeling of helplessness ever since I woke up."

"It seems to me highly problematical that we can accomplish anything of practical value," said Donald Fraser.

Megan rapped out:

"Don't be a defeatist, Don."

Mary Drower, flushing up a little, said:

"What I say is, you never know. That wicked fiend's in this place, and so are we—and, after all, you do run up against people in the funniest way sometimes."

I fumed:

"If only we could do something more."

"You must remember, Hastings, that the police are doing everything reasonably possible. Special constables have been enrolled. The good Inspector Crome may have the irritating manner, but he is a very able police officer, and Colonel Anderson, the Chief Constable, is a man of action. They have taken the fullest measures for watching and patrolling the town and the racecourse. There will be plainclothes men everywhere. There is also the Press campaign. The public is fully warned."

Donald Fraser shook his head.

"HE'LL never attempt it, I'm thinking," he said more hopefully. "The man would just be mad!"

"Unfortunately," said Clarke dryly, "he is mad! What do you think, M. Poirot? Will he give it up or will he try to carry it through?"

"In my opinion the strength of his obsession is such that he must attempt to carry out his promise! Not to do so would be to admit failure, and that his insane egoism would never allow. That, I may say, is also Dr. Thompson's opinion. Our hope is that he may be caught in the attempt."

Donald shook his head again.

"He'll be very cunning."

Poirot glanced at his watch. We took the hint. It had been agreed that we were to make an all-day session of it, patrolling as many streets as possible in the morning, and later stationing ourselves at various likely points on the racecourse.

I say "we." Of course, in my own case such a patrol was of little avail since I was never likely to have set eyes on A.B.C. However, as the idea was to separate so as to cover as wide an area as possible, I had suggested that I should act as escort to one of the ladies.

Poirot had agreed—I am afraid with somewhat of a twinkle in his eye.

The girls went off to get their hats on. Donald Fraser was standing by the window looking out, apparently lost in thought.

Franklin Clarke glanced over at him, then evidently deciding that the other was too abstracted to count as a listener he lowered his voice a little and addressed Poirot.

"Look here, M. Poirot. You went down to Churston, I know, and saw my sister-in-law. Did she say—or hint—I mean—did she suggest at all——?"

He stopped, embarrassed.

Poirot answered with a face of blank innocence that aroused my strongest suspicions.

"Comment? Did your sister-in-law say, hint, or suggest—what?"

Franklin Clarke got rather red.

"PERHAPS you think this isn't a time for butting in with personal things——"

"Du tout!"

"But I feel I'd like to get things quite straight."

"An admirable course."

This time I think Clarke began to suspect Poirot's bland face of concealing some inner amusement. He ploughed on rather heavily.

"My sister-in-law's an awfully nice woman—I've been very fond of her always—but, of course, she's been ill some time—and in that kind of illness—being given drugs and all that—one tends to—well, to fancy things about people!"

"Ah?"

By now there was no mistaking the twinkle in Poirot's eye.

But Franklin Clarke, absorbed in his diplomatic task, was past noticing it.

"It's about Thora—Miss Grey," he said.

"Oh, it is of Miss Grey you speak?" Poirot's tone held innocent surprise.

"Yes. Lady Clarke got certain ideas in her head. You see, Thora—Miss Grey—is, well, rather a good-looking girl——"

"Perhaps—yes," conceded Poirot.

"And women, even the best of them, are a bit catty about other women. Of course, Thora was invaluable to my brother—he always said she was the best secretary he ever had—and he was very fond of her, too. But it was all perfectly straight and above-board. I mean, Thora isn't the sort of girl——"

To Be Continued

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of Bile into your bowels daily. If this bile does not flow freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only. 1/3 and 2/-. Repeat a substitute.***

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Most Give Results in 7 Days or Money Back, Say the Makers, Who Will Gladly Return the Purchase Price if it Doesn't Help You.

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people, convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any other good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the one and only sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Remember that Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating, Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue, and that it must give complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.***

Cure For Bad-Tempered Husbands

HINTS to wives on how to "feed the "brute" were given by Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser in an address to the International Rotary Conference at Blackpool, England. She said:—

Malnutrition is associated with crime.

Overfeeding has a deteriorating effect on character.

Much of the lethargy and stupidity, bad temper and business ineptitude of menfolk are due to lack of calcium or magnesia or phosphorus in their food.

"How can we blame a man for ill-temper," Dr. Chesser asked, "if we clog his liver, brain, and heart, fill his blood with toxins of auto-intoxication, or starve him of the minerals which make for vigor and beauty?

"No woman may presume to call herself educated if she is ignorant of food values, dietetics, and good cooking. Because women are complacent in their ignorance, half the population of this green England is suffering from vitamin and mineral starvation."

A danger in nurseries to-day was too much sugar in sweets and food. Peevish and irritable children, martyrs to colds and catarrhs, too fat and too pink, were the victims of excessive starch and sugar.

—Extract, Daily News, Adelaide.

BIDOMAK

The Tonic of the Century

MAKES YOU WELL OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

Praise from Lecturer

(Original of report quoted below may be inspected at our office.)

Clovelly,
Sydney, N.S.W.
21st April, 1936.

The Manager,
Douglas Drug Co.
Dear Sir,

It is not my practice to offer testimonials, but under the circumstances I feel that I would be wanting in thanks if I failed to write you.

Briefly—my work as a lecturer in applied psychology and ancient history, involving, on occasions, as many as ten lectures weekly, it such that the nervous system suffers in direct ratio.

Six weeks ago I went down with an attack of sheer lethargy, which was really the warning of the possibility of a breakdown. To make matters worse, I found that my skin erupted on the chest, the back and the face and legs, until the irritation was well nigh maddening. I understand that the starved nerves allowed the lymph content of the blood to erupt through the skin and the toxic state of the blood brought on poisoning. My condition was grave, so much that the specialists were concerned to a degree. I was supplied with lotions and what not, but failed in securing cure.

In disgust I decided that I would be my own Doctor and, having heard BIDOMAK extolled, I decided to give it a trial. A week ago I bought the first bottle. To-day I procured the second. My face, chest, and back are healed, the skin of my face being clear and almost too good for a man. The legs are practically healed, being only treated with an emollient to ease the irritation. I forgot to mention that the leg muscles assumed an almost constant state of stiffness, rendering walking extremely difficult, and impossible without the aid of a cane. To-day I can walk with anyone.

Withhold my name, but publish the rest of this letter, and by all means refer other sufferers to me. I will answer their letters willingly.

I am,
Yours gratefully,
(Signed) I.W.

Go down to your chemist or store and buy a bottle of Bidomak if your husband is showing signs of irritability. Nine times out of ten "nerves" are the cause of bad-temper, and nerves are caused by "mineral starvation." Perhaps that may seem strange to you—but people who have tried everything else have been amazed at the immediate, quick happy results which come from the use of a mineral food supplement such as Bidomak. ***Bidomak contains the vital food minerals, without which, leading dieticians tell us, life would be impossible.*** It's use as directed changes grumpy, tired men into fit, well, vigorous personalities again.

How Mineral Starvation Can Be Recognised

The loss of mineral elements in the body is due to the strain and stress of modern life and the fact that these losses are not replaced by our daily food supply. To begin with, they show themselves in an insidious loss of energy and vitality. The power to concentrate is lost. Then other symptoms crowd upon the sufferer. He loses his spirit, the desire to exert himself falls—his appetite weakens—he gets oversensitive and quick tempered.

Sometimes he becomes the victim of *indigestion, sciatica, headaches,* and subject to fits of depression. Altogether the mineral starved man becomes a less efficient member of society. The more youthful jump over his head in business. Socially, he becomes a back number. Thus, through lack of vital mineral food he loses his ability to enjoy life and to win success. No wonder he "snaps" even at those most dear to him.

What a tragedy this is! But it need be a tragedy no longer.

Bidomak can now replace the vital minerals and bring the sufferer back to vigour and vitality. Energy returns—life looks brighter—daily tasks become easy—the power of concentration returns—temper improves and irritability vanishes—confidence grows quickly as vigour and nerve strength return. It is like a miracle how the iron, lime, calcium, sodium, potash, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose in Bidomak combine to provide a new savour to life, even in the worst cases.

No Dangerous Drugs

Remember, too, that Bidomak is a food. It contains no bitter, dangerous narcotic drugs nor opiates. On the other hand, Bidomak is safe for the youngest children, who take it readily because of its very pleasant flavour. Get a bottle from your chemist or store TO-DAY.

For Women and Children Too!

No other tonic is so good for all as Bidomak. Not only men, but women and children too, find new life and vigour in the big Bidomak bottle. Benefit is guaranteed or you may have your money back.

BENEFIT GUARANTEED

Or YOU PAY NOTHING

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit from the first bottle we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on its return, nearly empty, to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

Bidomak is a Product of the Douglas Drug Company, Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. Sole Wholesale Agents for Tasmania: L. Fairthorne & Son Pty. Ltd.

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Put some BOVRIL into it

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Bovril **has the special power of enabling the body to get more and better nourishment from food of all kinds.** And the appetising flavour of Bovril makes all the difference to soups, sauces and all savoury dishes. **Curries are enormously improved by it.**

BAD NEWS *from* BOSTON

Continued from Page 6

UNCLE JOE cleared his throat, a bad sign. "Hm. I don't see any great necessity—hm—of taking them with you. There's a woman, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, a woman." Restraining an impulse to strike out at an elderly man, Richard surprised himself by a ripple of inward mirth. "She's out fishing now—for devilfish, you know. A great luxury, if you get used to them. I'm looking after the children."

"Devilfish!" said Aunt Sarah faintly, screwing up her sharp nose.

But Uncle Joe stuck to his point. "Richard, we've taken all this trouble because I'm bringing you some good news."

"Wonderful news," chimed Aunt Sarah.

"Mr. Thebault's dead—not that I don't deplore it. But he was third vice-president in the bank, and his death leaves a vacancy."

"Salary?" asked Richard, suddenly paying attention.

Uncle Joe exchanged a quick, stingy glance with his wife before he said, "Thirty-five hundred for the first two years."

"Want to see the hut where Poli does the cooking?" asked Richard, in the same friendly tone.

"We've seen enough, thank you," said Aunt Sarah, and her voice took on a high quaver. "Richard, please listen to us. Come home."

"And if the salary seems moderate," said Uncle Joe, "you can get along very well. You can live with us."

Although this promise was a threat with a humorous tang, Richard didn't smile. Thirty-five hundred a year, with bed and board for him and for Poli and the kids. How would Poli live in Boston? But she said she liked clean sheets and percolator coffee . . .

Just then her figure darkened the door. With a full basket over her arm she was like Ceres, loosely draped and crowned with flowers. Richard had never seen her prettier than she was then, her wild black eyes turned upon the visitors.

"POLI," said Richard, "here's my aunt and uncle I've been telling you about."

"How do you do?" said Poli.

"How do you do?" said aunt and uncle.

There was a moment of mutual staring, then Poli turned to Richard and gave him a letter which had been lying with the canned goods in her basket. "Excuse me," said he, and went over to the corner to break the envelope. When he came back his face was a blank above the stubbly beard.

"Poli," he said, "my aunt and uncle want to take us back to Boston to live."

"Yes?" asked Poli, in the way she could ask it.

"Don't let's have any misunderstanding." Aunt Sarah's face was long and rubbery, like the sole of a tennis shoe. "We have asked Richard to come back and resume his place in society. Richard, I think your—er——" gesturing to Poli, "will understand. We are willing to provide a reasonable sum for her and her—er——" gesturing towards the babies.

"How very, very kind of you," said Poli, dropping her dark eyes.

"Not only that," said Richard, putting his hands in his pockets to keep them out of trouble, "I cordially invite you both to get out of here."

"Richard!" shrilled Aunt Sarah.

"Furthermore, you've not only insulted me, but you've insulted Mrs. Richard Minto Powle——"

"Richard, you don't mean to say you've really married this——"

"Three years ago. Now will you please move on to the next beachcomber and tell him that since I've been on this island of lost souls I've made more money than Uncle Joe's bank'll pay me in ten years——"

"YOU'RE beyond redemption," sighed Aunt Sarah, and her eyes were poisonous with a good woman's curse as she hooked her arm in Uncle Joe's and dragged him away through the breadfruit grove.

Poli was crying when Richard turned and took her in his arms, murmuring, "Shut up, darling! Oh, for heaven's sake, be quiet!" His bare shoulder was wet with tears when he heard her sob:

"You almost went back with them—you almost——"

"Nothing of the kind, you sweet little nut. You should have heard the fill I gave them—cannibals, pigs, gin. I made them so disgusted with me that they've given me up forever. Whoops! Ain't that somethin'?"

"Yes; but—why—why did you tell them that awful lie?"

"About making money?"

"Yes, when the grocer says——"

"Look here, little brownie——" He scampered over to the table and brought her the letter he had just opened.

". . . and when you sign the enclosed agreement and it reaches me here I'll send you 4500dol., first payment . . ."

Poli gave a little shriek. "You don't mean to say you've sold it?"

But Richard read on:

". . . The balance of the 25,000dol. on December first. And say, are the Sunrise Film people goofy about "Passion under the Palms"? Steiner tells me that you were a wise baby to go native for art's sake and dish the local color right off the beach. Steiner won't stand for fake South Sea stuff—and, kid, in your position, what can't you do? Hurry up with the next one and give it to 'em before this gets cold . . .'"

"HOORAY!" The two of them shouted it together, like a college yell. Poli threw away her hibiscus wreath, and performed a native dance. Richard kicked off his sandals and joined her, spinning round and round the room.

"Poli," said Richard, stopping to pant, "think you could find my safety razor? It's somewhere. I want to wipe out this fringe and put on some clothes. We'll all go to Ponga and live in the hotel till the money comes."

"Clean sheets and percolator coffee!" She clasped her hands as if in prayer. "How can I bear it?"

"And we'll play some tennis, and you can have a nurse for the kids, and——"

"Dick!" She faced him, clutching his shoulders. "How much did you tell them about me?"

"You heard me say you were Mrs. Richard Minor Powle," he smiled slyly.

"Yes. Your native wife."

"Why shouldn't I let them think so?" he asked. "That was my final touch. Did you see them scram?"

Richard's handling of his relatives had been a work of art; and art is improved by the things the artist doesn't tell. He hadn't told them, for instance, that Poli's American name, when he met her at the University of California, was Polly McIntyre, and being Irish, she had married him for love.

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ILL?

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Cream of Yeast is LIFE!

BETTY'S "*Racey*" NARRATIVES!

How to Make Your Fortune with Doubles

By BETTY GEE

If I thought Egmont could win the Metropolitan at Randwick on October 5 I would take a double with Hadrian—if I thought Hadrian were sure to win the Epsom on October 3.

Yes, those were my thoughts as I lay confined with the "dog's disease"—wet nose and all—instead of going to Canterbury on Saturday.

The price of that double is ??? to 1. Of course, you realise that the law prevents me from "publishing" the odds, but isn't it ridiculous when actually we all know the price!

Dickie brought home one of those so interesting bookmaker's catalogues, telling you the odds they'll bet you on the Epsom and the Metropolitan, and the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, and the only satisfaction I got out of the flu was spending the money I'm going to win on those doubles.

What marvellous fun you can have with these price-catalogues, building up singles, doubles, trebles, and quadruples, then taking them to pieces again like a jigsaw because they don't fit.

Take the Epsom, for instance! What better than Cuddle to get the trip to the Melbourne Cup with? She's the loveliest thing, for looks, at the Randwick tracks, I'm told. But those old "hardheads" of racing say, darkly, "Beware of mares in the spring." They run faster in the autumn, it seems.

All right, we'll save Cuddle for our autumn outfits, and go for the light spring things on Hadrian for the Epsom. Doing well, too, in his training, they say, and is such a handsome creature—a pretty rosewood shade of chestnut with several white legs.

Yes, but what about Pamelus? They say he's the best horse out of Queensland for years.

Somehow I've got a feeling that a chestnut with lots of white will win the Epsom, so that ought to make it easy to pick the first leg of the double. There aren't many of these in the Epsom, really, only Hadrian, Pamelus, Silver Ring, Cereza, Heritor, Grand Boy, Golden Wings and a few others.

Shrewd men who go straight from their night clubs to see these horses work at Randwick at dawn have already visited the double-merchant to take a leg with Heritor, and they say he's the most improved horse at Randwick.

Dickie said he had read where Jacky Pratt's going to reserve his services for Cereza in the Epsom, but laughs at the idea, because he says she's become a saucy jade, and a shrew who won't do her best in races, and is getting sourer at the barrier every time she runs.

If Mares Wore Dresses

OF course, all that about mares not being much good in the spring, and the sourness of this filly and the jadishness of that, might be all sex-jealousy invented by the men; but when I suggested that to Dickie he got some great big blue book all full of racing history and showed me that a mare hadn't won the Epsom for nearly 30 years, and not many the Metropolitan, and none at all for years the Caulfield Cup, and only about three in the 75 years of the Melbourne Cup!

I knew it was no use arguing with him against that sort of stone walls, so I shut up. But I must remember to reopen the subject if a mare DOES win one of them this spring.

If race-mares were dresses and the other finery we put on, I'll bet they'd be better in the spring than any other time in the year, don't you?

But let's get on. We've got the Metropolitan to pick, and, as I said, Egmont's my pick. Somebody told me he might be kept for the Melbourne Cup, but if I know Georgie Price he'll go for whatever offers. So I'll bet my spring lay-bys to a Paris model Egmont goes for the Metrop. first.

Then there's that New Zealander, Kinnoul. Beat Cuddle in races last summer. But, of course, she might have been "kidding" to his "sterner sex" susceptibilities.

And Wykeham, and Loud Applause, and Sporting Blood. Hadrian and Wykeham would be Bailey Payten's stable double because he trains them both now. Also, he's the handsomest young trainer in the game these days.

What's in a Name?

CUDDLE'S in the Caulfield Cup. In fact, she's in everything. But there's another New Zealand mare called Oratory in it. What a name to give a she-horse—mere "slinging off" at a poor female's nagging shortcomings it sounds like.

But I prefer Donaster. He's my favorite color scheme—a darkish chestnut with platinum-blonde mane and tail to set it off to best effect, and a few months ago, when they were all talking Hall Mark for the King's Cup in Adelaide, Donaster was quietly slipped over the border from Melbourne, and won that and two other races—by five lengths, mark you.

Now, in Adelaide, if you show a voucher for a Cup double with Donaster at any of the Adelaide stores, they'll accept it as a deposit on a spring costume lay-by.

But what to finish with, prithee, in the Cups double?

There's Gold Rod! But those who should know say he's too fast to stay two miles. Well, they could have said that of Phar Lap with equal inexactitude, couldn't they?

Silver Ring I won't have. The cheaper metals never win the gold Cup. Contact a possibility, yes, but I don't know about Sylvandale. He got so far while his owner, "Miss Lorna Doone," was away on an American tour that they couldn't fit him with XOS garments when he came back to start training.

"Miss Doone" also has Billy Boy, and they think he'll stay. But who am I to know whether this is so, or not? Another three-year-old is Plutus, who ought to be a good thing if it's wet, and I know Peter Riddle puts his faith in Apollo.

The D's in the Melbourne Cup—Dark Chief, Dubonnet, Dulcedo, Dictator, Dick Devon, and Desert Chief—aren't worth considering, so I don't think there will be an alliterative double this year with Donaster, like Whittier and Windbag. No—particularly after looking through the big new racing supplement the Daily Telegraph issued last Friday—I think we'll have to choose something else.

What about Loud Applause? A good stayer with a light weight can win the Melbourne Cup, the veterans always say. But which stayer? Well, we'll try Loud Applause. Donaster—Loud Applause. Sounds all right.

So that's the two doubles, Hadrian and Wykeham for the Epsom and Metrop., and Donaster and Loud Applause for the two Cups. I'll send Dickie in for those. I won't be able to get about for a few days.

Another thing, he'll have to pay for them, and if they turn out no good, well, he can keep them, can't he?

Our Book Offers

Here is Token CG10 in the "Australian Home Cookery" and "Australian Home Gardener" Book Offer.

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CUT OUT NOW AND KEEP IT CAREFULLY WITH YOUR VOUCHER.

TOKEN BB28

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HARRISON'S PILLS Can't Fail

Broken Sleep from 'burning' Bladder Quickly Relieved

A Specialist's Treatment for Bladder and Prostate Troubles that Bother Men past 40.

No matter what your age may be, how long you have been troubled, or how many medicines you have tried without success—if you are a victim of Bladder Weakness, and "burning" Acid Irritation, causing troublesome days and nights of Broken Rest—you are invited to try the amazing new Urodyne tablets without risk of cost unless entirely satisfied with results.

Made from the special triple-acting formula of a noted specialist — Urodyne tablets are designed to flush out your 20,000 yards of kidney tubes and soothe and rapidly relieve the pain and misery of Burning Urethral Irritations, Backaches, frequent daily annoyance and troublesome nights. Any good chemist will supply you on a definite guarantee of swift, positive and lasting relief or money back in even stubborn cases. Remember the name is Dr. H. C. Southworth's Urodyne Tablets—get the genuine!

A VISIT to the Takarazuka Girls' Opera, where modern Japanese nymphs vie with the Folies Bergeres, and a night at a typical Japanese inn will be strangely contrasting features of the Eastern tour organised by The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau.

The tour of approximately three months will start from Melbourne on September 19; Sydney, September 26, and Brisbane, September 28.

The inclusive price with special side trips at Hongkong and Manila is £185.

You can get detailed particulars from The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney (Phone: MA4496.)

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"Charnaux" does it for you!

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- Reduces safely, comfortably — even thinnish people do like "a little more off the hips".
- Is cool, light, hygienic, washable.
- Supports without atrophying lazy muscles, massaging them back to activity.
- Gives a smooth streamline to thinnest frocks.

Corsets on Fourth Floor

Pattern numbers are Butterick. All the new ones are here . . . from 1/-

BL5872 (Left) Embroidered French linen. 36 ins. **6/11.**

6751 (Right) Tootal's Florals geometrics. 36 ins. **5/11.**

Linens such as you never set eyes on!

Here! Already! You never saw such variety, such cool, crisp style in all your life! French linens! Waffle weaves! AND crease-resisters! "Irish Village" and silk-like linens! See them all on the first floor.

A durable SATIN BELT 7/6

In reality it's a heavier satin than you usually come across. Yet it feels as light as a feather. A concealed front boned panel keeps perfect control. Size 23, 28.

Brassiere to match, 2/3. Back fastening. Links with the belt to give you greater comfort. Sizes 32 to 36.

Belts Dept. — Ground Floor

Helena Rubinstein

works miracles when you want to look your best at short notice—for grand occasions or dining a deux. She has packed the concentrated essences of 23 different herbs into a youthifying

Herbal Mask for home use

A 12/6 tube contains enough for 12 home treatments. Spread on after cold cream cleansing, relax; forget your worries for 30 minutes. Wipe off with warm, damp facecloth. Gone are a handful of birthdays, fatigue lines, relaxed contours. The skin emerges smooth, vibrant, glowing.

A large tube costs 12/6 at the Cosmetics, ground floor. And no charge for expert advice in the third floor Coral and Chromium Salon.

6840 (Left) Tootal's crease-resisting linen 35 inches. Yard. **5/11.**

D6627 (R.) Crease resister (Tootal). 35". **5/11**

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Sunshine Stealer

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

By . . .

BERTA RUCK

Complete Book-length Novel

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SUNSHINE STEALER

By BERTA RUCK

TWO words: two magic, descriptive and alluring words had etched themselves deep upon the very heart of Carmen.

This happend in the city-bound motor bus early that morning. It was one of the more hopelessly foggy, wet days of London's spring. The streets were curry-colored, drab, and bleak. The bus was chock-a-block with daily breaders depressed and damp, and little Carmen Allen, just one of London's many thousands of toiling business-girls, stood swaying sandwiched between another business girl and a man who read, holding his paper with one hand and hanging on to a strap with the other.

The bus, restarting, gave a lurch, and the sharp corner of that newspaper got Carmen in the eye.

"Sorry," grunted the man without looking at her.

"It's all right. It doesn't matter," Carmen blinked, telling herself "Nothing matters!"—a condition that can spell ecstasy.

But ecstasy and Carmen had long been strangers. This girl, now so ruffled in mind and so devitalised in body, had been christened by that pretty, musical name of hers at a time when it had looked as though the child's life would be one grand, sweet song. And by Nature she had been cast for one of these luscious peach-brunettes, all color, vivacity and sparkle over the glow of a warm and affectionate heart. Nature had trained her to be the pet at home; to be at parties the laughing storm-centre of a riot as to which young man was to drive her back in his Austin, Flat, or cream-bodied Bentley. Circumstances and Fate combined to do away with Nature's intentions, and, since fatigue, anxiety, and a cheap, worn raincoat are becoming to very few of us Carmen was pitifully unlike her name. She looked as dispirited as the venus wherein of the soap-flakes advertisement who has had to bolt from the party because of a laddered stocking. Drab as the very day she fell, when over that man's shoulder in that bus her glance was caught by the newspaper advertisement:

"Sunshine Cruise."

Glamorous phrase!

"Sunshine?" Thirst for sunshine ran in this girl's red blood (Carmen's Spanish grandmother being responsible for more than Carmen's Christian name) and think of the winter she'd just lived—no, existed through—and how she had yearned for the dazzling smile of sun in her eyes, the hot kiss of sun on her hair, the blessed comfort of sun striking in and soaking through her clothes to her skin and down, down into her very bones!

"Cruise?" Well, just imagine escaping from the Happy Home-finders bleak estate office to a sea-voyage! Think of speeding away on an ocean holiday, free as a sea-swallow—instead of staying put in your city groove as narrow as an umbrella stand!

At the office her friend Phyllis Smithson, a good-humored, fair-haired hearty of a girl from the suburbs, told Carmen she looked as if she needed a change.

"Change? Don't talk to me of change! Don't run it in that the only prospect of any change for me is the sack from here. That's looming."

"Don't meet trouble half-way, Car. My mother says, won't you come to supper to-night? Do; she's got a special surprise for you."

"How kind. Thanks. Love to.

IT happened that evening on her way back from work, with a heart full of pessimism. There had been no row at the office over a mistake for which Miss Allen had anticipated the father and mother of a kicking off; but, more alarming than any row, nothing had been said of it.

"That definitely means the sack," decided Carmen, plodding through the rain to what she called "my slum," tucked away at the back of a Mayfair side-street.

Now to get to her slum, Carmen had to pass through "better" streets of palely-formal, old-world houses with beautiful fan-lights, brass-knockers like Italian jewellery. Tenants of those houses could afford to keep their window-boxes full of flowers. They could afford sunshine cruises—oh, tantalising words!—to Spanish ports—Here Carmen's foot slipped. She had tripped over something on the pavement. She looked down to see what it had been. Exclaimed. Stooped. And picked up a note-case of purple leather, silver-bound and new.

Carmen, drawing back into the shelter of the little newsagent's at the corner, opened the case. The inside of it was dry. It contained notes. New, clean, crackling bank-notes. One, two, three, four, five ten-pound notes.

"Fifty pounds!" breathed Carmen, who had never, in all her young life, since her father's financial crash when she was eighteen, seen so much money together.

There was nothing else in the case; nothing to say whether it belonged to a man or a woman. No card, no address, no initials written. Stop. Here, inside a flap, there was neatly printed in marking ink:

"If this case is found please ring up——" and a Mayfair telephone number.

"I'll do that at once," decided the finder, stuffing back these notes as though they burnt her fingers. A few steps on, the public telephone box glowed sealing-wax-red through the drizzle.

"Someone's going to be glad——"

Tightly Carmen held the case in her left hand as she inserted her pennies. There were pitifully few other pennies in her bag.

No reply? No reply.

Behind Curzon Street she reached her home, passed the hat-shop in the basement, the work-rooms where those hats were made on the first floor, the type-writing bureau on the third floor, the milliner's private flat on the fourth floor, the flat to let on the fifth floor, and put her key into the door of her attic flat, composed of a bed-sitter and kitchenette with bath.

PHYLLIS SMITHSON was the one girl in Carmen's office who could throw little parties in a real home, inhabited by a real family.

To orphaned Carmen, who had fended for herself in the cheapest of digs since she was eighteen, it seemed extraordinary luck that a girl could go from the office to the haven of a comfortable suburban villa, to a cheerful mob of brothers, and to an old-school, house-keeping mother who provided her children with soap and toothpaste, listed their laundry, welcomed their friends, and even planned kindly surprises for other people's children under her roof.

Carmen, to tell you the truth, had looked forward during the whole tube-journey to the prospect of again meeting Mr. Yorke. She remembered him, not too distinctly, as a figure belonging to a golden summer evening and an exciting set of tennis and the scent of roses and heliotrope on the July air and a general and soothing atmosphere of having being liked and admired by a young man.

Mr. Yorke, for his part, was more than pleased to greet Carmen who, thanks to the fresh frock and make-up, was looking, this evening and under Mrs. Smithson's pink candle-shades, much as she had looked last summer on the Smithsons' tennis lawn. That evening Mr. Yorke had considered that she was a very charming little bit of nonsense. Little did the man suspect how nervously our Carmen was making sure that the precious, unforgettable case was securely in its place! Think of wearing fifty pounds of somebody else's money in notes on you. Wouldn't it make any girl self-conscious? But young Mr. Yorke, who harbored several belatedly Victorian points of view, put this down to a mixture of provocation and modesty which made the girl more chase-worthy. She, he considered, was a winner.

But to Carmen the young man was a disappointment. He had lost the glamor he'd had across a tennis-net. She found a lack of pep in his dancing to the wireless. How flat of him, too, when at supper Mrs. Smithson asked him what he'd been doing up in the North, to reply: "Much what I do down here in the South!"

MR. YORKE took Carmen home.

He was not a young man who rushed things. He had meant to begin gradually and, usually, asking what shows Carmen had seen, what she'd like to see, when and where he might ring her up. Instead of which—perhaps the Smithsons' port had gone to his neatly-brushed head or perhaps it was the whiff of carnation scent?—anyhow, in the taxi he put his arm round her

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and tried to kiss her. Just like that, apropos nothing.

Like an infuriated kitten Carmen turned on him.

"Don't do that," she snapped—all the more savagely because her recoil had driven the edge of that hidden note-case into her soft flesh as sharply as the corner of that newspaper had flicked into her eye this morning.

"Oh, look here," began Mr. Yorke. "Surely—I mean to say—"

"If you mean that you think I look as if I shouldn't mind that sort of thing, perhaps I don't, but I do," stormed Carmen incoherently. "Why should you imagine I'd let you touch me? It's the last straw."

Mr. Yorke, sitting up and stung, returned that he was sorry she felt like that about it.

"I only mean that such a lot of repulsive things have happened to me to-day already," explained Carmen, so ingenuously that the poor young man had to laugh.

Mr. Yorke was not a bad sort. He admired her. He could give a girl a reasonably good time. He had a good job, a neat profile, the right collar and tie, the usual decent outlook on life, the usual sense of humor and—ah, the usual everything. Yes, the deadly word—usual—That was what made Carmen's every fibre protest: "Wait. There are better dreams!" Don't put up with the second-best!"

On her doorstep this symbol of the second-best gave her a cordial handclasp, wished her good night, and everything she wished herself.

Whereupon, Carmen, touched and rueful, almost wished (almost—not quite) that she had let him kiss her.

THAT night, with the notecase under her pillow, it was long, wearisome hours before Carmen could sleep.

She tossed, wondering whereabouts in London's West End some man or woman was even now debating "where on earth did I drop or leave that money? Will the Lost Property Office people write about it? Or needn't I expect to see it again?"

Tossing to her other side she wondered what these people would say when she returned that wealth. Uneasy lies the head that rests upon a fortune; but at long last Carmen did fall asleep.

The flying-dream!

Swiftly, swiftly Carmen sped through the air, without wings, but upright, with the breeze cool on the soles of her small, bare feet, the sun hot on her hair. Quite unsurprised, she looked down; far below she saw the blue sea, crawling white waves. Her flying form took a drop like a plane in an air-pocket. Now she hovered above a ship's mast, now her feet were only ten yards above a white deck. Vague people moved about that deck, laughing, talking. In a deep-toned man's voice she heard: "Well, may you get all you wish yourself." Then, louder, her name was called: "Carmen!" With a violent start she woke—turned to her alarm clock, found she had forgotten to set it.

Incredibly late it was.

Carmen dressed, tucked the note-case into her jumper, and, breathless, made a dash for the bus.

It lumbered past a hoarding bright with posters showing blue seas, the white wall of a ship, palm-trees on a golden strand, and the ever-enticing words "Sunshine—Sunbathed—Cruising . . ."

"What's in this case would more than pay for a cruise. To think that I'm carrying about with me all those possibilities!"

She had more to think about as soon as she reached the office.

Summoned to the chief's private room, Miss Allen was informed that on account of recent general unsatisfactoriness, culminating in this morning's unpunctuality, her services could be dispensed with after this week.

Evading the sympathy of Phyllis, she went at lunch-time to an unaccustomed tea-shop where, over one small coffee and cigarette (for she was too worried to eat) she debated her next move.

". . . perhaps the note-case owner might do something for me as a reward? Supposing they're people who keep a shop? The money might be staff-wages? I should like a job in a flower shop; so scenty . . . Buckets of sweet peas . . . a green linen overall . . . People might like to do that for the girl who brought back their money! . . . Well, now to telephone. I'll have to hurry . . ."

Yet, ah, how curiously unhurried had Carmen's movements now become! Slowly she took out the money to pay her bill. Slowly she took up her bag. The putting on of her gloves looked like something in a slow-motion film.

"Even if these people, whoever they are, did give me an introduction, it wouldn't follow that I got a job. Certainly not on my appearance!" For, glancing into the tea-shop mirror, Carmen saw herself after a bad night and a succession of bad days at her utter worst. Gone was yesterday evening's sunburst of restored good looks. Who could believe that Carmen Allen had been the beauty of her school? Who would believe that anyone had ever wanted to make love to her—or even attempted to kiss her in the taxi? Not a soul. "Even if at this moment I were given a forty-guinea outfit and a face-treatment and a hair-set in Bond Street, I shouldn't bring it off: you can't look human if you don't look fit. I should have to get away, first, into some air and sun. Sunshine's what I need—I've a hope of getting any!"

An inner whisper: "But you have a hope. You could get away. Haven't you got the money there, you little mug? Finding's keeping. Who'd be the wiser if you hung on to that fifty pounds?"

All that afternoon while the clerk under notice of dismissal tapped her typewriter, her heart was a battleground for two impulses.

"I'll keep the money"—"I'll ring up this evening . . ."

That evening the battle was still raging between a force that urged: "At once! You'll never know any peace until you do," and the other force, that whispered: "Think this over . . ."

"Ring up!"

"Not yet . . ."

"Now!"

"Sleep on it . . ."

Next day Carmen walked into the office of the Canadian Pacific Line in Trafalgar Square and announced hardily: "I've come to ask about your sunshine-cruises."

"WHY did I come?" was what Carmen Allen asked herself a week later when the good ship Monthalcyon was hardly a couple of hours out of Liverpool Docks. "Why on earth was I ever such a fool as to come?"

Three hundred of her four hundred and fifty fellow-passengers were asking themselves the same question.

"I don't believe there's ever going to be any sunshine," declared Carmen. With a nightmare of gloom weighing upon her she buttoned herself up to the lips in her brand new steamer-coat and made her stumbling way up to Deck A.

Shivering, Carmen turned from the heaving black horizon, the glimmer of ochre-and-indigo sunset and the wink of mocking shore-lights and, lost as a poor little cat in a new home, passed through glass doors into a lighted but deserted lounge. A young steward asked what he might bring her.

"Nothing, thanks. Unless you happen to have any chloroform?"

Cheery, boyish grin from the steward, for a ship's personnel remain unimpressed by pleasure cruise reaction stage one. Carmen, at a writing-desk in the ship's library, began a promised letter.

"Oh, Phyllis, why did I waste that windfall legacy money from my Spanish grandmama on this unspeakable trip?"

For this, if you please, was the story given out by the little Sunshine-Stealer to account for how it was that she, sacked without savings and without prospects, could raise passage-money for a thirteen-days' cruise around the ports of sunny Spain.

"THIS morning I asked for the swimming pool. A deck-steward told me they didn't rig it up until we 'got a bit of sun, like.' We get nothing but a lot of lead—like; sea, sky and faces of passengers. So unlike the posters. Phyllis, do you know anyone who wants to buy a backless, scarlet, sun-bathing suit, two snappy pairs of light-grey flannel shorts, and my cream-and-poppy cruising pyjamas, most attractive, never been worn? I have no use for them."

Probably other girl-passengers were then planning the sale of cruising-outfits they had packed in gay anticipation. But there was not a girl on deck but Carmen (who, leaning on the rail, stared at a sail-less horizon) while behind her, with collars up to their ears, and caps pulled down to their eyes, half a dozen of these dogged Englishmen were doing their daily dozen turns round the decks.

Carmen, thinking this might be something to do, took her elbows from the rail. But she had not yet got her sea-legs. Losing her balance, she caught at the rail to steady herself. Whereupon there was jerked out of its hiding place inside her jumper and coat nothing less than that fateful note-case. Along the tilted deck it slid, and to the groove under the rail. Another lurch, and down it would have flown into the hissing, churning water, but someone was upon it with the quick, easy swoop of the trained runner. A man in a black leather coat, who had come up at a good swinging pace behind Carmen, had picked up the case and handed it out with his other hand to his beret.

"Thank you so much," said Carmen distantly polite.

Nothing warned Carmen then into what that man in the leather coat was shortly going to develop.

Loudly, ironically jaunty, the bugler blew his tune for lunch; first sitting.

"Steward."

"Sir?"

"I'd like to be changed from the second sitting to the first. My name's Travers," said the man in the black leather coat, in persuasive tones to a dining-room steward.

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"And I say! Beastly draughty table I've got. Couldn't I be moved?"

"Certainly, sir: would you like to sit at the long table here?"

"Excellent. Or, what about putting me at that table over there in the corner?"

"I'll see what can be done, sir . . . Oh, much obliged, sir, I'm sure."

Carmen saw that dining-room steward putting away a ten-shilling note, and with a gasp of horror she set down the coffee cup which had been half-way to her lips. Her dismay had nothing to do with the negotiations between the steward and that passenger. These she had not noticed. She had just been struck by a most panic-making thought; why, why hadn't she thought of it before . . . "Aren't bank-notes all numbered? They'll be able to trace every one of those. That's how they'll get me. As soon as this ship lands back at Liverpool Docks or even at the next port! I shall be arrested . . .

"I shan't have had much of a run for the money, either. No sunshine. Sea-scape like a wet slate with a child's sum rubbed out on it. Wind in which nobody could be happy barring seagulls. Nobody to speak to. Nothing but agonies of suspense."

And she ended her letter to Phyllis:

"To think there will be eleven more days like this!"

Early next morning Carmen, with her first return to the ceaseless throb and rock of engine and sea, but even before her eyes were opened, realised that the whole spirit and atmosphere of this cruise was now changed.

Merry laughter sounded in an adjoining cabin. From a cabin further forward came the heartening strains of a Strauss waltz record put on the gramophone to accompany someone's dressing. Someone else whistled like a thrush in the corridor on the way to the bathroom. The jolly voice of the stewardess exclaimed: "What did I tell you?" as she brought in Carmen's cup of tea and glass of orange-juice. Reflections of water were dancing upon white cabin walls and her porthole was the circular, ivory setting to a jewel of purest blue, blue, blue. The good ship had now run into the sunshine.

UP sprang a bright-eyed little pagan eager to revel in her salt-water bath.

What became of Carmen's fears about numbered banknotes? Forgotten. What became of her very proper regrets that she had not stayed in London to look for another job and to encourage the attentions of nice, steady-going, usual Mr. Yorke? Ask rather what became of that jeremiad written to Phyllis Smithson. She tore those sheets of ship's notepaper into tiny pieces and scattered them over the broad, light-grey flannel shoulders of the man swinging along the deck towards her.

This morning I've had a revelation . . . began the revised version of that travel-letter.

"For the first time in my life I've felt sunshine and seen summer skies! Ours are palest love-in-the-mist color, compared with this lupin — larkspur — lapis-lazuli blue . . ."

A page enlarged upon the comfort of the ship, and upon the amusing crowd who had now emerged from wherever they had stowed themselves away before the ship sailed. Page three gave a programme of sports and shore excursions to Vigo, Ceuta, Palma, Cadiz; romantic names!

But Phyllis Smithson, reading Carmen's letter, was to comment: "Hasn't Carmen made any particular man friend yet? Or won't she say? I've noticed she has a way of keeping the special things to herself." This was true enough. In Carmen's blue veins there ran enough Latin blood, the blood of intrigue, to let her brood, cherishingly, over quite harmless things kept as a secret.

Just as, at the Smithsons' supper party, she had hidden the tale of treasure picked up in the street, so, now, something kept her from writing anything about this new, "particular man-friend" she had found at her table, or about how well she got on with this pleasant Mr. Jim Travers. Not a single word was she going to write to Phyllis about his suggested plan for giving a miss to the usual large, jolly, shore-going parties and for splitting a taxi—he and Carmen, just the two of them together —to drive off and explore on their own; "better fun than in a crowd."

"I got one of the ship's officers who speaks Spanish to fix up a bundabust with this taxi driver for us," Travers told the girl on Vigo's sun-drenched, busy quay-side before they came to the boulevard of trees, carriages, vociferous drivers. He added in all-smiling innocence the stabbing remark: "I expect most of these fellows are common thieves!"

"COMMON THIEVES

Imagine if this man had the faintest notion that he was booked to go out for the day with a thief. What would he say if he suddenly realised that the girl he was handing into this car wouldn't have had a hope of setting foot here if she hadn't walked off with fifty pounds that didn't belong to her?"

Ruthlessly as one brushes aside a mosquito, Carmen put aside that thought. It was not to come between her and the brilliant blue blink of harbor, where the ship lay anchored, between her and this first dazzlingly theatrical, exciting glimpse of a Spanish city's tall white balconied houses and colorful flower gardens, between her and this day's hot, gorgeously hot sun.

After seeing nothing for hours but stretch after stretch of sea (however blue) passengers setting out for the shore-trip are all newly-appreciative of the rich variety of land blessed, solid land with towns, villages, fields, woods; of people and animals who live in the places they pass. On the hot bleached high-road other cars setting out for the day overtook or were overtaken by the taxi with Mr. Travers and that pretty dark girl in pink. Hands and hats were waved; there were grins of greeting from eager, sun-reddened faces and a dryly amused backward glance from under the peaked cap of a ship's officer.

And for Jim Travers? It was his first cruise; and the best time he had ever known in his hard-working, conscientious young life — even apart from what made its high-light. Namely, his meeting with this adorably out-of-the-common girl.

As they drove inland into country less familiar to both of them, the landscapes of dreams, he led Carmen on to talk, as fellow-cruise members will talk, about her life history.

Quite lightly, for in this dissolving warm sunshine all disagreeables melted into a more or less laughing matter or unreality, Carmen described that private boarding-school where, after the financial crash, she had been taken on as a very junior teacher until she couldn't bear it another minute. She described her next job, and it sounded as though clerking for the Happy Home-finder's Estate Company had been a "joke." Apropos homes, she laughingly described her "slum" life down to that absurd, daily-resented detail of the bath in her kitchenette.

Listening, the young man involuntarily shook his head.

"Well, what about an 'elevens' of sherry in its own home?" he suggested, as the taxi bumped into the first medieval Spanish village. "We'll stop here," he told the driver in English; with perfect understanding, voluble Spanish, and fluent gesture the driver responded and stopped beside a cafe all vine-garlands, sturdy wooden benches, sleeping dogs of uncertain breed, black-eyed laborers of no uncertain curiosity, staring up from their midday meal.

Wine looking and smelling like wallflowers in sunshine was brought out in coarse little footed glasses.

Travers raised his.

"Here's better times!"

He added in a way at which no one need take offence: "Look here, you've told me how you do for yourself in an attic and that every telephone twopence counts. Did you save up for six months as I did to travel en luxe?"

"Save? I? Nothing like that about me. I'm afraid. It was a windfall" (this was her romantic, bare-faced cue) " a legacy from my grandmother who has just died."

"Have you any brothers?"

"No brothers. No sisters. No nothing left. I can't count my Spanish cousins, can I? — Oh, those cousins!" and at the memory of the half-forgotten Juan and Mercedes Osorio, who had stayed with her in London just before she lost her parents and her world as it was, Carmen's gleaming little blackbird's head was thrown back and her red mouth opened to a trill of laughter so like that of a very young child that Travers laughed with this mad-cap before he knew what it was about.

LONG since, Travers had noticed (noticing being his business) how this girl's coloring, her figure, the dark fringes about her warmly green eyes, would have looked in keeping with a comb as high as a convent grille, a painted fan, black lace to give glimpses of warmly ivory-white curves.

"And you ought to wear a red flower in your mouth," he said. "I mean, you do seem to belong here . . ."

"My grandmother's country, that I've always wanted to see. This is the first day I've ever set foot in it, but think of it, think of it! I'm really here. . . ." Her small feet danced on its road, even where she sat.

She checked herself, turning back to her companion.

"I'm afraid it's gone to my head; so that's enough about me. Your turn to talk about yourself, Mr. Travers."

"Well, to start with, the name to my friends is Trav."

This she took as a woman accepts a flower, from a man she approves, holding it in the fingers but not yet fastening it to the gown. "And you live in London, too?"

"Yes. I've rooms over a restaurant in Soho where they send up my meals."

"Luxury!"

"Oh, is it? Utterly sick a man gets of living like that. Restaurant grub is all right for occasions — but everyday? unhomely.

"I want to move where I can do a spot of cooking for myself. I rather fancy myself as a chef." Before his eyes the Spanish wayside scene gave place to the picture

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of a toy kitchen, a mixed grill for two, a pair of honeymoon cooks—and how he pulled himself up. None of that. Shouldn't give way to it. "I'm afraid there's nothing interesting to tell you about me."

"And what about your family?" she asked him as they drove on.

"Well, my mother died when my young brother was born. My father brought us up. A grand old chap; fearfully strict of course. People would hardly believe it nowadays when they've said good-bye to the non-conformist conscience and all that. Puritan, sometimes he had."

"Awful for you."

"D'you think so?" smiled Trav, through cigarette smoke.

"Mm." Unruffly Carmen stirred as though the sun were too hot on her face. "Is your father alive?"

"Alive, but more or less buried. He took a farm in Devonshire that belongs to the man who married our old nurse. They make him very comfortable. He isn't nearly as rigid and alarming in his old age, believe me. Vinod like him . . ."

"I spend my leave with my father, as a rule. This year my brother was there, and I had to have a change or burst. D'you know that feeling?"

"I?" She saw fragments of crockery smashed beside a gas stove; she saw that shorthand notebook wildly scribbled over with swallows in flight. She laughed again. The trilling laugh was a child's; the combing upward glance was a child's; the rest of her was all alluring woman. "Why, that was the feeling that sent me off on this cruise, Trav! I simply had to come."

"Luckily for me, Carmen." Their names on each other's lips seemed to have worked some spell; for these commonplace words now broke vividly from Travers . . . "We were meant to meet. Is it a bit early to say that, d'you think? It's the sunshine. It's made time so all different."

"Oh, not — not at all." I understand. Sunshine does make everything seem different," answered Carmen in a voice under better control than her color or her heart-beats. "Why are we stopping?"

Their Spanish driver, all eyes, teeth and cavalier gesture, imparted to them that here was the cathedral.

TOGETHER in that muscle-aching, intoxicating sunshine, and still in a surprised abyssal, they walked to a crazy-pavemented, fish-flavored street busy with children whose rags fluttered, whose bare feet pattered beside the tourists and whose tiny, unclean paws were held out with shrill commands for "one penny, one penny."

From dazzling golden glare into ink-black shadow! Cold as a douche of well-water, it struck, and at first the eyes could make out nothing in that cavern of velvety gloom where, as they passed that tall Gothic entrance flanked by angular images, they now found themselves.

Carmen looked up at a saint in his niche. Her little hands flew together, then dropped to her sides.

With silent footsteps there passed a Spanish girl of not more than Carmen's age. Her compact form was gowned in the unrelieved black which is almost the Spanish woman's uniform, making them against their standing, white pavements, look like flies in a milk jug.

"What do you suppose that demure-looking wench had on her conscience?" commented Trav, as, out of almost tangible shadow, they emerged into the sunny stare of the street to be greeted by the shrill chorus, "one, penny, one penny." "You hop it, or there'll be murder. Then I shall have something to confess. Few of us haven't."

Carmen glanced sidewards at his fair, good-tempered, intelligent profile: it seemed absent, absorbed; but he turned quickly at the sound of his name.

"Trav. Do you think it keeps people on the straight-and-narrow when they know they've got to go and have everything out afterwards in the confessional?"

"I haven't an idea," Trav said, less easily than he had spoken earlier this morning. "Probably does everybody good to get a thing off their chests."

"Yes. Oh, do you think it does?" (It was then, then that the wild impulse came to Carmen—"I'll tell Trav about that fifty quid.")

"There's something I want to ask you——"

"What's that?—Ha, here's our fellow." With outstretched hands, a radiant smile and profuse chat the Spanish driver hastened to meet them. "One would think we'd been away from him a week."

"Wouldn't one?" agreed Carmen. Slowly she stripped off her gloves. Then hurriedly she started putting them on again, and, as the car started and Trav turned to her, saying: "What were you going to ask me?" she moistened her lips and left one hand half-in and half-out of her glove.

"DO, to begin with, tell me some more about yourself, first. I told you what my job was. What's yours, Trav?"

"Mine? Rather a nondescript sort of job. Bit difficult to describe. I—it takes me up and down the country rather."

Carmen in dismay thought: "Heavens, I've struck some unfortunate note. Is the man something he's ashamed of being?" —"I say, I'm sorry if I seemed inquisitive."

"Oh, not a bit. I'm so sorry if I seemed terse. Didn't mean that," said Travers. "I am an agent. It's not a thing we talk about, but I am a police-agent. As a matter of fact, I am a detective."

"A detective? You did say detective?"

"I did. Why? Do you mind?"

"Why should I mind? It's only so—so interesting of you," explained Carmen, getting back her breath and trying to speak as though it had not been taken away by one devastating word.

"Forgive my gasp of surprise, but you see I—I—never met a detective before."

"The chances are that you have but didn't know he was one. How can you tell how often you may have sat next to one at a football match, or borrowed a programme from one at a theatre? Take it from me, a detective is exactly like any other man. Only," he looked straight at her, "only more so."

"I suppose he takes good care to be 'more so,' so that the crim—the other person won't suspect it until he is—" Carmen moistened her lips before bringing out with aplomb the word "arrested?" Then she shivered. Behind her shoulders the leather of the taxi was baking hot; but fright, real fright chilled her to the heart fluttering under that notecase which she wore like a talisman.

Nine men out of ten might not have noticed that anything had faded out of the girl's look and tone. Jim Travers was the tenth man. He saw, he was frozen by the difference, but cheerful imperturbability (as well as noticing) was Trav's business.

"This," thought Carmen, digging ungloved fingers into moist little palms, "is what will finish me. Even though I die just stop in time from giving myself away, isn't it his job to spot thieves? 'Aptitude—' Even now he's wondering why I was appalled when he said 'detective'——"

Trav was wondering why this girl had now removed herself. Absurdly little feet picked their way beside his up the pine-needle carpeted path to that tourist's hotel beyond that grove on the mountain side looking over mile after mile of the lovely distant valley of the Minho. A dark head, shielded by that rose-parasol, still moved just below Trav's shoulder. A polite peach-face was turned up to his. A red mouth smiled and chattered—none of all this seemed to belong to the sweet shipmate who this morning had set out with him.

CAME—as inevitably as the dawn—the end of the day. And here lay the harbor in late, reluctant sunlight, the Monthalcyon at anchor lifting her voice to call together her scattered pleasure-seekers, the boats waiting by the quay-steps. Now the last two hundred yards of the way down to that quay was, as in all those busy ports, a Vanity Fair showing a double line of stalls. Upon the golden air rose a babble of English of which the tone was familiar and welcome to the stall-keepers, even if they could not understand the words.

"How attractive! I must have this. Charlie, lend me another ten pesetas."

"One of those tortoiseshell cigarette-cases to take home for my girl . . ."

"Uncle! Money!"

"Oh, look at this lovely stuff . . ."

Much of it was catchpenny trash, shipped all the way from Birmingham, but amidst this were treasures of such real and native beauty that Carmen could again forget, could be caught back to her "live-for-the day" mood.

Longingly she eyed that shawl of curd-white silk, solid as parchment, as soft as her own skin, dripping with fringe and patterned all over with embroidered scarlet roses!

"How much?"

Fingers, eyes, lips, fluent Spanish tongue of the vendor offered this shawl to the senorita for three hundred and seventy pesetas.

"Ten pounds?" More money than Carmen would spend in the rest of Spain that she would see. There were only two five-pound notes left in her wallet—(the wallet!) And she still had to pay for tips, for her share of the next shore excursion, her train-fare back from Liverpool. (After which, what?)—Ruefully she smiled, shaking her head.

The shawl-merchant's dark, taloned hand went out and clutched her forearm. "Senorita! Beautiful shawl! Beautiful! You look!"

A cluster of people had gathered about Carmen where she stood worshipping the shawl; at the back of them was Travers. Nearer to her there elbowed his way a stout and showy first-class passenger to whom Travers had taken a dislike because he had noticed him eyeing Carmen.

"How much is that shawl?"

"Three seventy pesetas, senor."

"No can do."

"Three fifty."

"A hundred-and-sixty-five——" Trav held up one, six, and five fingers.

"Ah!" The woman emitted a scream of derision followed by a torrent of Spanish. "No! no, no, no! What your price?"

"Right! I'm through—Adios!" said Trav, smiling back at the stall-keeper.

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"A hundred-and-fifty," screeched the woman, pursuing them with the shawl.

"I say, I did offer a hundred-and-sixty-five. I'll have to stand by that. Here you are," said Travers, cramming the money into the dark claw, and running.

"Oh, Mr. Travers has bought that divine shawl," sounded a feminine chorus. "What a beauty . . . You can tell by the fringe . . . look, all hand-knotted. Somebody's going to be in luck. Who've you bought it for, Mr. Travers?"

"My aunt," said Travers.

But between him and Carmen, sitting at the other side of the boat there passed—not even a glance—but that avoidance of glances which can be vibrant with messages.

His said: "I shall beg you to accept this shawl." Hers replied: "I didn't believe in the aunt. Nobody did. But anyhow you and I are not on present-giving terms; we hardly know each other."

Carmen arranged that it should be the hand of one of the striped blazer boys that helped her out of the rocking boat on to the gangway. Without a glance back however she knew that all the way to the lounge, and along the corridors en route to Shey the postered warning:

Remember to report to your bedroom steward immediately upon returning. Travers was close behind.

"THE better-dressed a woman knows herself to be, the less nervous she feels," decided Carmen as she proceeded to put on her most successful evening-frock; a lucky find that looked at least three times as expensive as its actual price.

Under her posy Carmen was slipping the note-case when the sound of the bugle outside her cabin made her jump. Loudly challenging, it rang in her ears like an alarm. But it was merely sounding the first sitting for the ship's first gala dinner, which meant that this evening there spread over the dining room a near-night-club effect. Christmas-party headdresses, novelties, and musical instruments were put by everyone's place at table. The stewards who waited wore showy Foreign Legion kepis. Chatter rose high, laughter rippled. A fleet of air-balloons, orange, green, and pink, hovered above the tables and with light taps were sent flying from hand to hand until they broke like bubbles. The band broke into a spirited arrangement of "Daisy, Daisy!" and at each table diners young and not-so-young joined in the chorus of that rejuvenated favorite. Carmen sang: "We will go tandem as man and wife" with the other light-hearted lunatics. Carmen, with her cotton-brokers and her detective at the corner table exclaimed that Trav hadn't got his Mad-Hatter's topper of silver paste-board at the properly tipsy angle. She set it crooked for him with a nonchalant "That's better." She let him arrange a Jester's cap-and-bells of scarlet-and-gilt paper on her own dusky little head; but none of this was with the friendliness of this morning, as Trav knew. This was not her natural infectious laughter.

The band moved up to the dancing-deck where awnings were spread above the boards. Skies were clear; the sea a mirror to which a waxing moon reflected her silvery stare.

"Don't we dance this?"

"Oh, yes," Carmen said. (He mustn't think I've any reason to wish to give him the slip.) "Let's. Why not, why not?"

Two or three other men had been making their way towards the little brunette.

"Ha, Travers, you brute; stolen another march on us."

"Shadowing the girl, I call it, positively shadowing the girl."

Her would-be partners turned to others. Trav waltzed with Carmen; not with Carmen—for still the girl with whom he wanted to plead held herself aloof.

It was a stranger to whom he presently suggested a cool drink would be rather pleasant.

Carmen thought: "Now." Bracing herself for the worst, she tripped below with the detective into the little bar. Here that same steward to whom Carmen had mentioned chloroform during pleasure cruise reaction number one, murmured confidentially: "The gambling machine's chock full of money. Now's your time miss, if you want to try your luck."

"My luck? Nothing in the Irish sweep, nothing in the office sweep, not so much as a cushion in a bazaar raffle; I've never won a thing in my life, anywhere. Well, everything once"—She dipped a hand into her evening sac—"Fate's obviously against it! I haven't a shilling on me." Trav held one out to her. Laughing—it was still the laugh of a stranger—she thanked him and pressed the coin into the slot of the machine and pulled the handle. Fateful little painted cards whirled, whirled, slowed down . . . there was a heartening click.

Coins, silver coins, came tumbling out as if from a horn of plenty. They filled Carmen's hands; they filled the steward's tray. A little mound of them clinked on to the table. They counted up to five pounds' worth of shillings.

"Oh, oh!" Excitement brought back the sparkle and the sincerity to the voice and eyes of Carmen, that quick forgetter of everything but the happy moment.

She turned to Travers. "Don't you think we ought to celebrate? D'you know it's years since I've tasted a bubble of champagne. Yes, I want to stand it, I—I don't knew how to thank you!"

And now she heard the voice of a stranger saying: "You do know. How to thank me, I mean."

"How?"

"By being frank with me."

"Frank?" What—what am I supposed to be frank about?"

"Don't pretend."

BECAUSE he was passionately keen to plead with, not to startle her, he heard himself speaking as though this were some unpleasant business interview. That, too, was the look that he turned upon Carmen's alluring little face even as he thought how the sun had suited her.

"You know perfectly well that this evening you have been entirely different from what you seemed when we first knew each other."

"Well, but how long is that?"

"Not more than forty-eight hours," admitted Trav. "But you've got to remember that on board a ship in these climates hours can count for as much as years if the people had only known each other in London—"

"In London," she played for time, "you wouldn't have known me."

"I began to try to tell you in the car, driving to that Cathedral. I said 'you must think I'm talking rot.' But I don't see that it's rot. I know things about you."

"Do you?" Did Carmen say it, or did the whisper die unuttered in her throat?

Travers (thinking "This has stopped being anything but a life and death matter for me, I've got to know now") brought out curtly: "I know we could have been friends. This morning we were getting on. Not now. You've been trying to put me off. No, don't be feminine and say 'just your imagination.' There is something. I'm afraid I know what it is."

Carmen's heart seemed to miss a beat; then it raced. The next thing she heard Trav say was so odd she thought she must have missed something that came before it.

"Rings don't count."

"Rings?"

"You might quite well be engaged or even married."

"Engaged or married? I?" The words flew from her lips, he thought, like so many little birds startled out of a rosebush. Bewildered, she looked at him. "What made you think——"

"What did you expect I was thinking?"

"Not that. I don't know, but I didn't suspect you were thinking I was engaged——"

They looked at each other as though neither of them believed their ears. Both their young faces were younger, startled, broken up with emotion.

Chill clouds had lifted from about Travers. She wouldn't have spoken like that if the coast weren't clear.

"Not married or engaged. But you will be now, won't you?" he blurted out precipitately. "You see—the fact is I want you to marry me."

HERE came interruption.

"These two," thought the cheerful, experienced young chloroform steward, who, all smiles, had brought champagne for the celebration, "have got it bad."

They did not see the lad's fatherly smile. They did not see him. They were looking at each other.

Music called from the dancing-deck. The band changed from three-time waltz to modern rhythm.

"Lover, when you are near,
Saying my name,"

called the violins, and young voices joined in the refrain:

"Softly, in my ear
You breathe a flame . . ."

"Carmen" . . . Trav, took a sip of champagne. That one sip might have gone to his head, from his tone. But it was that "which stronger is than wine" which spurred him to mutter, "darling, you will, won't you? Please."

Unexpected and quick as the blaze of sun-scrocheb heather in which someone has dropped a match, rapture flamed up in the girl.

Carmen laughed uncertainly. "Trav, you're ragging. . ."

"I was never in deader earnest. Dead serious, this is. Listen, dear." He pushed aside on the table the silver bucket with its tinkling ice and tipsily-titling gold-necked bottle, which was between them. He moved nearer to Carmen on the padded seat.

"I've damn little to offer you, but I love you all right and I'll do any mortal thing I can to make you happy if you will let me."

"But, really! . . . Oh, but you must see . . . I can't do that." The small ringless hand knocked over those piles of shillings and spread them like a mat of clairvoyant's cards over the table. "Can't, possibly."

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"Why can't you possibly?"

"So obvious . . . we've only just . . . I know nothing about you. You know absolutely nothing about me."

"I know this. It may seem a bit abrupt . . ."

"Seem a bit abrupt," echoed the girl on whom three days ago he had not set eyes. "It is abrupt. Well, isn't it?"

"Can't be helped. I had to tell you. Oh, from the word 'go' These things happen. Only a fool says they don't happen any more. I've been waiting for it.

"You're my girl," he went on, gently; then, catching her hand in his, he took out of it a score of coins as one takes away some toy from a child who is required to attend to what grown-ups have to say. "Look here, before we go any further you'd better have some of all this silver changed back into notes; more convenient. Steward."

"But——"

He went on. "You knew I wangled the steward to move my table and sitting so that I should be with you? Of course. The first sound of your soft little voice bowled me clean out."

"It's absurd——"

"I agree. For all you actually said (sounding as if you thought, 'This man has a nerve to exist'), was 'Thank you very much.' I'd picked up that pocket-book or something that you'd nearly dropped overboard. Do you remember?"

A pause. "I'd forgotten."

PLEASE put yourself, for an instant, in this Sunshine-Stealer's place. Please see this detective as the most attractive young man of your acquaintance. Supposing you found you liked him—more than liked him—but knew what might happen to you on landing in Liverpool. Would you think, "Let's chance it. Nothing may happen?"

Or would you hesitate?

Carmen did not hesitate. She finished her champagne, took up her evening sac, stuffed into it her handkerchief puff, her three pound and one ten shilling note, and said, steadily: "No. Don't let's talk about it."

"Don't let's talk about anything else. Neither of us wants to," protested Trav, who was not usually a fatuous young man.

"You won't marry me? And why? Not because you don't care, that I'll swear. You do like me. I got that. It began perfectly all right, this morning. One can always tell, one way or the other, if one's keen enough on the person, whether they'd mind—what one would like oneself!

"You don't suppose I'm not going all out to get you to try and like me—"

"Oh, not that," protested Carmen aloud, so that several people looked round from another table at this decorative couple (who were, of course, already the topic of lively gossip and conjecture all over the ship). "Is this man clever enough to hold down the job—that—that's the job he's got, yet doesn't know any better than to imagine a woman can like a man by trying?"

"I admit it was nonsense." Travers gave her an adoring smile. "Forgive my respecting myself! I'm conceited enough to know that you do like me."

Vehemently she shook her head. "That's not true."

"That's a fib."

During the whole of this speech Carmen had been shaking her head even more resolutely than she had shaken it at the Vigo shawl-vendor.

"Tiresome little girl."

"If you only knew. I'm being much less tiresome than if I said 'Yes'."

"You mean you're thinking of my good?"

"I'm not your sort of girl——"

"I'm not the sort of man to let you remain not my sort of girl."

"You'll have to leave that to me!"

"Only for to-night." Trav turned to the neglected champagne, filled her glass, then his. He raised it, looked at her above it with eyes as light and dancing as the wine.

Music called from the dancing-deck as they rose.

"Shall we go up and dance?"

"No. If you don't mind I'm going to my cabin. I'm a little tired."

"No wonder. It's after the effort of saying 'No'. You're not up to it, Carmen; don't try."

Trav walked with her to the top of the stairs. They passed glimpses of pretty frocks and glimmering shirt-fronts sitting very close together in dim corners.

"Good night. I'll go before I kiss you," Trav said, sotto voce, for even the back of the cap and the apron-strings of the stewardess trotting down the corridor in front of them registered burning interest. "Possibly I may decide not to kiss you until we've put it up on the ship's board and reported to our stewards that we are officially engaged."

"Why must you talk such nonsense——"

"Because I can't help it. I can't, can't help it. I've never felt so happy since I was a nipper and caught my first fish, or so braced with myself. What a day it's been. What a terrific, variegated day!"

Carmen took both her hands out of his, then laid one, pleadingly, on his sleeve. "Trav. I did tell you."

"I'm telling you. You have not a hope that I shan't try my luck until it comes out right. I mean to go on, my dear, asking you to marry me until you actually are married, either to me, or to another man."

THAT night in London the night of her flying dream, the fateful wallet had lain underneath the bolster of Carmen's cheap second-hand bed as it now lay under the pillow of her first-class bunk.

To-night the light that she turned on by a switch in reach of her hand above her bunk shone upon glossiest white paintwork and everything that is daintiest and most compact in shut-up wash-stands, dressing-tables, wardrobes. Carmen's wakeful eyes were met by the sight of the opulently thick tweed folds of her new steamer coat on its brass hook and by the mahogany bracket fitted with the water-carafe and the glass in which she had arranged scarlet carnations bought in Vigo by Trav.

Hour after starlit hour, while the good ship ploughed her way Gibraltarwards, the sound of voices, now urgent, now in persuasive whispers, assailed Carmen's inner ears.

"Tell your man."

"Don't be a fool and run your neck into a noose."

"Nonsense. There's no question of arrest. It's not as if you'd forged a cheque for that fifty or grabbed those notes out of a desk! No address on the case." Carmen felt for it under the small, square ship's pillow. She took it out, snapped up the light, stared at the telephone number, saw a picture of herself coming out of that sealing-wax red, public call-office. Yes, she had rung up—once.

A voice: "Why didn't you do the obvious thing, go to the police?"

"Why didn't you go to the police?"

"Why didn't you to the police?"

Now Carmen saw a picture of that purple leather, silver-edged notecase, complete with ten fivers, lying unclaimed among bristling millions of umbrellas, stacks of brown paper parcels, shrubberies of valuable furs, even diamonds. She saw a picture of an out-of-work girl in an old mackintosh—herself? Damp, depressed to tears, tramping sticky London streets from agency to office, where men looked at her shabby hat and shabbier shoes and "were sorry they'd nothing suitable." Back again to agency. ("You might try here, Miss Allen—")

Through the darkness drifted the breath of carnations . . . "Trav! If I hadn't taken that money, I shouldn't have met him."

Please will you listen for an instant to these voices? Which of them do you think would sound most convincingly in your ears?

We have our different standards. Some of the weakest characters among us know one point upon which they stand firm as Gibraltar.

Although the whisper persisted: "Get engaged to Trav. Use your pull. See that he can't give you up." Its effect was only to draw from Carmen a deeply-worried sigh, as she snapped on her light for the last time and turned a hopeless glance at that calendar.

Only eight more days——

"NOBODY knows what's going to happen next in this place," as the ship's doctor said, "is so true of any place where human beings congregate; it is truest of the film studio, the lunatic asylum, and the ship at sea." On this day of flawless sunshine an alert cruising-director and a long-suffering officer in charge of sports, organised the majority of the four hundred odd into practising for competitions to be held on the homeward-bound trip. Carmen was roped in to compete in the ladies' deck tennis tournament. Diana-in-trousers swooped upon her as a partner. Now Trav, to her surprise, made no movement to come up and watch their foursome. It was also obvious that Trav, too, had made other friends on board.

"Good," Carmen told herself. That would make things easier.

When she left the courts to the next foursome, and did find Trav beside her, she was relieved, oh, yes! Relieved, to find out that Trav was not, after all, going to be difficult.

She turned quickly away to the rail.

"But here's a girl you must notice, Carmen. She'll be your rival. The best tennis player on board. Real Wimbledon——"

"Girl?" Very quickly Carmen turned and looked up. "What girl?"

"A star diver, too. Why don't we go up to the swimming pool and watch, if you haven't noticed her before?"

That girl (whom Carmen had only seen, up to now, looking sturdy in blue serge trousers, and with her hair worn in a bush of brown and who now stood at the top of the steps above the pool, watched by a group who were entering for the aquatic sports) had undergone a sea-change typical of cruising life. Her hair was pressed down by a rubber cap to the excellent shape of her head, every line of a body well-exercised and beautifully grown was shown

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off by her black swimmer while a lattice placed at each side, black strapping over pinky white flanks, made a lovely, tautly undulating line. This may have been easier for swimming. It may have been the sea nymph's vanity, or she may never have thought of it. All she now thought of was her dive, watched by the experts, with the experts' interest. She climbed to the rail, stood poised as the centre of all eyes. Pinky white arms shot out. Pinky white and black figure sprang, achieved a perfect dive, swam under water to the end of the pool and emerged. She shook drops out of her wet lashes and off her head. There was a business-like crawl back to the steps. She climbed the rail, balanced, repeated the performance.

"Brave. Good, isn't she, Carmen? And definitely one of the world's five graceful things."

All along that side of the ship passengers, staff, and sailors leant to watch that school of lovely, surprising creatures, who, gambolling near the ship, were leaping and springing in the water beyond the wake; the very emblem of spontaneous, carefree enjoyment.

"Look," someone cried to Carmen, caught her arm and pointed. "Dolphins!"

"Yes. Lovely, aren't they? The seventh graceful thing of the world, I should think. I'd never seen any before either," responded Carmen abstractedly. For even if it had been a school of little mermaids complete with combs and flashing hand-mirrors that swam gambolling up to the ship's side, Carmen would at that moment have been left absent-minded. She would have been looking at something quite different. On the lower deck she had caught sight of Travers, not waiting for her, not thinking of her, but deep in smiling conversation with another man, and yes, that diving girl.

"But—but he proposed to me. Last night! It did happen, didn't it? It was me to whom he proposed? I refused him. Had to, of course. I stick to that. But—only last night! And this morning, before lunch, there he is—so soon a man gets over it."

Carmen, who had got it all so definitely taped about how she would relegate Travers to the position of the breezy holiday pal, Carmen who was ruling out all nonsense of love-making, who was even going to introduce the alibi of letting him think there was another man—Carmen thought, with a staggering, revealing pang: "That diving girl has got Trav on the rebound; and I can't bear it, I can't bear it!"

CARMEN, who had hastily changed into the backless scarlet sunsuit which she had thought of selling at this trip's grey beginning, joined the group to lay her lithe curves among the others. She must bury herself out of the sight of Travers and that girl; surround herself with other passengers; fill her ears with light-hearted, irresponsible chat about anything on earth that had nothing to do with herself and her own emotional traffic-jam.

"I say women, women!" held forth the lad Carmen had christened Pan, and who was generally appropriately surrounded by nymphs. His name (as Travers had reported) was Jones; his profession bank clerk . . . But those counters behind the grille, those ledgers, and the whole unyielding routine of that job had been put away with the brilliantine, the white collar and the town suit. His slight and wiry torso was now as sun-brown as that of any Grecian, the rest of him being belted by a Spanish scarf into old grey flannel Oxford bags. "Definitely women!"

"Definitely men!" protested the nymphs.

One of them rolled over to let the sun get at her other side and faced Carmen. "Don't you think that's true?"

"Think what's true?"

"That men are the jealous sex?"

Poor little Carmen, face downwards on her spread streamer-rug, rolled face upwards again and sprang up.

"Hullo! Is this too much for you?"

"Yes," said Carmen, letting her friends conclude she meant the sub-tropical sunshine that made everything you touched feel warmer than the newest of new bread.

Avoiding anyone who seemed likely to address her, stepping over stretched-out ankles of sleepers in deckchairs, Carmen made her way away again from the blunt end and below. She pushed past the blue curtain swaying in front of her cabin door. She relapsed on to her bunk and looked round for something to do. Idly tucked behind the glass of carnations was that scarlet and gilt headdress which Trav had helped her to adjust last night at dinner. Carmen caught it up and busied herself by tearing it very determinedly, very methodically, into tiny square pieces.

PRESENTLY she was again scribbling hectically in that projected travel-book.

Impatiently Carmen tossed down her pencil, threw aside the notebook, stretched herself on to her bunk. "I short sleep." But the girl had slept so little last night and she had been up so early this morning that sleep was upon her at once. She did not hear the luncheon bugle. Sunshine had left her cabin when she woke.

"What's the time? Oh, wasting hours!" She sprang up, splashed in cold water, dabbed on eau-de-Cologne, smoothed her rumpled hair into black satin, and carefully put on her freshest frock.

On deck she found sunshine where shadows had been, and all shadows of different shapes. Her sun-worshipping friends—now clothed and smoothed—were gathered about the horse-racing. The procession of stewards were marching near with trays, and: "Here you are, are you?" said the voice of Trav. "Where on earth have you been hiding, Carmen, and what doing? Well, tell me presently. I've ordered tea for us over here."

"Us?"

"You and me, of course."

Carmen, with the gesture of someone who allows a heavy rucksack which she has worn for several hours, to be unfastened and taken from her shoulders, relaxed into her deck-chair, lay back, let Travers open her parasol, let Travers pour out her tea, let Travers cut her toast into strips for her.

She could not, however, help saying: "But where's your lady friend?"

"Here," said Travers.

"I meant your diving star."

"Mrs. What's-her-name that you were watching at the pool?"

"She's a Mrs., is she? What a young widow."

"I say, I do hope not," said Trav quite earnestly, but with a quick twinkle.

"You hope not what?"

"I hope she isn't a widow already. There didn't seem anything wrong with her perfectly good husband at lunch."

"She's got a husband then?"

Of course she's got a husband. She hasn't had him very long—two months, I think. He's the sportsman in the lemon and white blazer. Ross, their name is.

That diving girl (once more dark-haired and sturdy in airforman raiment) went by with her young husband. Carmen gave her a special smile. Whereupon Trav told Carmen that she was an absolutely transparent baby and Carmen retorted that she failed to see any meaning in his remark.

"With so many people on board," Trav added with a nod at the changing groups, "you can't sort out at once who's married, who's not or who's going to be. Though," he added thoughtfully, "by anybody with psychic gifts we might be spotted."

Carmen, looking away from him, said in a low voice: "Please don't."

"FROM the first I knew you were different; from the word Go, I tell you! I knew 'Here's the girl for me,' Carmen! It's not only that—that you're as pretty as a picture and that you make me feel that I want to grab you here and now for keeps. It's the way you make me feel we could always know each other well, happily. Trust each other . . ."

"No! Don't! Don't trust anybody, ever. And nobody knows anything about anybody else, in the world, really. Not a thing, Trav."

"They do, a little, enough. When they care. That is enough, I think," the man's ardent accent replied to the girl's diffident murmur. "I could trust—I think I could ask—or tell you anything. You'd be peace and freedom. Let-it. You must know I've never felt that this before? And I'm near I came to missing it! Suppose you'd decided to live for that six months on your legacy in London . . . Thank Heaven that when it came to tearing up you did 'take the cash and let the credit go'!"

"Yes. I took the cash," conceded Carmen, blandly. Violently she crushed her half-smoked cigarette out against her saucer, dug her heel down against the deck and pushed her deck-chair further back into the shade. "But all this doesn't mean I—I care for you in that way."

"It means you're going to have a struggle not to."

She did not yet know what a struggle that was going to be.

We change here.

We leave our Sunshine Stealer to her emotional conflict on board that boat in mid-Mediterranean. Carmen Allen is by now so occupied with the results of having taken the cash that she no longer wonders almost who and what was at the origin of her adventure.

She had forgotten that part of the story. There is where your story-teller will take it up. So climes her guide you up the map again, back to London, back to the neighbourhood where Carmen picked up the cash, back to Chapel Street and not far off the bustling, high-road, side-street referred to by Carmen as her slum. Please stop at this tall pale tremulous house with porcelain window-boxes now full of rest-and-nurse hyacinths, with a period door (flanked by tall cylinders for the torches of a bygone epoch) and a fine fanlight. As the side of the door you see a row of four bell-pushes with tiny brass-plates shining like newest gold.

The ground-floor is marked "Housekeeper."

The first-floor "Lady Wilcox."

The next floor "Miss B. Wilcox."

The top-floor "M. K. Wilcox."

The whole big house belongs actually to

Shoes on the Third Floor

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Lady Wilcox, but the family Wilcox does not hold with tribal life and has divided the house into three separate establishments.

Come in. Please take this lift to the top-floor, inhabited by Mr. M. K. or Maurice Wilcox, of the Stock Exchange. It consists of a large, neat bedroom, essentially masculine—observe the wonderful row of gleaming shoes! Observe the Indian Clubs! A large neat sitting-room, a servant's bedroom, an adequate bathroom, with the biggest sponge to be bought in Piccadilly, a spotless kitchen.

Come down, please. On the next floor all the rooms are empty.

This afternoon (which is the same afternoon that sees a Sunshine-Stealer's boat steaming swiftly with her company of deck-game-players, loungers and lovers, across the larkspur blue waters to Africa) is the afternoon off of Miss B. Wilcox's maid. Miss B. or Billy, short for Willoughby, is of independent means and can decorate her flat to suit herself. It is vehemently, bleakly modernist; all except the bedroom. One must keep abreast of the cocktail bar, but give me comfort in the bedroom, says Miss B. Wilcox; so she leaves it furnished late-Edwardian, favored with that entirely British conception of luxury which so scandalises the French and which is so wasteful, untidy, pretty, and unstuffy. The wide low bed is very padded and pink. Everything, in fact, is pink and padded. The bed-telephone is pink. On the bed-table is an ash-tray full of chocolates, a box of reducing pellets, two French novels, an autobiography, a shopping-pad, and a broken bracelet. Lots of pink shaded lights everywhere.

Meanwhile Miss B. Wilcox, having left her latch-key in the jar of pot-pourri, has slammed her flat-door behind her and run down to the first-floor, good-humouredly enough, to help her grandmother entertain guests—which Miss B. Wilcox calls "keeping with Granny's trout."

SOFT chatter may be heard as the parlor-maid opens the white door into a drawing-room which is "period" from the icicle-chandelier to the bear-skin hearth rug. To-day you see little of the furniture because of the collection of Lady Wilcox's old friends drinking tea out of her egg-shell china and eating her beautifully-cut sandwiches and plum-cake-from-a-family-recipe. Stop for a moment and listen to the two people sitting nearest the door; a high-hatted, plump dowager and a bald, thin lawyer-like person who, in murmurs, are discussing their hostess.

She is also "a period-piece," from the white hair beautifully arranged under that white hair-net, to the beaded slippers resting on a foot-stool of carved walnut-wood and bead embroidery. She wears a black afternoon-gown, with "inherited" lace high about her neck and ears, and she sits up in her chair straighter than any of those apple sun-bathers we left on the boat had ever sit in their lives; for Lady Wilcox, who is eighty-odd, was brought up to be actual as to a metaphorical backboard and belongs to an epoch when corsets, etiquette and principles were rigid. Over her delicate tea-cup she is talking to an old gentleman with a white moustache who has one hand in front of his ear.

"Ta, no, it was not I who was asked, General," said old Lady Wilcox, extra-distinctly (she must not shout as old friend who disliked to be considered deaf). "It was my granddaughter—Billy! Come here and tell General Foster about the jewel-robbery, there's a good girl."

Miss B. Wilcox was, actually, no girl, but a "new-young" woman of thirty-eight dated by her resolutely auburn hair and her monocle.

Smilingly she turned from the centre of the group where she had been doing her duty by her elders.

"Of course! Do let me tell you the saga of my stolen crown jewels. "Well, it was in February, I'd gone to my bedroom for a spot of shut-eye after lunch.

"I don't know how long I was asleep. I woke because I felt somebody looking at me. My bed's over there." She nodded up towards a corner of her grandmama's ceiling. "I turned towards the window and what did I see but a man standing in front of my dressing-table—with his hat on. That was what struck one, of course. His hat! His repulsive bowler," enlarged Miss Billy Wilcox while other conversation died out around her.

"However, when I did wake up and rush to the dressing-table to look and found my pearl-string gone, and my diamond clip, and my platinum and emerald ring, well! I knew I really must presume it all happened so I telephoned at once to the police."

"And fortunately you did get everything back, I hear."

"The whole works, finally," said Miss Wilcox. "And where do you think my pearl-string was found? Lying loose in the hood of a car belonging to someone who had absolutely nothing to do with it drawn up outside a house on Chelsea Embankment with a wild party going on inside."

Here Lady Wilcox's little face, which was a net-work of fine wrinkles, registered deeting displeasure. She liked to show she did not approve of wild parties.

"The burglar, one supposes, bolted for his life from one of the cars he had been working with, leaving part of the swag. Next morning I was ring up to appear and identify the pearls. Well, I took the boys with me—my brothers, you know . . . But that's not all. Such a charmer we met. The most attractive young man! I immediately asked him to my sherry-party."

"Who? The burglar?"

"No, no," laughed Miss Wilcox "personally I don't have this gangster-complex. The detective, I mean. The man on the case—Mr.—I forget. What was his name?"

"Really, Billy!" protested the dowager in the high hat. "A detective? But isn't that almost the same as an Inspector?"

MR. M. K. WILCOX, the stockbroker, very like his sister but thinner in the hips and the hair, came in wearing excellent town-clothes and a smile heralding the entrance of a favorite with the house.

"Hello, Gran!"

"How are you, Maurice?"

An infinitesimal flicker between brother and sister described what each thought of Granny's full aquarium.

"Maurice, two things I wanted to ask you. One—is it all right about my ticket for——"

A glare from her brother stopped her. Their grandmother disapproved of tickets for the sweep. Hastily she altered it to —"Tickets for the string quartet concert?— And the second thing—you remember meeting that good-looking super-tec, over my pearls? what was his name?"

"Trelawney. No! Travers."

"Of course. Mr. Travers. An enchanting sleuth. I begged him to ring up but he seems to be too shy. Couldn't we get hold of him again?"

"Why not? Here's an idea," said Maurice Wilcox, turning from the cup of tea that had been handed to him and at which he looked as if he had not before met this drink. "Why not have Travers put on to finding that money of Gran's?"

But old Lady Wilcox, taking out an exquisite pocket-handkerchief that sent the sweet old-fashioned fragrance of Goenell's Cherry Blossom to join the smell of hot buttered tea-cake, face-powder and cigarettes that filled the room, seemed to brush away her granddaughter's proposal and told her it was all too long ago now.

"Long ago? Darling Granny, it's barely a month! It can't be more than three weeks since you lost that fifty."

"What did you lose, Lady Wilcox?" asked the General with his hand to his ear. "Fifty what was it?"

"Pounds," answered her grandson, sitting down on the arm of her chair with his elbow on the back of it and addressing the house. "Gran dropped or left about her note-case with fifty pounds in it and she has never heard anything about it from that day to this."

"Now was it in pound notes? . . . Or fivers. No? Five ten-pound notes? . . . But surely — surely they were all numbered?"

"I dare say," replied little Lady Wilcox with an unmoved face but with a quicker flick of the handkerchief that sent diamonds winking on her hand. Maurice Wilcox muttered sotto voce: "We are not amused," and added to the room: "Granny hasn't reported it. Nor taken any steps about tracing the money, as far as I can make out."

"I mean to say I disapprove of crying over spilt milk. I always have. The money's gone. One day the case was in my brocade bag and next day it wasn't, so I think I must have dropped it in the street and somebody must have picked it up and I only hope it was some poor, deserving working man with a large family."

"SURPRISING family, the Wilcoxes," commented General Foster to Mr. Packe, the thin lawyer, as they pottered down Curzon Street towards their respective clubs in Piccadilly. "Pleasant, to see modern young people who are as—what do they call it? Hard-boiled! Hard-boiled as Miss Wilcox and her brothers, genuinely devoted to such a strait-laced matriarch."

"She's been illogically indulgent to them! There's an inconsistency about Lady Wilcox; due to an early love-disappointment, I understand," relayed the lawyer who would be the first to reprove women's gossip. "We often find, General, that odd things happen to the characters of individuals, once their affairs of the heart go wrong."

"Ha; indeed."

"To me the oddest thing about Lady Wilcox is her losing fifty pounds and making no more fuss about it than if she had dropped her handkerchief into a puddle. Fifty pounds! In these days!

"That, General, is what puzzled me," said the old lawyer, standing at the corner of Curzon Street, where they parted. "The only our friend obviously didn't want to talk about her loss was the mysterious part of the story."

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HUNDREDS of miles away the moon made a dazzling path across the Mediterranean. Along it a long ghostly-pale shape, with engines throbbing as regularly as any human heart, the sunshine-cruiser drew nearer and nearer to the coast of Africa.

Carmen, one must admit, had asked for trouble the day before.

Had she not told herself that she knew there would "never be another man" in her life? Such words, as I reminded you, amount to a cue or signal. The new masculine influence irrupted on the day that her ship put in at that North African port.

Early, as usual, Carmen woke. But the characteristic obligato (throb of engine, swish of foam) had been supplanted by a strident, hoarse, intriguing babel apparently six inches outside her porthole.

A hundred yards of stone quay was strewn with all the colorful merchandise of Morocco—and Manchester. Carmen saw for the first time Arab traders, each in a flowing robe under his burnous of purple, brown and cream, flaming orange, or cherry color silver patterned.

"Oh, I must rush up and look—" Is it necessary to explain that our Carmen was glad of this valid excuse? Still as she scampered through her dressing she persuaded herself that she wasn't hurrying to see Travers before they parted for a whole long day. Still, as she rolled her hair at the back, her eyes left the mirror to turn to that calendar. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—fair white blanks. Carmen took a pencil and upon the seventh blank she put a large black "X". She drew her pencil through that and scribbled "Liverpool—the end." Then, shaking her head as though she shook away a swarm of saddest thoughts, she sped up to Deck "A." Without looking about she saw at once that Travers was not in the crowd. From their vantage-ground along the ship's side a line of other passengers were gazing down, fascinated, chaffering with merchants on the quay.

"You take my advice," the ship's officer was warning her, "and be precious careful of everything you possess while we're in port. You haven't an idea of the daylight robbery that can go on under your nose; isn't that so, Travers?"

Trav, in a way he had of being there without being seen coming (except by a young woman who had eyes for him out of the back of her neck) was at their elbow.

"Robbery? rather," he agreed. "Ports are the place for people who've never heard of the eighth commandment. So, Carmen, you're deserting me to-day?"

"As I told you last night. I'm going shares in a car with Miss O'Connor and her friend, Mrs. Hatlow, and that American girl they call Tal Two, because she's got a voice like Tullulah Bankhead," gabbled Carmen, a little breathlessly, for she could not help wondering whether Trav would say: "Well, if the car will hold four, it will hold five. Mayn't I join you and sit with the driver?"

But this was not the way of Travers.

"YOU expect to get a whole continent into a snapshot; but it's what we're trying to do, more power to us," said that Irish Diana, Miss Norah O'Connor, as the car swept her with Carmen, Mrs. Hatlow and the American girl along the road to Tetuan from Ceuta.

They left that port of call, light buildings and short dark natives behind them. They passed barracks. They were waved at and shouted at by jubilant, dusky Spanish troops on the march—and again Carmen was reminded of those almost forgotten cousins; Juan, she had heard, was destined for the Spanish Army. They passed sandy bays; further on the high road led through mile after mile of undulating scrub. Heather country! Country of low-grown shrubs, bushes stunted by sea gale, cactus flattened to the soil, soil baked and crackling in the sun, colors blent into one rich mellowness like handwoven tweed and the whole smelling—oh, smelling—rapturously Carmen, who loved scent, sniffed up that lung-lifting fragrance.

IN those streets of Tetuan where sunshine and shadow drew patterns as definite as the black and white of a magpie's wing, they passed the familiar, mustard-yellow advertisements for petrol that blossom like dandelions in the Thames Valley. They passed open windows at which sat huddled, turbaned figures of shoemakers and mat-makers which might have come out of any Arabian Night's Tale. By the kerb a girl with a cigarette in her mouth noisily threw up the bonnet of her car. Women swathed like medieval penitents in white drapery came by muffled up to the eyes and hooded down to the brows, slunk past and were gone, silent as sunshine ghosts.

For, as they emerged into a civilised street bordering a park all blatant with bougainvillia, Tal Two suggested a rest and a cup of Turkish coffee before they went to the hotel where the cars picked up the various parties for the ship. (They were to sail from Ceuta in the early evening).

Before they could attract the attention of a waiter there broke upon their vision a gentleman in botticelli draperies of strawberry ice cream-pink, wearing upon his head a grey woollen busby, not un-Russian.

"Mesdames," he began, with a bow. He had a chocolate blancmange face, an open friendly expression, eyes like ripe sloes, teeth like split hazel kernels, and fluent, unusual French. He asked a thousand pardons for telling these ladies that this was not a cafe at which ladies, unattended, should sit, but that if the ladies wished refreshments and to see some of the native sights, he who spoke to them would be happy to be their guide. Not a Cook. Not a guide of Cook. It was not his metier. He was journalist. There would be nothing to pay. He would be enchanted to conduct these ladies for the pleasure of hearing and speaking a language that he loved.

"Boy," replied the American girl in her own language, "if you can derive any pleasure from hearing me talk French—come on, Carmen, we'll have him conduct."

Half an hour later their friends were looking anxiously up and down the principal street of Tetuan for any sign of those two.

Carmen and the American girl, who had been shown through further labyrinths of streets narrow as tube railways, and reeking of garlic, musk, incense, and native population, who had peered through arches who had darkened doorways into dens of thieves and Aladdin's caves, who had at a wayside sweetmeat-maker's stall been treated to fresh-baked toothsome native macaroons, and who were not the first women who have been lured by novelty and fresh company into forgetting about the time, were resting in the wicker chairs of a shaded Oriental cafe where they were the only ladies.

There was, however, a romantic Oriental ballet of men in their native woollen head-dresses, their noble fling of native draperies in dull-white or dimmed-rose, but they behaved as would any decently-bred Europeans, going on reading their Spanish or Arabic newspapers, playing their backgammon, smoking, sipping their small drinks, and all without one direct stare at the unaccustomed feminine invasion.

"These gentlemen," explained the host, "belong to my fotbol kloob."

"Football game," translated the American girl. "Will you think of their having one, in this Arabian Nights location? I can't forgive myself for not knowing enough Arabic to ask our boy-friend to tell us about himself. What's an easy one in French? Oh, yes. Are you married, monsieur?"

"Me?" Their host shook his Russian busby. "Me, I am still young."

"I have seventeen years and two weeks. The ladies, have they many children?"

On with the conversation that caused them so fatally to forget the time. Local tea was set before them in roomy tooth-glasses. Screaming-hot it was; colored like sparkling fire-amethysts, and sweet as honeysuckle. Sprays of mint and lemon verbena, steeping in each glass, scented it as aromatically as the African scrub.

"I am content that the ladies find the tea good," smiled the host, producing cigarettes. . . . The party went well . . . But he jumped in his chair at the suddenness of that exclamation from Tal Two.

"Mercy. Will you please look at the time?" She held out her bracelet-watch. She turned a dismayed face to Carmen. In her quaintly emphatic, cadenced voice she concluded: "That boat will have to go off from Ceuta without us!"

"OH! Oh, no, Monsieur! Please, please, we must rush!" Carmen sprang to her feet so precipitately that she upset her tea-glass and sent an amber stream with sprigs of mint all over her flowered skirt.

If they missed this boat, Carmen told herself, as their Arab piloted them through unknown streets, "faster, faster," like a Red Queen dragging two Alices—if they had to travel to Mallorca by another steamer, she, Carmen, would miss all that had been left to her of happiness (however mixed, however perilous!) for the rest of her life.

Were those golden hours to be blacked out? Only now, as the three runners stumbled along tunnel-like alleys (with the sky a mere ribbon of blue laid over the high Moorish roofs, while from every doorway peered dusky, bearded faces of men, intent and lovely faces of children, all unreal as the spectators' in a nightmare)—yes! Only now, in this frantic, perspiring scurry did the wretched little Sunshine-Stealer realise how she had been counting on one last week of her man's heartening companionship.

"Do those scoundrelly girls mean to jump the boat?" demanded Norah O'Connor, tapping her white-shod foot on the glaring hotel steps and screwing her eyes up against the sunshine to stare up the street. "Or are they just haggling at some stall and forgetting that a ship doesn't wait? Or could they have been kidnapped? One can imagine anything happening in that cut-throat native quarter. What shall we

Shoes on the Extra Floor
Here! Already! You never saw such variety, such cool, exciting

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do about it? All the cars but ours have started, Hatty."

"No. Look! Here's another driving up. With one of the ship's officers . . ."

"Don't you worry. Plenty of time. One always allows a margin for stragglers," said the Spanish-speaking officer who had appeared upon the scene thus providentially after an expedition to one of the camps in company with Carmen's Mr. Travers. "We'll find the ladies; probably sitting waiting quietly for you at——"

Here two agitated, breathless, flushed young women in flowered dresses, each with an arm in the dusky clutch of an Arab whose draperies swirled about the trio in the wind of their flight, came dashing round the street corner by the Oriental perfume-seller's, collided violently with the ship's officer and his friend, and collapsed on to the hotel steps.

"So here you are? Complete with sheik?" Mrs. Hatlew, taking the American girl by the shoulders, was shaking her in her relief.

With sighs of relief the party settled themselves into the two last waiting cars. Mrs. Hatlew and Miss O'Connor, announcing that they were not on speaking terms with harem-crashers, put the American girl to sit in front with their driver while in the swifter car the Spanish-speaking officer perched beside the chauffeur in order to hurry him back to the harbor.

Carmen, feeling that this was too good to be true, found herself sitting behind with Trav.

"You're not fit to be left," said he, as every man says to the woman he does not wish out of his sight.

Is it not a little to Carmen's credit that as they drove back through that storm of fragrance from the Myrtle Marsh under the westering sun she drew away and kept firmly clenched in her lap the soft little hand that her lover would have taken so cherishingly into his?

A surprise awaited her at sunset.

Now a pleasure-cruising vessel may pick up passengers en route, bound for the next port. Several of these had joined the ship at Vigo. Here on the quay at Ceuta there were other new arrivals, among them——

Enter the new masculine influence on Carmen's life!

Here he came, hastening with pomp and circumstance along the quay, and followed by two native porters laden with smart pigskin suitcases, a sweeping black cape, a cartwheel African straw hat, polo clubs, and another case of the best English golf clubs.

THE passage with the showy luggage pushed people with the movements of a swimmer through turgid waves. He hastened, even pranced, ahead, pushed closer up towards Travers with Carmen.

Now the first glimpse of that coal-black head, photogenic brown profile, and sturdy foreshortened build clad in dove-grey linen of an exotic cut did not convey to Carmen the awful thing that had happened. Casually she remarked to her escort: "I wonder if all Spaniards think all of us look alike? I can't help thinking most of them are indistinguishable from each other. You see that new man coming aboard, stopping now to light a cigarette? He's more like my cousin Juan than the taxi-driver was at Vigo."

The newcomer at that moment turned to throw his match over the quay-side. His glance at pretty Carmen was followed by a longer, keener look, and then the Spaniard's swarthy, vital, mobile face lighted up into a brilliant flash of black and white, of eyes and teeth.

Away flew the cigarette (to be pounced upon by twenty small boys). Out went both hands. With a bound he was upon the English couple, exclaiming fortissimo through the rest of the noise: "Carmen Allen. Little cousin! I find you here? Travelling on this boat? My boat? Ah, but what happiness!"

What anything but happiness for Carmen . . .

Short of embassies from Berkeley Yard, her Spanish cousin, Juan Osorio, was the very last person she wanted to see boarding this boat.

Why, she fumed (even as she responded to his shouts), why should it be just this boat that the young man on leave from his regiment from the garrison in Morocco had decided (before proceeding to his parents' home in Madrid) to pay visits in Palma and in Cadiz——

All this came out in five seconds after his greeting and his introduction to Travers. Then wild shrieks from the porters in difficulty with the man at the foot of the gang plank tore him away.

"FOR the moment only!" he cried over a solid shoulder. "I see you presently."

The ship lifted up her voice. It joined the last hoarse shriek of the traders ("Mister! . . . Mister! . . . Screech! Squeee . . .") died away on the slim-made breeze. Majestically the vessel let the little black tug guide her out to sea. Slowly she drew away from that port under the hillside, with its splish of square, white buildings like some giant game of draughts. "Here's the sunset I promised you," said Trav, walking Carmen to the rail. Together they gazed at that pageant of apricot-flushed sky and golden waters.

"Look there," Travers pointed "on the side of that mauve mountains. See that bit of bright cloud? Shaped like a scarf, isn't it? And it's hanging there as if the Spirit of Northern Africa were waving us on our way. Lord, but it's going to be a heavenly evening."

"It'll be even better when the moon comes up," said Trav. And now he took no trouble to keep the coloratura note out of his pleasant voice. Instantly Carmen sensed that note. Low and tingling as the whisper of champagne it sounded in her ears.

"We are under a waxing moon," Trav told her with more in his tone than in the words. "Luck for undertakings, Carmen. Luck for the rest of our voyage!"

Hastily Carmen put her hand out behind her, hastily she touched the back of a deck-chair the nearest word . . .

But here, bearing down upon them on this sunset side of the ship, came Juan Osorio, with the air of one prepared to find and to make the shortest voyage pleasant.

"You, Mr. Travers, will excuse if I now monopolise Miss Allen? We are long-lost cousins, you know." Too long," he added with a brilliantly encouraging smile at Carmen whose only wish was that he had remained lost. "Again and again, Carmen, have I reproached myself that our families drifted apart. One wrote, one ceased to write. Who knows why?" Square, dove-grey shoulders were up beyond his ears. "But now we make up for that. We reunite."

Please be sorry for Carmen that evening, even if she did deserve all that was coming to her. As she went down to dinner she was tremblingly certain that her Spanish cousin would not only interrupt her romance, but that he would now discredit the whole of her fiction about that legacy.

"I know exactly what will happen," Carmen told herself as she took her seat between Juan Osorio and Trav. "Spanish Granny will crop up into the conversation like Banquo's ghost before we are through the soup——"

Soup had been taken away before Juan's carrying baritone finished enlarging upon plans for his leave. The friends to whom he was going in Palma were connected with comrades from his regiment. But in Cadiz—ah, this was more interesting! In Cadiz he had to visit a family with very rich, wine-manufacturing business. This family had a daughter. All parents were anxious that she should make acquaintance with Juan.

Juan went on with his own story of the invitation to inspect that heiress in Cadiz.

Carmen sat, seeing pictures of London seven years ago with her two young Spanish cousins on a visit, expounding to their English hosts what they found surprising, repulsive, admirable or a joke about The London scene, through which they passed, like Pippa, making themselves the centre of public attention wherever they went. Here was the same thing happening in the ship's dining-saloon, with Juan at twenty-two instead of sixteen and his moustache, his good-looks and his conversation all rather thicker and more full-blown.

Round came the steward bringing the menu with the choice between filleted plaice and Spanish omelette. The cotton-magnate's wife, who found the Spanish gentleman's conversation as good as any play, asked him more about his young lady in Cadiz that his family were so keen on getting him off with.

"But I have myself not yet seen her. I look forward!"

"To getting married? eh, but it's a lottery, isn't it?

"I am por averse" (Osorio was speaking of marriage in tones to beat the band, while the band themselves strove to listen through their pot-pourri of Guy Ditrow). "If the lady is of a type I find appetising and sympathetic——

"I MEAN I would not (in myself) unsympathetically, unappetisingly to any woman. Still I do not go so far as one of my comrades of the regiment, who, asked why he did not marry said: 'Why should I make one woman unhappy, when I can make happy so many girls?'"

At this Trav wanted to exchange a "we-know-better" smile with his love. She would not meet his eyes. Quaking she was waiting for family topics to come up and for her luxury-legend to go bang.

With a sledge-hammer thump of the heart Carmen thought: "Now he's going to say 'As English as our grandmother' and out it will all come——"

But Juan (who had ordered a special bottle of wine for their table) cut it that she was as Spanish as the wine in his glass and added her whether she did not find that in this warmer climate she had become so at home so heavily?

Brazenly Carmen said she hadn't noticed any change.

Travers, suppressing a mischievous grin, remembered her admission about coming

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over All-British as soon as she was with her continental cousins. "To-night." Trav thought, in spite of the exotic dash in her loveliness, "Carmen Allen was (bless her honest little heart) as English as a Dorothy Perkins rose."

"Myself, I find you have grown into the absolutely Spanish Senorita of Romance," pronounced her cousin, taking a sip of wine. "You have the eyes!"

Carmen put down her fork and clenched both fists under the table-cloth.

"Yes. You have the small, soft, delicate, coquette's hands that were formed to flirt a fan, to drop the rose from the balcony, to draw the lace across the bosom," catalogued Juan Osorio at the pace of more compliments to the minute than a Briton could get in words about the weather. "You have the exquisite feminine manner, half to allure, half to refuse. You have the glance and all the grace of Spain!"

Delightedly Carmen's cousin drew attention to Carmen's blush; the glow of the jewel, the heart of the rose, the warmth of the wine!

"Oh, Juan, do shut up," Carmen laughed, though never before had she known such a hot, un-ladylike wish to hurl all the wine in her glass over a man's glossy shirt-front. Nor had she ever felt so utterly English. No longer the flower between the teeth, but the hockey stick in the hand was her emblem.

HERE the band, who'd been putting their heads together to choose appropriate music, swooped into a waltz so Early-Victorian that only the two most senior passengers, Uncle Money and the Old Gentleman of the Nightshirt, knew its name. From separate tables the two elders crooned:

"Long years ago, in old Madrid——"

That was the cue. Carmen knew it, and ceased to be able to swallow her Bombe Valencia. . . .

"Madrid. My home," echoed Juan sentimentally, waving his glass. "The home, Carmen, of Abuelita, the grandmother who was responsible for our being cousins!"

"Yes," said Carmen, with restraint.

Mrs. Cotton-Magnate, freshly interested, wanted to know all about the old Spanish lady. How old was she, where did she live, wasn't she very proud of her handsome grandchildren?

The handsome grandson, bowing and suave, explained that Abuelita—Spanish Granny—had never seen them; not his sister, not himself, not his cousin.

"Exactly," said Carmen beneath her breath. "Exactly, exactly——" and twisted her table-napkin as though it were a neck.

"Thirty years before any of us were born our Sainted Grandmother was laid to rest in the wonderful old family mausoleum at Madrid, not even knowing that we should exist!"

"Eh, that's sad," sympathised Mrs. Cotton-Magnate.

Carmen, seizing the carafe, poured water into her glass, poured, poured . . . felt a hand clasp her wrist. Trav's. He had just prevented an inundation. She gabbled apologies, and while the dining-saloon seemed to tilt as wildly as though the ship were tossing in an equinoctial gale, she hazarded one glance at Trav. Exactly as usual, Trav looked. "But what's he thinking, what's he thinking of me for having lied about that legacy? Or—is it possible Trav hasn't got that?"

Trav, as a matter of fact, was not wondering at all about the legacy. Vaguely and in passing he took for granted that the money had been left, "to be come in for" by various descendants, "when they should be twenty-one," and was secretly blessing the chance that had for once given him time and place and loved one all together.

Juan now changed the subject back again to Carmen herself.

"At fifteen my cousin was not so lovely. She was pale, monotone, the sleeping Princess. What has kissed her awake?"

Travers did not look at her.

"Sunshine," Juan answered himself. "That is what we Southerners demand. Northerners need it not. For sunshine I would fly to Egypt, to India; I would travel, if poor, bare-foot. To escape into sunshine, I would kill—I would even steal!"

"Eh, dear me, I am shocked," smiled Mrs. Cotton-Magnate. "If we thought you meant that, Mr. Isawrier, I'd ask steward to put you at another table. We don't want thieves joining our nice little family-party, do we, Miss Allen?"

THAT night, before she crept into her bunk, Carmen turned her calendar to the wall with a sharp little tap. THE END, which she had marked for the seventh day, had been anticipated. To-night after dinner Trav had deliberately—ah, pointedly—left Carmen for the rest of the evening to the unwished-for society of her own cousin. It was Juan who had taken her to see the ship's cinema performance. With Juan she had danced on deck, making cruise-history, as everybody wanted to know what on earth Mr. Travers was going to do about this? Trav had smoked and yarned in the bar with his chosen pal, the ship's officer, while that unspeakable bore, Juan, conducted a cousinly catechism.

He wanted to know what Carmen had been doing all these years since he had had the happiness of seeing her? She had been working? Ridiculous. What waste! No woman should be allowed to work; that is, no pretty woman. Women who were not pretty were dismissed with an upward lift of Juan's square shoulders. Carmen ought to be quite otherwise occupied. When was she going to marry? What? she was not even engaged? Why not? Surely there were many languishers? Even on this boat there were men? What of the long blond Englishman so silent at the dinner-table? Was he not enamored of Carmen?

IN the London that Carmen had left, an entire population was galvanised by one interest—the Irish Sweep.

That day Londoners—with millions of other Britons waiting all over the Empire—swung between castle-building hopes and a "Better luck next time." Sweep-results were the one subject of thought and conversation in clubs, hotels, shops, offices, lodging-house, warehouses, workhouses. The one topic; the one gleam!

For instance, Carmen's friends, the Smithsons, were able for some hours to enjoy a mental pleasure-cruise far away from their suburban daily lives, their daily toil, and their daily journeys through town-fog, which, browny-grey as army blankets, dank with smoke and moisture, rank with soot, mud and petrol, brooded over the city.

Now at the moment that the young Smithsons, with countless other daily breaders, went ploughing off citywards (thinking: "With any luck this may be for the last time!"), Miss B. Wilcox, of Curzon Street, sat up against the frilly pillows of her pink-padded Edwardian bed, breakfasting on half a grapefruit and three inches of toast. "With my Sweep winnings," she yawned, "I shall treat myself to flying-lessons from the enchanting Captain Baker."

And so on all over London!

But even on that day when, from the City to the West End, little but the sweep was given a thought, there was one little personage who pointedly ignored the universal gamble. In Lady Wilcox's presence even her granddaughter hesitated to mention two words. Only her personal maid, a new innocent, reported: "Not a thing in the papers, m'Lady, except this Irish Sweep."

"Did I ask you, Wace, what was in the papers?" replied Disapproval in a boudoir-cap of old rose point. "Put out my new violet toque and a fresh pair of white gloves, please. And the large box of chocolates from Debry's. I shall take it down with me to Ascot.

"You won't be driving, m'Lady, in all this fog?"

"I said I shall take it down to Ascot, Wace."

As the car swept up the drive Lady Wilcox glanced across the lawn at a green course with low white posts and at single-story red brick buildings beyond it; and her small mouth pursed. She shook the head in the Edwardian toque. A shy love of horses was in her blood; but all her life she had disapproved of racing.

To-day she had a deep-down reason to hate it. Oh, she hated it and everything to do with it! But here, on the steps of the house stood a very tall figure in tweeds and leggings, hand in hand with a very small figure in about half a yard of the same tweed and miniature leggings of the same pattern. Three golden retrievers were fawning upon those leggings and at the sight the prim, strained lines of Lady Wilcox's face melted into tenderness.

THE car drew up. The dogs bounded forward. Down the steps, in standing jumps like a robin, came the little figure holding out a small paw to help the visitor descend.

"There's my good boy. You won't eat too many of these," and Lady Wilcox slipped the box of chocolates into his short arms. Then she turned her love-in-the-mist blue eyes up to the face of his father—Bertie Wilcox, that elongated fox-colored sportsman of forty-one with a Hulbertian profile and his brothers and sister air of taking it modestly but confidently for granted that they were entertaining, popular, and everybody's favorite. Lady Wilcox's look at him adored, deprecated, and seemed to search—search anxiously—for something that she hoped she would not see.

They went into Bertie's horsey den with its riding boots of all descriptions in a row, gaiters, a saddle, spurs, a jockey's brilliant silk jacket and striped cap, crops, switches, bits and pieces of harness, a shelf of cups, another shelf holding a few horse medicines, countless photographs of masters of hunts in profile, elaborately autographed, sporting prints of famous chasers and racers—and a corner cupboard which was the private bar that the master of the place now threw open to offer Gran a glass of sherry after her drive.

"Certainly not, thank you."

"Tea," decreed Lady Wilcox. "China tea is all anyone should ever take on any afternoon."

"We'll have it now. Or would you care to take a look round first?"

Lady Wilcox, with the manner of a missionary who consents to be shown a cannibal encampment elected to have a look round.

But when the long-legged racing stables

Here! Already! You never saw such variety, such com...

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gutter took the tiny little old lady across to the paddock beyond the lawn she seemed to be taking not so much a look round as a look away. She turned aside from the track, worn close to the posts where horses were exercised. She frowned slightly at the approach of two fillies in clothing which were being walked round. With the golden retrievers trailing at their heels Bertie and she reached the yard where a people of lads were filling buckets from a stand-pipe, and her hand in its fresh white kid glove held to her grandson's tweed sleeve as though he—he, not she! were approaching some danger. The visitor did not listen to what Bertie said to the grooms, nor to those characteristic sounds of the ping of a hoof, the munching from a manger. These details usually made up a certain forbidden fruit atmosphere which (very, very secretly) thrilled Lady Wilcox to the core.

To-day her eyes were all for Bertie, and her doughty old heart was heavy with a very special anxiety.

BACK in the house and almost buried in Bertie's big leather arm-chair a sigh broke from her overburdened heart. "I wish you didn't."

"Didn't which? Oh! I thought you were letting it get you down extra-badly this afternoon, Gran. Now look here, darling. To me the sporting thrill is what makes life worth living, even if to you it's merely wicked. Can't we agree that there can be no schools of thought?"

"There can be only one opinion," said the little old lady, trembling with earnestness, "about their meaning too—too much temptation to wrong-doing. Horses—" she paused until Bertie's man who was bringing in tea, went out again. "Horses pave the way to ruin."

"They've paved the way to prosperity for a few people to-day."

"That horrid sweep you mean; you know what I think of it!"

"Quite, darling. See if you approve of your tea." Bertie poured it out for her, remembering to put the milk in first and add one lump of sugar. "And only two drops of cream. I remember. But there's one thing I'd nearly forgotten, Gran. I've a present for you.

"This is for you," and he slipped into her hand a silver-bound note-case of purple leather.

If it had been of snake-skin with the live snake still inside it Lady Wilcox could not have looked more aghast.

"Bertie. The case I lost——"

"No. Another one. Billy told me you got it at Asprey's. The same sort, isn't it?"

Hastily and with fluttering fingers Lady Wilcox was examining the case.

"But, Bertie—It's full of money."

"What did you expect? Very bad luck to give anyone a present of a purse, bag or case with nothing in it," laughed Bertram Wilcox.

His grandmother did not laugh. "There are five ten-pound notes here."

"Of course? Didn't Billy tell me the whole sad story? So I want you to let me make up that fifty you lost."

But Lady Wilcox was stuffing the case back into his hands with a quite breathless whisper: "I don't want you to!"

Lightly he tossed the purple case back into her lap. "There's no trace of the other, I hear, so I don't suppose you need expect to see it again."

"I didn't want to! I mean, it doesn't signify. I wasn't worrying."

"What a casual little plutocrat you are," said her grandson, opening her hand-bag, slipping the case into it, fastening it with a determined snap. "Hadn't you really done anything about recovering your property?"

"Nothing. Nothing.

"Let's talk about something more cheerful——"

"But I say, you're perfectly certain about your stuff?"

"Quite, quite! Don't let's talk about it. Nobody knew the money was in the house. Except yourself and Billy."

"Even young Billy never robs you without telling you first, Gran. And you wouldn't think I'd do it——"

He stopped. Something had happened. At one time people would have burnt at the stake as a heretic anyone who foretold that only a few centuries later a fragile woman in a pitch-dark room would be able by putting out her finger and touching a button on the wall to flood that room with light. It happened to Bertram Wilcox. In the extreme of surprise, he said: "Granny. You did. You thought it was me. You did think I had done it."

She was dumb. Only her tea-cup tinkled against its saucer.

Shocked and indignant he looked down at her. Outside the windows river-mist crept up, white over the green paddocks, white over the red stable buildings. "Good Lord," said Bertie Wilcox slowly. "My own grandmother."

"Don't talk to me like that, don't look at me like that, Bertie. I won't have it! It's been almost more than I could bear—for days and days and nights and nights," protested Lady Wilcox, so shakily that what could Bertie do but come down off his high-horse, kneel on the rug at her absurd feet, put a long tweeded arm about her.

"All the same, and in common fairness to everybody, you wicked suspicious little woman," he presently concluded, "there's one thing you ought to do."

"What—What's that, Bertie?"

"You ought to go to your bank. Didn't Mr. Packe, the lawyer, tell you that? They're safe to have kept the numbers of those notes. You ought to report your loss to the bank and have the notes traced without delay."

"CARMEN, ah Carmen!"

For again the scene has changed. Once more off the coast of Spain the pleasure-cruiser's white paint was blistering on her rails. Like the hot breath of some dragon in its lair rose puffs from the engine-room skylights, and on this day of sunshine-cruise what half the passengers sought was shade. The shadow of the boats upon the boat-deck were as hard as tin, and they made one of the shadiest corners of the vessel for the girl who had slipped up there— But in vain! to escape a newly-infatuated pesterer.

"Carmencita, the more I look at you the less I wish to land at Cadiz and visit this heiress."

"Better not look at me then. I'd so much rather you didn't——" But it was just like Juan Osorio, thought the harassed Carmen, to add to all my other complications by pretending to have a crush on me.

More than a crush, it was a genuinely heady passion which, to do the young man justice (not that Carmen ever would) he had conceived for his cousin as soon as he came aboard, since a ship is notoriously, one of the fullest love-traps, while a Spaniard in his teens and twenties is the world's easiest faller-in-love.

Earlier that morning a cruise-nymph whom Carmen had not seen before (one characteristic of a cruise being that, towards the sixth or seventh day entirely fresh faces swim into one's ken) had said: "Aren't you lucky? I do think your new boy-friend is handsome. Is he on the films?" And hearing that Carmen's cousin was on the Spanish garrison, had exclaimed wistfully: "Aren't you thrilled?"

Thrilled? Carmen's one thought was escape.

Enthusiastically she welcomed the proposal of the cruise-director to show parties round the inner workings of the ship's commissariat department. Hot as it was, she let herself be led through the ship's bakery; and there would have stayed had it not been that even in that fragrant inferno Juan unearthed her.

THEN she aped to another shady corner on the lower deck, where her enviably care-free friends, the sun-worshipping girls, whose blithe, naive faces looked like a patch of English daisies against the blazing blue Mediterranean background, were for once busy as bees. One girl knelt at the feet of another draping a flowing green muslin robe, over her white swimmer. Others squatted like Oriental tailors under the awning on their canvas deck, surrounded by drifts of muslin or crinkled, colored paper, and through their chat sounded the incessant snip of scissors. "Ha! Carmen come to advise about costumes for to-night?"

"To-night? Anything happening?"

Carmen felt that (since Trav could not have meant any of the things he said! Since Trav had deserted her) nothing that was anything need be expected to happen again.

Sitting down on a bench considerably hotter to the touch than are bathroom pipes on a winter's morning in many of the country homes of England, Carmen, exquisite little needlewoman, sewed at one end of a seam of which the other was held by bangle-waist, and hoped for the rest of the morning to be free of her languisher. Either as an admirer or as a blabber who might make mischief as long as he, Carmen and Trav remained on board the same ship, Juan was to be avoided.

Carmen went all out to avoid him.

Juan, with the ingrained Latin conviction that no woman says "No" unless she means "Yes," went all out to stalk her—to the interest of the whole ship.

Carmen, ducking her head over her sewing and drawing back against her neighbor, tried to flatten herself into obscurity like a chicken under the eye of a hovering hawk. Too late.

Here he came, the blighting, inescapable Juan, loudly admiring this charming scene of operetta. Heads turned; scissors paused in mid-snip, paper patterns fluttered to the deck as the sewing-party became a matinee audience for Carmen Allen's new, intriguing, fascinating foreign admirer. Oh, and for somebody else, too. The fair-haired one. For here came Mr. Travers—from his own shady corner.

The whole of that morning Trav had taken himself off to the chart-room, of which haven he had been given the freedom that means so much to a lover of maps, and where he had been lying comfortably doggo. Let the girl get fed to the teeth with the society of the pranging cousin, had been Trav's idea; Trav was "having at" his single aim from another angle. By lunch-time, perhaps, she'll ap-

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preciate being rescued from Alphonso Sagrada the Toreador? Upon which he had shut the chart-room door. But it was not close upon lunch-time. Unobtrusively he had raced Juan to where Carmen sat sewing. A drawn race! "What," thought the other girls, "could a girl want more? Two most attractive men obviously crazy about her; one at each side of her."

"Hullo! So this is where you've gone to ground, Carmen?"

Carmen's needle ran into her finger. She put it mechanically into her mouth, but she felt nothing, for at last, at last Trav had spoken exactly as he had spoken before there was any Juan. Which must mean that Trav had not taken in the discrepancy of the Spanish legacy story, that Trav had not discovered that she, Carmen, was no better than a lying little thief, and that Trav had only been avoiding her because he had imagined that she wanted to talk to her cousin Juan.

While black upon her work fell the united shadows of the two young men, making every other girl there wonder excitedly which of the two that disgraceful little vamp really preferred? whether that attractive Mr. Travers had made up his mind that the fascinating foreigner wasn't to be allowed to butt in with his new-laid admiration? how the fiery-looking Spaniard would put up with that? what would happen if he didn't? and what, in short, any of them were going to say or do next?

WHAT happened next was that Travers asked if he could persuade Carmen to let him lend her (slight emphasis on word "Lend") that Spanish shawl he had picked up at Vigo. "I want to see if it would take a prize; won't you do me the honor of wearing it at the dance?"

At this Juan Osorio looked as though, on that calm blue sea, the ship had suddenly started to pitch.

Carmen, feeling that sunshine once more ran liquid through her veins, registered an inward vow that the shawl and she should take the highest prize possible, thanked Trav demurely for thinking of her, then allowed herself one sparkle of mischief.

"If you're sure your aunt won't mind?"

Trav was blandly sure that anybody's aunt would be only too delighted.

Young Osorio, who had dragged his covetous eyes away from Carmen's comealive little face for just long enough to catch the glance sent down to it by Travers, was ravaged by fresh misgiving. So this long blond Englishman was not entirely icicle or fish, warranted indifferent to everything beyond the ship, the sport, the men comrades.

"Oh, excuse me, all you busy people——" There now made her way up to this sewing group a pleasant-faced lady in white and a shady hat, who had been touring the decks jingling a bag of coins and holding out a sheaf of tickets.

"Take a chance! Only half-a-crown, Mr. Travers?"

Trav rose to his feet, but without moving two inches from Carmen.

"And what about you?" The lady smiled friendly-wise at the foreigner with that handsome, sullen oval face, and that sleek hair, shiny as glass, and those eyes like black moons rolling across their brilliant whites. He, with a bow, asked to be told what all this was? And was informed that it was a draw, or kind of lottery.

"I thought that for all English people all lotteries were unlegal."

"That seems to depend."

"Too difficult I find it to understand English ways, madam," complained Juan with an ostentatious sigh and with darkling reproach through the family eyelashes at Carmen. She went on stitching and ignored him, conscious only of Trav's nearness, while the lady in white explained that she was raffling three prizes for a first-class passage on this boat to be drawn for on the day before landing.

Travers had returned to his shady corner in the chart-room, but not to study charts. He had found something else to think about. A slightly disturbing detail. Presently he would want to know what was the meaning of this; the Wilcoxes telephone number on his girl's note-case?

HOWEVER, Travers did not mean to say anything about this rather surprising discovery to Carmen until he had her to himself at the fancy dress dance—that centrepiece of cruising enjoyment.

Ship's officers off duty were looking forward to this almost as much as the passengers, for are not sailors invariably good dancers? (Also they foresaw that this would be an evening of strange sights). During the afternoon two or three of them had lent a hand with the decorations, and by teatime the general tissue-paper and lantern effect had reached a positively royal wedding level.

Juan Osorio, all ready to conquer in trousers fitting like a glove up to his breastbone, a crimson sash, a loudly flowered scarf, and a sombrero, waylaid his cousin in the narrow white corridor on her way to the barber's shop.

"Carmencita! Heartless Carmen. At least you give me the first waltz of the night?"

"I don't know," replied heartless Carmen, who hoped she certainly did know with whom she would be dancing that waltz. "It depends upon—Well, upon the time of the competition. I can't promise."

"I see," muttered Juan, drawing his black brows down over his magnificent eyes. "You will not promise me even this dance, because of that mouldy Travers for whom you wear his shawl. For him you put me aside like a door marked 'Push'."

"If Mr. Travers had never been born," Carmen, in a flash assured Juan, "it would make no difference to what I feel about you."

"I don't believe you," retorted this lover of melodrama, blocking up the corridor. "No woman is to be trusted when speaking of The Other Man. You I do not trust."

"Good. Then you'll stop worrying about me."

She left Juan standing.

A man who will not scamp his dinner even to get to the theatre before the curtain rises will rush through his dressing so as to give himself plenty of time for dinner. How different from a woman!

Carmen chose to rush through her meal before dressing, and then to slip away to the big state-room shared by Mrs. Hallow and Miss O'Connor, who had volunteered to give her an extra-special, wizard make-up for the real fun and games of the evening.

Along Deck A came filing past the judge's table the competitors; a lady swept by in her mother's wedding gown; a sultan was meekly followed by two of his veiled favorites. Spanish pirates and pierrots were thick as usual on the floor. A youngster in sun-hat and swimmer, carrying a suitcase, and himself pasted all over with labels Gibraltar, Las Palmas, via Marseilles and Wanted on the Voyage, represented the cruising spirit. From the blunt end sounded lightheartedly the newest foxtrot . . .

Against the background like curtains of grey cottonwool which had blotted out the usual purple abyss of night-sky and sea beyond the ship's rigging and railing, stepped an effective and vivid little figure all black, white, and scarlet—Carmen, as herself.

With tap of heel, with lightest swing from gently curved hips, she stepped out, looking neither to the right—where, without any side glance, she could sense the steady light look of Travers and the sulky black glare of Juan, alike fastened upon her—nor to the left, where the three judges sat behind their table.

Her friends had made an excellent job of Carmen's make-up; slight, but subtle.

Delicately but deliberately Carmen now displayed the shawl—and who blames its wearer, if that display were consciously aimed at the eyes of the man she loved?

At him Carmen smiled. Then she blew a perfect smoke-ring, caught it, looking neither to right nor to left, on her finger, smiled again dreamily as though she were alone on the deck instead of the focus of so many eyes; then proudly aloof, the lovely little figure swung by.

Never was first prize (ladies artistic section) to be more quickly won from three judges. She knew before she heard that it was hers.

"All the same, Miss Allen," jovially remarked the W. G. Grace judge, "I'm not sure whether I'd call this cricket."

"BY Jove, there's a fine couple," said the elders, watching Carmen and Travers sway and turn as one lithe shape to a simple rhythm. Those noble masculine draperies emphasised that rightness of Trav's every inch and movement. Under the headdress and the gold brow-band his face was unexpectedly handsome; as for Carmen, never had she stood out as so definitely a beauty, never had her small head been carried so proudly or her blackly satin hair made such a decorative shape with its narrow white parting, its lock curved in front of either ear, its twisted knot to rest upon the nape and support the towering Spanish comb.

They were not conscious of the eyes, admiring or envious, that followed them. They did not see the laughing faces of other dancers swirling past, nor the gaily travestied figures, nor that thin black-shape of the mimic Death.

She was pressed against his chest. The sheik's head drapery floated out and folded her creamy, bare shoulder. Trav could feel the quickened stir of her heart as they waltzed. He could tell that to the carnation powder she always used had added some of the Oriental jasmine scent, bought at Tetuan, neither was sweeter than the natural freshness of her.

"Carmen."

"Trav."

He began: "You look——"

"What?"

"Not such a sorry sight," said Travers.

"That was just your shawl. Thank you for lending it to me. That's what got the prize of course."

"Of course."

She knew the words in his heart were:

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"You are the prize" for his look at her said more than the most florid compliment to which another man could have laid tongue.

The next thing Trav said quite casually was: "When did you meet the Wilcoxes?"

This was a knife slipped into the heart of their rapture, but she could not know that at once.

"The Wilcoxes?"

"Yes," said Travers. "I have been thinking that all these years I've lived in London and never seen you. Never even met people who knew you, Carmen. But we have met one lot who knew both of us. The Wilcoxes."

"But, Trav! Which Wilcoxes?"

"The Curzon Street lot. There's a brother on the Stock Exchange who ought to have been on the stage, and the racehorse owner chap, and the sister who is a bit of a one—you know them!"

"No, I don't," said Carmen innocently enough. "I don't know any Wilcoxes."

"Why, but you've got their telephone number!"

"Yes——"

Boom, the siren cut her short.

"Yes, I couldn't help seeing it," Trav explained. "It was on your note-case, you know. You know, this morning when you handed me your note-case. Well, as children say, I wasn't looking, I saw. Saw you'd put down the Wilcoxes number."

"That?" said Carmen——

She had got it now. Now she had got it. "Oh. That——" said Carmen and missed her step, and nearly fell.

CARMEN'S first instinct, of course, was flight.

To run from this man—no longer her lover, but the beastly police-detective who actually knew the people who owned that money she had stolen! To run away—anywhere! But where was there to run to?

Thought began again to stir in her dazed mind. . . . Must have time. Time to think of something to say. Play for time.

She hedged. "How did you meet them, Trav?"

"I?" His voice sounded through the music. "Oh, professionally."

Trav, who had turned with her into a brilliantly rosy splash of light from a lantern, looked keenly down into that alluring, that beloved little face. What was the change that had come over it? What was the change in the whole atmosphere? He was holding her close—yet she had taken herself miles away.

The fog was not lifting for Trav; something to do with these Wilcoxes had come down like a cloud to shut his girl away from him; what was it?

"Come inside, won't you?" Something stopped him from using even the name of this girl who yesterday had been "Darling." "I'll get your coat."

More and more uneasily Travers wondered why she wanted to keep her views on the Wilcoxes to herself? In his mind Travers saw that chic, vivacious bemonocled sister and those two brothers Wilcox. Especially those two brothers. Not outstandingly good-looking, not supernormally brainy, not arrestingly anything, but with personality. And was this why Carmen, who had so frankly told Trav that she was not married and not engaged, shut up like an oyster when she was asked where she had met the brothers Wilcox?

Speaking naturally enough, he went on: "They live with their grandmother in Curzon Street, don't they? Her husband was Sir Anthony Wilcox of the big shipping line. The old lady's a bit of a terror, I gathered, as those wealthy widows often are. Did you meet her, too?"

"No."

"Sorry if I've dropped a brick asking about people you—" Brusquely yet tentatively he brought out—"aren't friends with any more."

"How could I be friends when I've never been friends?" demanded Carmen, with a spurt of helpless anger at finding herself in this jam. "I said I didn't know them!"

"I see." He would have shut up then. It was Carmen who rushed on.

"As for their telephone number that you saw on my case, I didn't know it was their telephone number!" ("Why did I say that? Now what explanation can I give him?") All of a sudden it came to her. She must blurt out—not the truth, but half the truth, in the hope that Trav might take it for the whole. "Not only I didn't know it was their telephone number, I didn't know it was their case! I picked it up——" Rapidly she thought, the man being in the police will know that plenty of these bag-snatchers take anything valuable there is out of the bag and often enough throw it away again.) "I picked it up, empty, in the street."

"She's lying," thought Trav at once. For in her slightly overdone casualness his ear caughts the note which told him past mistaking that she was lying about something.

"Oh, really," said he conventionally, as the band started the waltz again, and again they moved into step. "In the street?"

"The one leading into my 'Slum' that I told you about," Carmen replied glibly. "I was going home one evening and I nearly tripped over something on the pavement. It was that case. Your friends the Wilcoxes must have dropped it quite near their home. Odd, wasn't it?"

"Yes. One of these coincidences." (Travers thought: "At last I meet this one girl I think I can bank on, think is going to be everything, think I can trust with my life—and she lies to me.")

CARMEN was gabbling. "There was nothing on the case but that telephone number. I rang it up at once. Got no answer so I thought: 'Well! What else is there to be done?' "

Trav was thinking: "Why shouldn't all this be true? Only because I know she's lying to me. Haven't I always, from the first, spotted that there is something more about her than met the eye?"

Travers, chilled to the heart as the clammiest fog would have had no power to chill him, returned swiftly: "Sorry if I've bored you."

"This whole cruise is boring me stiff. I wish I'd never come on it," retorted the Sunshine-Stealer, with a desperate gesture, as she shook her head surmounted by that towering comb and pulled out that never-to-be-sufficiently anathematised note-case. "Here! You'd better have this." Carmen told him, all too vehemently. "Since you know the address of these beastly Wilcoxes——"

"I will let you have it."

Carmen did not hear what he said. She was concluding her impulsive sentence.

"At last, Carmencita! This time you shall not escape," and she was caught into the arms of her cousin, Juan Osorio.

"This next is the tango; our dance!" exulted young Juan, drawing his partner sideways.

The young man threw his broad hat to the nearest steward: he had swarmed down his hair with more than his usual lavish allowance of Brilliantine Tuberrose; the same scent drenched his handkerchief and flavored his after-shave talcum.

Two or three travelling school-teachers who never left each other's sides and were dressed alike to-night as Geishas clustered closer together, knowing the spinster's half-shocked vicarious thrill, as they twittered: "Oh, look at those two Spaniards! Aren't they marvellous together? He's the real thing, isn't he? My goodness me——"

Others dancers — Victorians, Puritans, sailors, pierrettes, pirates, and boys in their sisters' beach-wear hung back to make a watching, admiring ring.

Travers, moving through an anglicised form of the tango with Mrs. Cotton-Magnate, wondered miserably: "Why did Carmen pitch me that yarn about finding that case in the street? Pretty thin. And why shoot that line about knowing nothing about the Wilcoxes? Keeping their telephone-number next to her heart!

"Carmencita, listen," muttered the ardent Juan, so close in her ear that the gold danglements swung against his lips. "Never go back to that cold and foggy London, wasting your time and yourself in those repugnant offices, working. It is not to be heard of! Come away with me at Cadiz. We marry. Let all your troubles be at an end. What about that?"

"It's a point of view," Carmen laughed, even as one laughs at the incredible suggestions made in a dream.

Juan's voice changed. "You won't listen. For once tell me the truth. It is because of this Travers, this cold-blooded Englishman whose shawl you wear because you love him?"

"Oh Juan, you idiot. Please don't be so silly. Of course not. Why must I be supposed to love him, or you, or anybody? If you do want to do anything for me just let me go now. Good night."

In her cabin Carmen's first move was to turn and slam the door.

Then she gave a hunted look round as of some panting little animal which, having been chased into its own lair, is for the moment safe in that hiding place. Even in that instant of relief, Fancy played one of its terrifying tricks. Carmen saw, not the snowy glossy paint-work and neat appointments of her first-class cabin, but the grey stone walls, the stone floor, the high-up square barred window (small as a port-hole, but looking out on to a dreary yard) of a prison cell.

Violently Carmen tugged that Spanish comb out of her hair. Without unscrewing them she dragged the earrings from her ears—she heard the tap at her door and in fresh affright called out: "Who's there?"

IT was only her cabin-stewardess, who came in to find Miss Allen wrapped up to her chin in a towelling bathing-cape. She brought with her something Carmen had forgotten.

"Mr. Travers sent you back this, miss."

"This" was the purple note-case that held all Carmen's remaining money.

"Oh, yes. I gave it him to hold. Thank you," said Carmen, speaking not at all in the voice of a girl who has that moment turned from sinister pictures that have set her world rocking about her.

The envied Carmen woke next morning to a ship at anchor and to a worse shock than that of the night before.

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It was brought to her by a small bell-hop, pretty as Ganymede in livery, and as full of importance as though he were the captain himself.

"Wireless message for you, miss."

"A wireless message? For me?" Carmen clutched the midnight serenade. "Oh no! Not!"

"My death-sentence," thought Carmen bed. "The police."

"It's some I'm done——" And down she sank on to the nearest step, while the lad's on her face amid the transit passenger drew up on his box-line to his breakfast-table and ask in concern: "Have you hurt yourself?"

Carmen did not answer. She did not hear. She did not see that she was blocking up the gateway and that now half a dozen people had stopped, and were looking anxiously at the girl who had just got a wireless. With fingers become thumbs she tore open that folded piece of paper it shook in her hand.

Carmen, thrusting that wireless message into her beach-bag, had already picked herself up and left them. She was diving down a corridor towards the state-room door at which she knocked urgently as any fugitive seeking sanctuary.

"GOOD morning, Glory!" warbled the gramophone in full brassy blast; for music encompassed all the to-bed-songs and uprisings of Mrs. Hallow and Miss O'Connor. This morning, which was marked by the cruise's third shore-expedition, they had planned to take an early tender and spend all the time they could on that isle of beauty, Mallorca, which spreads welcoming arms on either side of Palma's wide bay.

There was no sign of either Travers or of Juan Osorio that morning as Carmen, with her body-guard, hastened along the quay at Palma, past the line of vociferous taxis ("I spik English. Very fine driver! Nice driver!") and into the town.

For it happened that Juan, who was to be haunted all day by his absent cousin, had departed very early to pay his visit to those friends of his brother-officers.

Jim Travers, who was suffering no less, took it differently. He intended to stretch his long legs on a tramp ashore—but with any of the ship's officers, that well-liked and friendly bunch, but on his own.

Carmen, too, was to be haunted for an entire day by shadows in her mind—as well as by this new and disturbing complication, this wireless message that was crumpled up at the bottom of her beach-bag.

"I've been fearfully dull company to-day; I ought not to have asked to come out with you," the Sunshine-Stealer with a blush apologised. "The fact is, I've been having rather a lot of worry——"

Mrs. Hallow made a sympathetic little sound. She had realised long since that their lade had all day been mortgaged in that hot, personal moment which can shut away the very young from so much impersonal beauty and interest in life's passing show. A trance of delight it may be; or a purgatory of anxiety—as now with Carmen, who sat there blind to the Balearic scenery, a more distressed little crumpled of rose-pink linen, hot, flushed cheeks and brooding eyes heavy from sleepless hours.

"—And, to crown all, the first this morning—This! Oh, but I can't keep it to myself another minute," and Carmen dived a hot, moist little hand into her bag, dragged out, and planked down on to Mrs. Hallow's tailored lap that screwed-up paper.

Over Mrs. Hallow's shoulder Miss O'Connor read in her soft Irish voice that quickened with surprise the farther she got:

"Dear Carmen found it impossible to forget you since first we met last summer stop I intended to propose to you last month after Smithsons party but discouragement top definite stop. Having drawn favorite in Irish Sweep under name of Prosper I venture to try my luck in another direction stop My ambition settle down as soon as possible to happy marriage stop Do you feel you could co-operate stop."

"And is this what the girl calls worry?"

Carmen couldn't help a small deprecating laugh. "I know there are plenty of girls that wouldn't, but go on."

"Please think this over and wire Public Schools Club stop," gabbled Miss O'Connor, dazed. "In happy event of Yes will meet your boat at Liverpool stop. Ever yours devotedly Harold Yorke."

Mrs. Hallow asked Carmen if she were going to wire back "No"?

That word seemed to Carmen like the rattling down of the shutter over the windows of a warm and cosily-lighted room into which a wanderer gazes from the cold night outside.

"It seems so brutal," she murmured.

"I would rather tell him by word of mouth! I would rather see him and tell him quite nicely that whatever happened I should always look upon it as a compliment."

"Then you aren't in love with your devoted sweep winner?"

"I'm not in love with anybody," said Carmen, roundly.

Neither of the other women believed her.

But Carmen herself imagined that she was speaking the truth. Fear had not cast out love, perhaps; certainly fear had paralysed it. Since last night Trav had meant to Carmen no longer the too-attractive lover whom for his own sake she must not accept, but the detective who had scared her with awkward questions.

She sent the wire off on the return to the ship.

"Returning June first Carmen Allen."

It happened that both Jim Travers and Juan Osorio caught sight of her coming out of the wireless-operator's office.

Both of times, of course, had already heard the rumor flying round the ship that Miss Allen had that morning received an offer of marriage by wireless.

"SO the girl who won first prize as the Spanish dancer has got a wireless proposal on the strength of it!" The rumor ran like wildfire round the ship.

She gave half the ship's company something fresh to talk about on that sun-drenched day as we streaming between Palma and Cadiz, which would be the last port of call before they were homeward bound.

From the moment she appeared on deck that morning every girl who had ever exchanged a word with Carmen leapt at her with a "Darling! Here a minute. Want to congratulate you!" Passengers who had never spoken to her before stopped her with smiling greetings of: "Oh, Miss Allen, we've been hearing thrilling rumors about you. Is it officially? No? What a pity! Promise you will tell us when there is anything, won't you? Any glad news, we mean."

Carmen promised. As soon as there was any glad news.

As if there possibly could be, ever again! How was she to live through five more days of this?

"Good morning! glorious, as usual, isn't it?" exclaimed Jim Travers, swinging past him—yes, just Carmen! with a hand to his hat and bright, photographically-impersonal smile.

CARMEN? Two original young men were taking the news of Carmen's third proposal this week in very different ways, and that was Trav's.

Whereas Juan Osorio, of course, had no sooner located her reading in this corner than he assailed her with questions about what and who was this new largesse, and what she had answered to his proposal? Quite snappishly Carmen, who was rapidly coming to the end of her tether, told him that her correspondence had nothing to do with him, and that, please, he needn't pester her.

Juan went on pestering worse. Since he had exactly one day left, would he not make the most of it? As he told her, it maddened him to think of that Travers with a whole week still to go.

"All men are maddening," retorted Carmen, from her heart.

For Trav had said never a word. Just when Carmen would have expected, have welcomed, would have—so able to answer his questions—not a question.

At lunch Carmen found herself again sitting between Juan Osorio (whose jealous sulks became more embarrassingly apparent with every league the ship drew nearer to the port where he got off) and Jim Travers, who was the complete, perfectly cheery, courteous and unwadable stranger.

Mrs. Cotot-Magnate brought out the inevitable comment about having heard a bit of very exciting romance.

"Romance?" echoed Carmen blankly.

Juan glowered.

Trav looked politely interested.

"Oh, that. Yes. Ridiculous things people do, don't they," said Carmen, blushing crimson with annoyance. Then, seeing that Mr Cotton-Magnate showed signs of ordering something special to drink the engaged couple's health, she protested hastily: "Oh, but please don't do that——"

"Why not, my dear? Have you gone and been so hard-hearted as to refuse him?" asked motherly Mrs. Cotton-Magnate.

"Oh, no, I haven't refused." Carmen said, just because of her wicked wish to change that expression on Trav's face. Trav's face never changed.

Trav, for example, had now made up (in his mind) the story of Carmen and that infernal unmarried Wilcox brother. Carmen had met him in London on business, in her office, perhaps. Then, having come in for her Spanish grandmother's little legacy, the child had used every penny of it to get away, in her gallant, desperate attempt to forget this Wilcox blighter—though, woman-like, she had always kept his note-case next her heart.

This was the story Travers had pieced together. Still, as he told himself, there might not be a word of truth even in this. The only thing that seemed to him unshakably a fact was that there'd been that note of falsehood in Carmen's soft voice when she had spoken of picking up the empty case near Curzon Street. Until that was cleared up something stronger than Jim Travers would keep him from saying another word that mattered to this girl he wanted for his own.

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That night after dinner a tireless gaiety-director arranged that community singing should precede dancing. Deck-chairs faced the band. Those hard-working musicians in black coats and striped trousers set themselves to woo the jaw mundane odd into joining their voices in the music of piano and violins.

Juan Osorio's black head and photogenic profile turned to this side and that, seeking and furious, because he could not spot Carmen, who sat behind him some rows away.

Travers sat in the last row, his pipe between his teeth, a stone still at his heart, and in his ears the songs of other days; you could tell by the sort of tunes they had, thought Trav, that people didn't know the complications we do, now!

Throb of engine, swish of foam, two, three hundred British voices joined in the deathless tune. Trav took his pipe from between his teeth to sing with the others.

"This is too much. I'll go," decided Carmen, angrily blinking, "before the music gets me down any sopplier."

Making herself as small as she could, she stepped over the feet and sidled past the knees of the people in her row. Then she glided like a shadow into the shadows, and so to the entrance of the cabins. But she was not to be allowed to make her getaway from the too poignant beauty of the night. At the entrance to the companion she found waiting for her a figure blacker and whiter than any black and white on the ship.

"Carmen."

And now, when Carmen was distracted by so much already on her mind, by Travers, by the fear of being traced by Juan, by what job she was to get, by what she was to do when she arrived back nearly penniless in London, by what she was to say to Mr. Yorke, by whether she could not after all, put up with things she hated for the sake of that lap of security, and through everything else, by her anguished longing for Travers—on top of all this, and up to the last moment, the idiot Juan must seek poster her with his theatricals, and flaunt his stumpy Madrid-tailored form between her and every form of exit.

"Listen. I had no blinking chance to ask you before. What did you mean, Carmencita, when you said, at lunch, about the man who wirelessed to marry you, 'not acting'?"

"I mean what I said; don't pretend you can't speak English. I mean I haven't made up my mind."

"I suppose you will go to England and at once marry this man."

"Nothing of the kind!"

"Ah! For that I ask. To catch you out! You are going to be betrothed to this man Travers. Or are you already his fiancee?"

"If I were it would be absolutely no business of yours, but I'm not."

"I warn you, Carmen," she heard Juan's low words. "If I find that you have been lying to me about this man Travers, somebody will surely die for it."

LETTERS addressed to the ship at Cadiz came early aboard, and the post office counter was crowded, since on one day of Spain meant for most passengers the first word from Home.

"Anything for me? Miss Carmen Allen?" she minded as if she hoped there wasn't. There was a post-card from her friend, Sylvia Smithson, saying:

"Mind you're having such a wizard time! Looking forward to hearing all about it as soon as you get back to London. Your admirer, Y. came in last night, full of inquiries about you."

Carmen, tearing up the card, made herself forget what words had been on it, especially the word London.

Trav gave her a well-shone "Good morning" as he passed, taking with him his small sheaf of correspondence. His smiling nod at Carmen told her nothing of what was in his mind, nor did the friendly tone in which he asked her if she was going in the next boat.

"Rather. I don't want to miss one minute of this last trip. Aren't you coming, too?"

"I'VE letters to write first. Tenders go ashore every half-hour, I believe. I propose to take the one at noon."

Later, on his way back from the writing-room, Trav stood aside in the corridor to allow to pass a steward laden with extremely smart pigskin suit-cases stamped J.O., a sweeping black cape, a cart-wheel African straw hat, golf clubs, polo mallets. Behind the steward lurked a Spanish Apollo in a dove-grey suit, a palely-crisp panama, and a tie of a warmer taste than Sulka.

"Hello, Osorio!" Travers greeted the wretched boy; wretched he looked to-day, Trav noticed; white about the gills and black under the eyes.

"Are you looking for Miss Allen, Mr. Isoriar?" put in motherly Mrs. Cotton-Magnate, as she passed. "Miss Allen went ashore by the last boat, I believe, with two or three of those other girls," and with a friendly little nod she passed on.

Travers, having no Spanish, did not catch the words of Osorio's spluttering little exclamation just before he said: "Go on, then, with the luggage," but he saw the look that crossed the altered, drawn young face at the news that Carmen had already gone, and, unlike Carmen, Jim Travers, the detective, knew hatred when he saw it, and knew what it can mean.

Osorio, sitting with that big hat over one knee, did not appear to notice that Travers had taken the same boat.

On the quayside young Osorio, without a look behind, hailed a taxi, had his baggage piled into it, and gave orders in rapid-fire Spanish to the driver.

Trav took the next taxi, ordering his driver to "follow fellow in front" with the authoritative tone and gesture of the Briton who, though he may speak no foreign languages, can usually get himself understood—and obeyed.

Meanwhile, Carmen, with a couple of girls from the ship, was slowly going round the market square, which had been turned into a colorful, odorous, ringingly noisy mixture of Hampstead Heath on bank holiday, a church bazaar, and the parrot house at the zoo.

Happily staring, moving slowly, elbowed and jostled by the dark, handsome peasant women of whom she seemed a fraller, paler younger sister, Carmen and the accompanying nymphs made their way between the stalls.

Above, the flawless sapphire sky, pattered by foliaged trees of the market square. All round, the colored frieze of stalls and eager, dark, smiling, speaking faces—to be assured that by this time the crowd had thickened round the fan-stall, even as jam thickens about the stirring spoon.

"Carmencita!" Juan Osorio's voice cut, hoarsely, across the surrounding shrill Spanish babble. "You will take this fan as a present from me?"

"Oh, Juan! This is terribly kind of you, but really——" In confusion his cousin was asking herself again whether even what she had done deserved the punishment of meeting Juan here again? Had she not left with his steward to be handed to Mr. Osorio just before he went ashore, a thoroughly rousing and nice little note of "good-bye?"

In that note Carmen had assured her cousin that meeting him had been so pleasant that she regretted she could not manage to see him the morning as she and her friends had planned to make the shore-trip early. Slip had begged Juan to give her love to Mercedes and to his people, hoped very much that the young lady in Cadiz whom they wanted him to admire would turn out to be absolutely Juan's type, only even more beautiful, sympathetic, serious, and thrilling than he had ever dreamed and assured him that she would remain ever his affectionate cousin Carmen Allen.

She had thought it tactful. But here was Juan, telling her with stiff lips and smouldering eyes that this cruel, heartless note he could not take for "good-bye."

"Come away, Carmencita. That cafe at the corner there. You will drink with me one last cup of coffee?"

"Well, perhaps that would be better than standing here in the blazing sunlight being the centre of a crowd who were all eyes and ears and with these two girls from the ship who were embarrassingly on tenterhooks for Carmen's next move? Better go at once. Let him have his final cup of coffee, his one last word.

Without saying any more, he took her into that cafe. Silently he lifted a finger, an eyebrow at a waiter, silently passed something into his hand. Carmen found herself in an empty inner room, sitting at a table in a corner by a window that looked out on to a glimpse of blinding-white pavement, of bright-green plane-tree leaves through which the sunshine darted diamond arrows, and of a wall on which brilliant orange-and-scarlet posters announced to-morrow's bull-fight.

Coffee was brought and the waiter had gone out again. And still Juan had not spoken.

She was goaded into speaking first.

"I say, I am so terribly sorry old thing. Please do forgive me for—for having been rude to you last night. After the concert, I was nervy," Carmen babbled. "Tired. But I needn't have been such a beast to you."

JUAN said nothing; while Carmen saw, as Trav had seen, what ravages sleeplessness and emotion can make on a boy's face.

Carmen, conscience-stricken and rueful, dropped sugar into her coffee and babbled those things which, in this ever-recurring distressing state of affairs, girls always say and always with the same success.

"I want first to know, Carmen, why you have had to me?"

"I haven't, ever. You can't say that I didn't let you know, from the word 'Go,' that this wasn't going to be the slightest use?"

"That I don't mean. I mean your lies to me about that Travers that he was not coming ashore to meet you."

Every man she had ever met up to now—say for example, Trav, who at this moment had found the other girls at a fruit stall, had asked what they'd done with

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Miss Allen, had been told that the gay caballero had dragged her off by the hair to that corner cafe, and who had then hurriedly left them—Yes, every other man Carmen knew would have said promptly: "Oh, well, of course, my dear, if you say so!" For to refuse to take the word of a girl of your own family and kind is just simply not done. Juan didn't. Flatly Juan said: "I do not believe you."

The next impossible incidents went by quicker than the quickest and least credible two hundred feet of the farthest-fetched film.

"HULLO. So here you are. I thought I caught sight of you through the window," said Travers as he entered. Trav had come through the cafe and passed the obstructing waiter as easily as an astral body passes through a shut door. And now Trav's shadow fell black and definite over the table spread with a pink-and-blue check table-cover, over the coffee cups, Carmen's furled, blood-red fan and that fruit-cake.

Simultaneously the sun flashed like lightning on the blade of that knife which Juan Osorio, silent, too, as the lightning, quick and deadly as the lightning had snatched up, raising it to bring it down . . .

"Ah, no," rang out the scream of Carmen.

Over went the table. Crash went the crockery on the tiled floor. Out went Carmen's arm, even as the mother-bird's wings are spread to defend her nestlings from the onslaught of the pouncing hawk. In rushed the horrified, shrilly-exclaiming waiter—but Travers had acted. Travers held Juan as though in a vice; already his arm had been so twisted that the knife fell crashing on to the tiled floor where Trav's foot was on it.

"It is only Jiu-Jitsu we practise," explained Travers in French to the waiter. "Calm yourself, calm yourself, monsieur and I were trying a few holds."

Presently order was restored and the two men alone with the girl.

"Look here, you know, I shouldn't have done that, Osorio. You might have got all of us into rather a mess with the proprietor." Trav pointed out pleasantly, soothingly, impersonally to the man who a few minutes before had tried to drive that knife between his ribs. "All sorts of difficulties you might have got us into by going on like that, you know. And I'd done nothing at all to you, dash it."

"Nothing? To you it is nothing?" retorted Juan bitterly, leaning up against the wall and still panting as he pulled down his dove-grey jacket and rubbed his forearm. "Hadn't you stolen the woman I wished to marry?"

"Stolen my boot, if I may say so. If you want to know (though I can't think how you came to make the mistake of thinking anything different) your cousin has refused to marry me, probably oftener during the trip than she has refused you."

"Refused? It's not possible?"

Juan turned his black gaze, looking like the twin cameras focused upon the audience at the end of the news reel, upon the blond mask of Travers. "You give me your word."

"I told you the truth, yes . . . And unless you want to order another coffee, we'd better settle up here. Isn't that your taxi waiting outside, Osorio, with your luggage?"

Kindly, impersonal as a doctor, or as a lunatic's well-trained keeper (which was actually what he felt) Travers shepherded his young near-murderer through that outer cafe full of excitedly staring people and to the entrance giving on to the market square all simmering in the blazing noon-day sun.

Trav went back to the inner cafe, realising that the waiter must have been heavily tipped by Juan into reserving that room. Carmen sat alone, staring at the blood-red fan she held furled in her hand.

"Er—Are you all right?" he asked her as he came in.

"Quite, thank you," returned a Carmen in a voice that was steady enough, but not quite her own. "Tragedy there might have been if you hadn't grabbed him in the nick of time . . ."

"Part of our training, you know," said the detective, off-handedly, looking anywhere but at Carmen, but seeing again so clearly, as he would see it to the end of his life, his girl's involuntarily and lovely guardian gesture of outflung arms. "I asked for it; I oughtn't to have butted in here when your young cousin was saying good-bye to you."

"I'm only too thankful you did! I don't think he'd ever have gone, else." Deep down in the heart of Carmen impulses inherited from over-feminine, guileful Spanish ancestresses whispered that this was the moment to melt into melting tears.

"Carmen!" He pushed aside his glass. "Carmen, I've got to ask you something——"

She looked at him silently, hearing Trav's own voice for what seemed like the first time for many weary days. Yet she had heard it on the day of the dance. Now what was he going to say?

With sudden, breath-taking vehemence, he blurted out: "Why did you tell me you hadn't met the Wilcoxes?"

The fan dropped from her hand. He picked it up. He gave it to her, then leant back, holding his breath for her reply. The girl's deep, fringy eyes stared back at him over the top of the fan.

"But I told you that I picked up the case——"

"Yes, yes, I know that. There was something else you were trying to keep from me, though. It's no good. I guessed the reason, I think. We people build up things on detail. That's our job. I noticed. I put two and two together——"

"DO YOU mean," Carmen said in a voice that came from a long way off, "that you do know the whole story?"

"Just a minute, please. Let me tell you. Will you?"

"Yes."

She could not then have said another word. She would let Trav tell her. Dully she wondered what her crime would sound like in official police phraseology.

"From the word 'Go'," Trav began, "you kept me at arm's length without giving me any adequate reason. Not engaged or married, you told me. I'd hoped—but there's always been that something, Carmen, that you've never told me. Isn't it to do with this lucky man, Maurice Wilcox?"

There was a short pause. Then Carmen got back breath enough to speak.

"Either," she said deliberately, "either you've gone out of your mind, or I've stopped being able to hear what you say. Did you say something about me and a man called Maurice Wilcox?"

Trav gave a kind of grunt.

"It's the first time I've heard his name," Carmen said, distinctly.

She looked him full in the face; those fringy, limpid green rock-pool eyes met and held his light, piercing fisherman's glance.

Ah, the sigh of relief that broke from the man beside her! Intently his keen eyes swept the small, quivering face of the girl. Truth was stamped upon its softness now. Trav, in accents of purest happiness, said:

"Thank heavens, then, you weren't lying to me!"

Saved, as some girls would have thought. He didn't know a word of the real truth. Because he believed her about the Wilcoxes he thanked heaven she wasn't lying.

"But I was!" broke from Carmen, before she knew, before she could attend at all to any babbling chorus of inner voices urging "Do" and "Don't," one against the other like those Arab traders at Port Ceuta. "I can't stand any more of this. Listen, Trav. I was lying to you. I don't mean about any of those horrible Wilcoxes, whoever they are. I mean, Trav, about everything else."

"Please," said poor Trav, quietly enough, but tugging the handkerchief out of his sleeve to drag it over a wet brow. "Please do you mind telling me what you do mean."

"I WILL. Yes, I will." Bravely she swallowed the lump in her throat. She snapped open the fan. She waved it so wildly that the creamy silk schoolgirl collar of her frock fluttered as if in a strong breeze. "Look, Trav—something I'll show you——" She thrust her small hand inside her frock at the collar, fumbled desperately, brought out that packet wrapped in the ship's envelope, unwrapped the purple notecase with silver edges. "You see this?"

"Of course. The case that you picked up."

"I stole it," said Carmen.

He looked at her.

"I stole it," repeated Carmen.

"But, goodness, child, who from?"

"Them! The Wilcoxes. I did pick it up. They must have dropped it. But never mind the eternal Wilcoxes. They're not the point," Carmen cried wildly. "The point is that the case I said was empty was full of money. Fifty pounds. D'you hear?"

"Yes, I hear," said Trav. "Fifty pounds, you said."

"Yes. And now you know I'm telling the truth about the Wilcoxes. Everything else was lies, from start to finish. There wasn't any legacy, any Spanish Granny. It's true that I did have a Spanish grandmother, but she went out long before Juan or I were born or thought of.

Travers, more quietly than she had heard him speak told her that before they went any further what they needed was something to eat.

"Eat? Don't talk to me about eating," protested Carmen. "I couldn't touch anything!"

Jim Travers then suggested that she should begin at the beginning and go on in order.

Out it all came. The description of that dreary spring morning in London. The bumpy bus drive, the straphanger's newspaper getting into Carmen's eye, the luring, magnetic words, "Sunshine-Cruise" on the end column advertisement. The mouldy day at the office. The finding of that wallet with the money. The dash to the telephone box. The failure to get a reply. Carmen at the Smithson's party wearing the notecase on her, and deciding to ring up first thing in the morning. Fiasco with the alarm clock; her over-sleeping; her dash to the office. The sack from the happy home-finders. Her despair at finding herself minus job, reference, or

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means. Hopes, looks, and kick all gone west. The insidious thought that whispered: "You've got the money there. Keep it. Spend it on a cruise. Get fit. Steal sunshine!" So she had stolen—and had she known a quiet moment since? Everything had been too frightful from the moment Trav had said: "I'm a detective." And she a thief!

Pause.

Doubtfully Carmen stared up into that blond, unreadable face. What was behind it? What?

Relief! Fervent relief flooded the mind of Trav, for a start. Deepest relief that his girl's confession held no word of any other man.

Then he thought: "Stealing?—Not Carmen? Not stealing? Not keeping money . . ."

Trav took her hand into a heartening clasp. "You will let me settle up with the Wilcoxes; anyhow I shall be held responsible for my wife's debts in a week or two. But as soon as we are back in London we go to the Wilcoxes with this," he put back into her fingers and closed them upon that note-case, "and with the whole saga, don't we?"

"Oh—oh, yes," agreed Carmen, and checked herself from asking whether it were absolutely necessary to rush in person to these Wilcoxes who didn't even seem to have missed their fifty pounds? Her small blue-black head went happily back against his broad grey-flannelled shoulder: neither could have told whether he took her lips without a further murmur, or whether they had been put up instinctively to his.

"BUT Trav . . ."

Here an outburst of music blared forth so loud, so close above the lovers' heads that they sprang apart; for if you have never heard a loud-speaker broadcasting a military march at a Spanish radio concert you do not know the meaning of the words pandemonium or fortissimo.

"Heavens, let's get out of this! Waiter!"

Oblivious, Carmen and Trav made their way in and out among the busy, vociferous, heated throng; and, seeing that at this stage of an engagement to be in a crowd is exactly the same as being alone in a forest, they babled in light-hearted lunacy, often both together.

"But, Trav, I forgot," she cried, shame-faced and appalled. "It was being so happy . . . I didn't know one could; but one has. I actually—I forgot I hadn't told you everything. I oughtn't really to be engaged to you until I'm quite disengaged from Mr. Yorke."

Out came the story of Mr. Yorke, now. Of the taxi incident last month, when Carmen had had to tell the young man that his trying to kiss her was the last straw in a day of so many repulsive happenings. (Jim Travers shouted with delighted laughter at this.) Of his saying good night so decently that she had almost (not quite) regretted being sincere. Of his proposal by wireless the other day—here! She took that crumple of paper out of her bag. Of her reply, 'Returning June First . . ."

"But what's to be done, Trav?"

"Have to find the nearest post office."

At the post office Trav, with no little difficulty on account of the language, sent off to the Public Schools Club, London, the following message:

"Dear Sir extremely sorry but compelled to ask you to cancel arrangements to meet Miss Carmen Allen at Liverpool Docks stop I have the honor to be engaged to Miss Allen stop Faithfully yours James Travers stop"

As there sounded through Cadiz Harbor the ship's last "Farewell and adieu to you all, Spanish Ladies!" Carmen in her cabin, still flushed and crazy-eyed from her lover's good night, turned her calendar right way up again. She took a pencil and scribbled out the words, "The End," opposite June. She checked. Then right over the date, she scribbled resolutely the words: "Curzon Street."

QUICKLY the cruise's last scenes were set and shifted; the prize-giving for the gymkhana events, the raffling for the free cruise took place. The good ship was raked for all the talent aboard, and the ship's concert was held in the packed dining-saloon. It came to the last Bacchanalian dance until the small hours on deck, and to the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

Morning found them in the Mersey, at Liverpool Docks. With just the same indolent grace as they planed over blazing blue Mediterranean and dazzling white Spanish harbor, sea-gulls drifted over grey roofs and over brown waters of the Lancashire port. The ship's lounge was full of strapped luggage and of the familiar sun-burnt faces over unfamiliar conventional raiment and town shoes. There were the usual good-byes. "Don't forget to write!"

It came to the last shout of one of those traditional five-words-long sentences around which there have crystallised so much human emotion, so many memories of parting that, even when those words were heard by people whose lives are not affected, they bring with them a breath from other lives, other worlds.

"Any more for the shore?"

It has meant . . . It can mean so much heart-break!

For Carmen Allen it meant the looming ordeal; the expiation by confession of her foolish and dishonest act. For Jim Travers it meant seeing his girl through that ordeal. But after that skies were clear . . .

"Good-bye. Good-bye! Thank you so much. The best of luck," said everybody. "It's been most enjoyable."

Should one add that none of the crowd had had such an exciting complicated time as had the little "Spanish Dancer" prize-winner in the thick tweed coat, going down the gang-plank with graceful, tall, fair Mr. Travers in black leather? Can one add that those two were right in thinking nobody had ever been as happy on any ship as they?

There were the usual catechisms from officials, courteous but not to be baulked, as to spirits? Silken goods? Gramophone records? Cigarettes . . .?

With a thrill Carmen saw Trav shake out and spread on the trestle-table before the eyes of the official that Spanish shawl which she had put back into his keeping as her suitcase was full. She was carrying her red fan—and now she nearly dropped it, aghast at what she saw. "Trav! Oh, Trav, look! How frightful!"

"What's the matter, darling?"

"That man over there. Grey tweed suit, next to that counter where they're opening a hat-box. Look, do you see him?"

Trav looked across at an irreproachable bowler above a neat, quite unalarming profile.

On Mr. Yorke's neatly-featured, "usual" sort of face as he came hurrying up through the crowd, making his way between people and their porters, dodging luggage-barrows, smiling and lifting the most hideous thing men ever invented to put on their heads—the bowler, there was to be seen a curious mixture of embarrassment, diffidence, and cocksureness.

"Good Lord," ejaculated Travers, noting that mixture, and thinking, Carmen's right, the unfortunate fellow hasn't got my wire. He does imagine my girl's going to accept him.

Carmen in dismay exchanged a hurried greeting and a handshake with the man who had come to meet her, introduced him to Travers, then—then saw that Mr. Yorke was not devastated.

The reason hovered on the outside of the group. It was blonde. It wore a dashing little Saxe-blue Marina hat and an innocently-complacent expression. Across the passengers hurrying with their porters to the barriers this young woman had first seen, and had not taken her eyes off Carmen. Mr. Yorke smiled, beckoned with that bowler, and the blonde was at his side.

"This is Betty; the surprise I meant. As a matter of fact, my wife."

"How do you do?" smiled this Betty with pretty aplomb. "My husband's told me so much about you."

All interest they listened (jostled by the crowd surging towards the railway station with last backward flung good-byes) to the news that Harold and Betty Yorke were married by special licence yesterday. They were bound for the North on a motoring honeymoon, and Harold had thought—No, that was you, Betty! Well, both of them had decided that it would be pleasant to meet the boat, to congratulate Carmen—if they might call her Carmen? on her engagement, and to carry her and Mr. Travers back to their hotel for a stirrup-cup while they waited for the London train.

LUGGAGE, showing the Customs officers' releasing chalk scribble, was now piled into the waiting car, which was Harold Yorke's second sweep money purchase — his first being that licence. Betty drove. Betty, it seemed, liked driving. Carmen with the first look at Betty had realised that here was the sort of girl who could keep any young man in order in a taxi, in a home, for the rest of his days. Sitting behind her with her ex-languisher Carmen was given a brief resume of his romance.

Betty and I would have been engaged last Christmas, before I came back to town. Only it wouldn't have been fair on any girl to tie her on my then-salary. This extraordinarily lucky sweep windfall has altered that."

"Naturally," agreed Carmen, seeing again in her mind's eye that crumpled bit of paper with the wireless clerk's typed message:

"Decided to try my luck in another direction stop Ever your devotedly Harold Yorke stop"

"Mrs. Yorke," announced Trav, over gin-and-gingerbeers in the hotel lounge, "says she'll excuse us if we put through our long-distance telephone call to London from here. The sooner we get that Wilcox matter settled, the better."

"The Wilcoxes! Oh, yes. Rather, of course," agreed Carmen, precipitately, but she had not bargained for this promptitude. She felt like a prisoner who, sentenced to be shot at dawn, is told by the officer in charge of the firing-party that it's not worth while to wait until the sun rises, and that he is to come along at once. "But,

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of course, it would be much better—much. At once, then it doesn't hang over one . . . May I come with you, Trav?"

"Please."

Transparent delight of young Mr. and Mrs. Yorke at the prospect of a few moments to themselves again, after this separation.

THE hotel telephone-box where Trav and Carmen stood together became faintly perfumed with Carmen's scent. Trav's eyes were on hers as he took her hand into his.

As if casually he said: "You know I adore you, don't you?"

"Do you?"

"I love you. Don't talk as if it didn't make any difference to you, please."

"You're quite sure it does?"

"Sure? I can hear your heart beating because of it."

"You can't!"

"I can hear the beating of your heart filling this narrow little box like a precious angel-bee in a frenzy! I——" Here, right across this duo, right across England there came over the wires a faint "Hello!"

"Hello. This is Mr. Travers speaking," returned Trav in a new voice Carmen had never heard. His business voice. "Is Mr. Wilcox there?"

A maid's voice replied: "Do you mean Mr. Maurice Wilcox, sir? Or Mr. Bertram Wilcox?"

Trav gave a reminding smile at Carmen, and a little shrug. "Either will do—whichever's there."

"I am sorry, sir. Mr. Bertram Wilcox doesn't live in Curzon Street. I could give you the number of his house at Ascot, or of Mr. Maurice Wilcox's office in the city?"

"Where are you speaking from, please?"

"This is Lady Wilcox's flat."

"Oh. Is Lady Wilcox at home? Good. This is Inspector Travers speaking from Liverpool. Will you please ask her ladyship if she will see me with Miss Allen this evening after dinner. Say between nine and nine-thirty."

"I will inquire. Hold on, please."

"Lady Wilcox," said the telephone, "will be pleased to see Mr. Travers and Miss Allen this evening at nine-fifteen."

"Got your long distance call through satisfactorily?" asked the Yorkes.

"Quite thanks. Wonderfully clear for once," said Trav. "Well, this has been very pleasant. I think we shall have to be getting along, though, to our train——"

NOW for a two hundred mile rush back through England.

England, after the last fortnight of exotic melo-dramatic southern gold and sapphire, of palm trees on the quaysides of blindingly hot harbors, Cadiz, Palma, Vigo, after the excitable, noisy, swarthy musical-comedy Spanish crowds—seemed all so incredibly green, quiet, coolly sedate and orderly. Out of the train windows Carmen stared at mile after pastoral, familiar mile diminishing the distance between her and those looming Wilcoxes. If it weren't for Trav, she thought, I'd feel scared enough to jump the train at the next station and lose myself somewhere in the Midlands.

But as they jogged their way through the corridor into the restaurant car for lunch, Trav reminded her: "D'you realise that a fortnight ago when we were making the journey up north on this train we didn't know, we hadn't even spoken to each other."

"No." Carmen laughed as she was jerked against the carriage side. "Were you on the train?"

"Of course."

"I never saw you."

"Incredible. But I," Trav pointed out, "never even saw you!"

"Still more incredible!"

But out of their laughter Carmen sank back into brooding, and had less to say the nearer the ordeal approached. Trav, noticing her silence and depression, just took her hand again. Even as she glanced at a picture paper she never saw, it lay in his all the way to London.

Euston! After "those spicy garlic smells" of Spain, the familiar soot, engine oil, and cigarette smoke atmosphere. Grime, noise, taxis again, and the feeling that meets all returning wanderers, of nothing in England having ever altered except oneself, except one's own point of view. The same amazingly polite good humor of the porters, the same strutting pigeons driving off the sparrows on the platform, then scattering in flight up to the dim roof . . .

At Euston, Travers put Carmen into one taxi and got another himself. He had to go to his club and dress, as well as to raise out friends who would be able to change his cheques for rather a lot of money at a moment's notice.

Carmen and her suitcases were driven to that almost forgotten "slum." Still here? Still unchanged after all these adventures lived through by the tenant of the top floor attic with the bath in the kitchenette!

AS Carmen hastily unpacked in the inconvenient bedroom which had become so unbelievably dusty and stuffy, there rose in her mind the question, the inevitable feminine question, what do I wear for the—the trial?

She shook out and hesitatingly regarded her favorite snakeskin. Her luck frock! It suits me better than anything, too. But is that being cowardly? I feel like death, but it serves me right. Would he think I was putting myself out to attract these horrible Wilcoxes and being a common little play actress. Better put on this perhaps? She shook out the black chiffon, over which she wore her little black velvet coat. Looks more penitential.

Trav had arranged for dinner upstairs at the Running Horse since it was near Curzon Street.

Too near! The nearer it got the more disturbingly did panic in Carmen's mind combat the blessed certainty that Trav would see her through whatever reception was ahead. But I mustn't let him see I'm minding, she thought, mustn't. This must be the first step to my pulling myself together to be a worth-while woman.

Trav saw, however. Trav caught the little quiver in her quite gallant laughter, and Trav was at the same time glad and stricken. He would not have wanted her tearful. He was pleased there was no defiance like that of some brazen little shoplifter discovered with ten pairs of silk stockings in her umbrella. He would not have expected anything but what he saw. Tremulous pluck that gave his heartstrings quite a painful wrench.

"I said Lady Wilcox was a terror? I've never seen her, remember. I was probably only saying it, darling, to sound you, when I thought you knew her. Bet what you like she won't present any terror for you. She must be past the age when a woman resents the beauty of any younger woman. Probably come round full circle, to thinking 'How like I used to look!' of any outstandingly pretty girl."

This cheered Carmen, naturally.

"I don't know yet, how I'm going to begin, though."

"You'll let me."

"But I can't, it isn't your mess."

"Then let me start, and you begin when I stop."

"But what with?"

"Just whatever comes into your head. Well, sweetheart, it's now seven minutes past nine," Trav said, crushing his cigarette-end into the ash-tray. "Ready?"

"Quite ready," Carmen agreed meekly, as she rose—actually quite unprepared for what was coming.

"MISS ALLEN and Mr. Travers, m'Lady," were announced in the hushed but distinct voice of the perfectly-trained maid. Noiselessly she shut the door behind her.

To-day confronted the middle of last century as this modern young couple, with the warm, open-air atmosphere of sun, sea, youth, abundant health and love still glowing and clinging about them, advanced into this setting of the past. (The very room, noted Carmen, with her heart dropping down into her high-heeled, black-satin, number three shoes, is one of those frightening, up-stage, perfectly-arranged period drawing-rooms!) where the Wilcoxes Ancestress in a black velvet dinner dress "filled in" with heirloom Limerick, sat upright as any Pharaoh seated beside an Egyptian tomb.

As her visitors came in (Travers taking a pace ahead) this tiny Victorian antique looked up through old-fashioned gold-rimmed glasses. ("Her very spectacles," thought Carmen, "are disapproving!") Eyes that fifty years ago might have been warmly sapphire as the Mediterranean noted that this tall, fair young man and this small, daintily made girl in black who had been ushered in were as decorative as a colored illustration in one of those American magazines with which Lady Wilcox supplemented her library list. Closing her novel she laid it upon a low table beside her and said: "Good evening" with a slight bend of the lace-enclosed neck which sent diamonds twinkling here and there and had the effect of making Carmen feel she was indeed up before the Judge.

"Do sit down, Miss Allen." (The manners of other days did not permit a gentlewoman not to "catch" a surname once pronounced; but, still more intimidated, Carmen sat down on the extreme edge of a Wheatear chair.) "Oh, will you not choose a more comfortable seat? And you, Mr. Travers."

Mr. Travers, letting his graceful length down rather nearer to her, opened at once by remarking that no doubt Lady Wilcox was wondering why he troubled her this morning with that urgent telephone call from Liverpool and why he had asked if he might bring Miss Allen?

"Perhaps I can guess," suggested Lady Wilcox with the graciousness which her family knew as Our Lower Manner and which Carmen found a formidable method of being a terror. "I remembered your name, Mr. Travers; it was you, I think, who was so helpful this spring in recovering my granddaughter's pearls? So . . ." She imagined that this business probably had to do with raising funds for a police orphanage, with organising a special charity matinee at some London theatre (the

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pretty girl, Miss Allen, did not seem "actressy," but then some of dear Maurine's stage-friends looked quite nice, even ladies) with taking tickets and with subscriptions. There were times when Lady Wilcox positively enjoyed being asked to subscribe to things. Sir Anthony Wilcox's wealthy widow could be generous, more generous than she, as Sir Anthony's wife, had been allowed to show herself. Quite a glad little movement she made towards the purple brocade she lying beside her novel as she asked: "Well, what is this about, Mr. Travers?"

"Didn't you, Lady Wilcox, or one of your family, lose a short time ago a case containing notes?"

"Oh! That! Yes." Her hand dropped back into her velvet lap. "I did. Was it that you came about? Really, I'd given up all idea of hearing about that case again. I don't even know where I lost it."

"You lost it quite near home, Lady Wilcox. In the street turning out of Curzon Street, not fifty yards away from the newsagent's at the corner."

"Oh, did I!"

"Either you dropped it out of your bag." ("I suppose they'll never make a foolproof woman's handbag" thought Trav "or it slipped out of your hand. Anyhow, it has been found . . ."

("But she doesn't even look startled; it's only like finding a dropped sixpence to her," thought Carmen.)

"Miss Allen picked it up."

"Oh, indeed?" Gracious inclination of carefully arranged snowy curls towards Carmen. "Not on the stage, then" thought Lady Wilcox, "just an ordinary nice girl belonging to nice people." "How very fortunate. I am so much obliged to Miss All . . ."

CARMEN had got up so precipitately that for one aghast instant Travers thought she meant to bolt to the door, out downstairs and out back into Curzon Street, but she only took a blind little step across the velvet-soft, Aubusson carpet colored like rained-upon-musk, mignonette and rose; and without a word held out that case the silver edges of which she had conscientiously polished.

Lady Wilcox took it in a hand crowded with rings and still nearly as pretty as Carmen's own. "Thank you so much," said the old lady; but still she did not seem thrilled. She hardly looked at the case. She looked, intrigued, at the finder; this young girl who had handed her the case just as a very small child might give sugar to a mistrusted animal! Carmen, feeling that the thunderstorm was drawing nearer and nearer, went back to her chair. And now she felt as a prisoner at the bar might feel when hearing evidence unrolling against her, even though it was in the well-loved voice of Trav.

"That case, Lady Wilcox, had fifty pounds in it. You will find it still has fifty pounds in it." (Not without trouble had Trav managed to dig out friends at his club who could among them change his cheques for so large an amount at a moment's notice.) "Is it a matter of very great importance whether they are the same notes?"

"I don't quite understand?"

"I mean, bluntly, have you reported the numbers to your bank?"

"No. I was told I ought to have done so. My grandson tried to persuade me to take steps at my bank. But I had my reasons," said the ancestress majestically, "for taking no steps at all." ("What on earth could those have been, I wonder," thought Travers. "Interesting to know but we shall never be told.") "After all it was my property, as I told my . . ."

She had settled her spectacles and was opening the case. So now for it.

Carmen swallowed hard, got up like a schoolgirl about to stand for an examination on her weakest subject, heartened herself by one swift glance towards her Trav and took the plunge.

"Lady Wilcox. When I found that case there were ten five-pound notes in it. But now, you see, there is one ten-pound note and forty one-pound notes."

"So there are. How—how is it that . . .?"

"Those first notes are gone."

Lady Wilcox put down the notes and again settled those spectacles on her delicately aquiline nose. For the next words she heard pronounced in a colorless voice by this pretty, well-turned out, well-bred-looking girl who had found and restored her lost property made her look up in astonishment.

"The money was spent. By me."

HERE any other man in Trav's place would have scowled Carmen down or clearing his throat would have interposed. But Trav, being Inspector Travers, did not move a muscle at his thought: "That's done it. My idea's sunk." Travers' idea had been on "defensive" lines. He'd had a notion of giving old Lady Wilcox that by not having reported the notes she had made the problem simpler and more difficult at the same time. Simpler because, as far as she was concerned, the sum she had lost was back again intact and the matter was ended. More difficult because the police represented by himself, had, actually, two duties: one, to restore property to the owner, two, to apprehend the person who has substituted other notes and question them as to why they did so. All that would have been perfectly true as far as it went, and by making verbal rings of this type round this old lady, by bestowing upon her several smiles of the kind which he kept for charming unhandsome old ladies, and by the introduction of legal terminology (not so any of bale-splitting), Trav fancied that one might hypnotise and win the aged Lady Wilcox into dazed admission that no more need be said, and that she need be dragged into nothing further? . . . But here was Carmen, bless her little heart, blurting out the literal truth and making it too late for anything of that sort; and here was the ancient Lady blinkingly inquiring: "I beg your pardon? You said?"

"That's why you didn't get the case back before. I kept the money."

Lady Wilcox's eyes of dimmed blue narrowed bewilderedly, then opened wider. "Miss Allen, I still don't think I quite understand?"

"I stealthy stole the money!"

"Stole?"

"Yes!"

"But . . ." (Pause.) "And a Lady. What could have made . . . Why . . . ?"

"I wanted the money. I wanted to go on a sunshine cruise in Spain and to have that one taste of beauty and the Mediterranean and glamor and fun. The morning after I found that fifty pounds I made up my mind that's what I'd do with it," gabbled Carmen breathlessly, whilst even to herself this damning story sounded as though it could not possibly have happened. No wonder Lady Wilcox did not get it at once. "And I went straight off to the shipping company's offices in Trafalgar Square and I booked my passage and I bought a new steamer-coat and frocks with your money. I filled the whole lot in a fortnight."

Now Lady Wilcox had got it. Her face, that network of fine wrinkles got into those lines which friends found "distracting" and became a mask. Without a word it told Carmen clearly as though this had been blared from a loudspeaker how her action appeared in the sight of decent people. Disgraceful. Disgracing her kind. It was worse than the worst she had been anticipating; she had not known what it was like to feel like a fifteen-year-old scullery maid caught pilfering in a larder. And she deserved it all, all. Her own people would have looked thus and felt thus about her. Shame from the Sunshine-Stealer.

Even under the pink shades of Lady Wilcox's wall-lights Travers could see that his Carmen's soft lips had as he had once before seen them turned pale. Isolated she looked . . . Frozen! Outcast!

Swiftly, with one of those unlearnable movements of his Travers was on his feet without causing a tremor to one lightly-hung prism of the table-candlesticks on that stately mantelpiece he was across that dimly pink-lighted exquisite room and at the side of his love.

"Carmen a minute. You said you'd let me begin. I'd like to put a word in here if I may, Lady Wilcox?"

Lady Wilcox, still as though she were literal armor as well as that of the principles on which she'd been brought up, turned a shut little old face in dignified inquiry upon Inspector Travers.

But it was Trav, the man, the lover, who met that inquiry with a straight, grey glance and a swift rush of words from the heart.

"I THINK you ought to know, in justice to Miss Allen, what she hasn't told you—that she did ring up your number at once. She got no answer. Please, I'd like to tell you of Miss Allen's circumstances, for is poor Lady Wilcox. She was educated as a rich man's daughter. Her parents are dead. Their money is lost. She's had to scrap for her living from just before she was eighteen. She lives alone in London without friends from whom she could expect any help. She finds this one of yours with fifty pounds. Well, as I told you, she got no answer to her telephone call. We'll check the date and I expect you will find you were away from home. Miss Allen intended to ring you up next morning again. In the meantime she got the sack from her job. It wasn't a matter of just wanting that cruise for a bit of fun. Can you not find some excuse for a girl who was on her uppers, on the verge of a breakdown, and didn't know where to turn?"

Cobby little Lady Wilcox replied: "If she were so made off how is it that she has now been able to get back this money?"

"Ah, Travers lent it to me!"

"Oh!" Deeply disapproving Lady Wilcox shook the careful arrangement of snowy curls and white hair-net for to the ancestress, generation theft was hardly more shocking than the borrowing of money by a girl from a man.

But Trav, having started went on. "Can't you see what a temptation that money was to be thrown into the way of a girl penniless, at the end of her tether, needing to get away and to get well so as to be able to cope with just earning her living again?

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You've been so fortunate, Lady Wilcox." The detective's light, detail-gleaning glance swept this drawing-room so full of the mellow, complacent luxury of a bygone generation, so eloquent of leisure, of long-established, uncramped means. He noted the ultimate polish on the furniture, the cushionry, the miniatures on their velvet panel, the meticulously-arranged silver table, the rare china behind the glass panes of those cabinets, the wealth of fresh and expensive cut flowers, and the silver frame as big as a meat dish that stood on the escritoire, enclosing the Elliot and Fry photograph of the late Sir Anthony Wilcox in all his Lord Lieutenant's glory. "You, if I may say so, had everything in your life that you wanted."

"I? What, I?"

THIS broke from Lady Wilcox in a resentful, girlish-sounding little scream. She? She had everything in the world she wanted? She, who had been without the first, the simplest thing to which every woman on earth surely has a right! Her eyes, that had been so prettily, so deeply blue when she was a girl of eighteen, flashed towards the same large photograph which had caught Trav's attention and swept on—without lingering. It was not a rankling of which she ever spoke. She had mentioned it only once ("I wasn't very happy with your poor dear grandpapa") to Bertie. But she had never known what it was to feel on her lips the kiss of the right man. In all the novels she had ever read, as well as in every confidence from every woman-friend who had ever confided in her, that, that, had been the essential. Everybody else had it. Only she not. For instance, this girl here. This girl, who was poor, who had to struggle for a living, who was a thief!—She had, or would have it. But her young man—Oh, didn't it show how blind men were when he actually told her, her! Amelia Caroline Wilcox, that she had had everything in her life that she wanted? Dust and ashes had been her portion. Dust and . . . But here she pulled herself together.

"What has that got to do with this matter?" she asked, and she hoped it was frigidly. She herself did not know how her sedate, soft old voice still shook with agitation. "I am a little surprised at this attitude of yours Mr. Travers. You, whose very profession is Law and Order! What you've said is no better than what they call 'special pleading.'"

"Only because he's defending me. D'you think he doesn't know any better? He'd never make those excuses for himself," protested Carmen and, impulsively as she had thrown herself between Trav and Juan Osorio's knife, she moved forward between the young man and the slimy disapproving gaze of Lady Wilcox. "He knows quite well what I am and what I've done and what I've deserved. All my fault for dragging him into it, little rotter and waster that I am."

"Here, steady on, Carmen . . ."

"I am a little rotter. Worse than I've said. I wouldn't have come here to-night if Trav hadn't made me."

"That's rot, girl, you came of your own free will."

"I should have shirked. I should have been capable of putting that careful of notes into a registered envelope and sending it anonymously if it hadn't been for Mr. Travers," declared Carmen. Her desperate young eyes were on that wallet which had seen so many adventures before the white-bediamonded fingers of its lawful owner closed upon it. She did not look at Lady Wilcox's face. "Only when he said 'We'll go together' meaning come here and own up to the whole thing naturally that was my own free will. You can understand that, Lady Wilcox; you're a woman. And how can anyone help 'special pleading' if they happen to have been an idiot and fallen in love with a thief? You can see that."

Neither of the lovers saw the change which was coming over Lady Wilcox's face. They were looking at each other. Lady Wilcox was looking at Carmen's left hand.

Once Trav had said: "Rings don't count." They counted incalculably to the women of Lady Wilcox's generation. Her own ring which she did not often wear had cost what Sir Anthony called "A cool thousand." With something deeper than avid feminine curiosity, she now peered at that pigeon's-blood pseudo-ruby, which, if genuine, would have cost several hundred pounds, but which looked, thought Lady Wilcox, settling her spectacles, as if the two young things had pulled it out of a cracker. But at least it showed they were engaged. Properly engaged. Oh, and so touchingly attached to each other . . . How that young man had spoken . . . How he looked at the girl . . . How she flew out at anybody who seemed to find fault with him! They were what Lady Wilcox thought it must have been to have been "really" engaged . . . But this, all the same, was special pleading, making excuses. Mustn't allow oneself to weaken . . . .

"I'LL find another job," the girl was promising earnestly, heedless of Trav's muttered: "will you." (For Carmen was now undergoing a reaction. Having swung so far to the side of unscrupulousness she was now swinging back with a vehemence not unknown among stranger characters, even among the saints and martyrs.) "I'll save up until I pay every penny of that fifty myself. I see you don't think I ought to have let him advance it."

Lady Wilcox thought of how her own granddaughter had laughed merrily over "The Aphorisms of an Ancestress"—one of those being that no decently-educated, right-minded gentlewoman would, even to pay a debt of honor, borrow a shilling from a man—even the man to whom she was engaged. Lady Wilcox had pretended not to hear Billie's quite shocking retort that it is seldom the gentlewoman gets a shilling paid back by the man who's borrowed from her and that the only time a girl is safe in lending a man money is when she wishes to choke off his attentions, and never to see him again; even then she has to pick her man!—Terrible nonsense Billy talked sometimes. One could only hope she did not mean a word of it. But this other, this thieving girl, however wicked she'd been, did seem to keep a grasp on fundamentals. (Besides understanding that Lady Wilcox understood, which showed she was intelligent.)

Frankly Carmen owned up: "At the present moment all I have in this world is three pounds thirteen shillings and eightpence, and even that is only what is left over from my getting the jack-pot in that fruit-machine."

"What, pray, is a jack-pot? And a fruit-machine?"

"Asking questions like a judge now!" thought Travers . . . Who is Greta Garbo? . . . What is a Martini? . . . But smoothly he went on to give a short explanation of the workings of a fruit-machine.

"But isn't that gambling?"

"In a sense I suppose it is," agreed Travers—And here from beyond the drawing-room door there was to be heard a subdued commotion as though several people were falling upstairs in fits of laughter ("What have we here?" thought Trav. "Who's this?" thought Carmen, dismayed.)

"Gambling," objected Lady Wilcox majestically pretending to hear nothing, "never yet brought a blessing."

"I blessed it!" protested Carmen, lifting her little black head with her first spurt of defiance.

"By Jove, so did I," Trav backed her up with a sudden smile. Ah, memory of that moon-lit hour when the chloroform-steward poured out champagne for two lovers already dizzy from a more potent draught! That was the evening!

"Personal feelings," decreed Lady Wilcox as much to herself as to her visitors, raising her voice a little as the noise outside grew louder, seemed to be just outside the door, "do not alter the wrong in gambling . . ."

The door had flown open. A laughing feminine voice exclaimed: "That's all right, Parker, you needn't announce us . . ." and in crowded the interruption.

They came in, all these people, like the bursting of a paper bag.

Literally, as if one of those bags had broken the tension of that room seemed to go phut. The emotional situation, the heightened mood shared by Travers, Carmen, and Lady Wilcox was cut through by a laughing babble.

"Good evening, Ancestress!— Gran, darling, how are you? On cracking good form? Thought we'd look in before— We've just come on from the dinner to pick up telephone messages and collect my latch-key and the invitation-card I mislaid before we go on to the—Brought Billy's latest for you to give the once-over to— Oh! Gran's got a party herself——"

Carmen, as if this babble had blown her backwards, drew back into the shadow of a tall, embroidered screen. She saw that though they sounded such a mob they were actually only three men and a lady. More Wilcoxes, she supposed. "The Wilcoxes," who, all unconsciously, had played such a part in her love story before ever she saw them.

The lady who had entered so lively and laughing made a pounce of recognition at Trav. "Why! Haven't I met you? Surely this is—Yes! My pearls! The superb sleuth who got them! It's Mr. Travers! Oh, we'll take you along with us!"

THE lady, Carmen noticed, wore the latest white fur wrap and the latest hair-do of flattened, circular russet whirls. Still, she did not look modern. Two of the men were in evening dress; one, quite young, had on a dinner-jacket. The older one, who was lean and tall, was in tails. The third, also lean and tall, wore tweeds that might have been built of loofahs and a loud mustard-and-tobacco tie under a chin like Mr. Jack Hulbert's.

"Is he supposed to be attractive?" marvelled little Carmen. But old Lady Wilcox, looking up at him, exclaimed: "Bertie" while her face altered in a surprising manner (which never surprised any of her family), while her voice became the voice of a woman of any age addressing the apple of her eye.

He and his brother and sister, as they talked, made and recognised introductions, laughed, perched on the embroidered fender stool, squatted on the big bearskin hearthrug, spread over this sedate Victorian

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room a light top-dressing of Edwardian whoopee. No matter how livewire they remained, no matter what subsequent slang they adopted, what attitudes and clothes they chose to wear, the Wilcoxes could not be called young people except by their grandmother—who, by the way, had not yet got a word in edgeways.

"And, Gran! this is my boy-friend Teddy Wheeler; you know about him. Everybody knows him." (Smiling disclaimer from the short, modest, natural-looking youth in the dinner-jacket.) "Oh, but he's a desperate celebrity! You must have seen him all over London on dozens of films!"

"Doesn't look nearly as like a film-actor as Juan Osorio does. Much more like one of the ship's officers," noted Carmen swiftly. "Why, I believe he was the young sailor in 'Smith on Decision.' One thing, I suppose they won't talk family or private matters before him. Anyhow, Lady Wilcox won't want to charge me, now? Anyhow, Trav's here. Incredible to think I could care more for Trav than I did on board the boat. Yet I'm doing it. Is it Sunday schoolish to believe he'll be able to care more for me now, more than he ever would have, until I owned up. What, what's going to happen next, though?" She wiggled her toes inside the short, vamped satin shoes that made her feet more than ever Spanish, and remembered the Cambridge professor's appeal to the visiting undergraduates—Miss you stay? Can't you go? "Will Trav be able to make a move——?"

But Miss Wilcox with her finger in her pearls was gaily monopolising Trav and Teddy Wheeler at the same time. It was the Wilcox in tails who made the move. He let himself down close to Carmen, to ask blandly if he hadn't had the pleasure of seeing her on the stage?—Not really?—He could have sworn he'd seen her on, in that new Spanish ballet? Extraordinary likeness, then, to that very beautiful girl in the bright green shawl and the comb as high as the Eiffel Tower—What, she hadn't been to that show? Something must be done about that, didn't Carmen agree?—Carmen was thinking, "Help. Is this the man Trav was jealous of? None of them are fit to walk on the same planet as Trav."

AGAIN she saw her lover begging it down the sun-scorched quay at Tigo with those folds of scarlet and white silk swinging over his arm. Again she saw him sitting opposite to her at a little table for two, as at to-night's dinner. She heard him say: "After to-night, what looms before us is all this flat-hunting business. Fussy about bathrooms, aren't you?" Then his laugh, mischievous, caressing. She seemed to go off into a little trance of rapture at the mere echo of his voice in her heart. She came back to hear his actual voice in her ears saying: "My fiancee . . . Miss Allen."

"His fiancee? What a blow," declaimed Miss Wilcox. "I'd flattered myself he'd come for me!" But she turned a cordial smile as well as a flash of the monocle towards the pretty young girl in black on whom Maurice, it seemed, was training all his guns. "I was panting for Mr. Travers for my party for the All Aryan Ball. (Can't you see the All-Aryans-I-don't-thing? Still! What would any committee do without their financial sense and brains?) at Grosvenor House, on the ninth. But what use is an engaged man?—What, Gran?"

Lady Wilcox, clearing her throat, and jolting up her head, wished to explain that her family could not be grateful enough to Mr. Travers.

"Oh, I know! For finding my pearls. Never been out of the family, and all that. Sorry I said he was no use! I only meant engaged men are no more good to anybody else, ever," sparkled Miss Billy Wilcox with Naughty 'Nineties archness. "But it was nice of him to bring Miss Allen, so that we know the worst. And so easy to look at, anyhow!" Frankly, admiringly, she looked across at Carmen, and there was no malice in her envy as she thought: "With those eyes and that adorable figure I'd have the entire masculine world round me, and this child doesn't want anybody except this one dark horse of a fair-haired detective who can move like music; doesn't even seem to be going to play Maurice off against him? Wasted on her." "I do hope you're going to get turned off, I mean, married, quite soon? You are? And to live in London? Good! I must throw a party for you. Newly-marrieds are always more amusing than engageds; can't think why that is, can you?"

"BILLY." Their hostess had raised a little hand with a gesture that might have wielded a sceptre while the other hand held an orb. "Please."

"Gran, I grovel. Pray, silence, for Lady Wilcox."

"I was about to tell you all that Mr. Travers has recovered—not only Billy's pearl string, but my lost note-case."

"What?"

Carmen thought: "Now for it. Again. Before all of them? The whole story?"

Babble: "The purple note-case with the fifty quid?—And the money? Good work, Travers—Oh, excellent, indeed. The fact is, our family will have to retain him; champion losers as we are!—What had happened to Gran's case?"

Lady Wilcox's glance, even as Carmen opened her lips, forbade her to speak. Lady Wilcox's own tone was as clear as an icicle.

"The case had slipped from my bag and dropped in the street close to this house. It must have been picked up very shortly afterwards. That was the night I drove down to stay at Bertie's and let the maids have the evening out. I had got out of the car at that newsagent's at the corner to—to—to settle a little account there."

"But that was—what? Three weeks? A month ago?"

"They would ask that," thought Carmen, and caught her little black velvet coat about her.

"So how was it, Gran, that you've only just heard about it?"

Trav thought: "This is an awkward one."

Without a break Lady Wilcox replied: "Because the finder went abroad immediately afterwards and has only just returned, communicated with the police, and had the case brought back."

"And here it is; skin that heaven's forgiven you," put in Bertram Wilcox pleasantly, picking that purple case up from the low table with the pink-shaded lamp and the novel at his grandmother's elbow. "You know, Travers, my grandmother refused to put an advertisement in the agony column or even go to the police. Oh, she got a positive thing about it. Wanted to be like Mr. Balteena and offer it up for a mortification. Yes, you did say, Gran darling, that you looked upon losing it as a judgment on you for your wickedness about gambling!"

Wickedness. About gambling? Never would Carmen learn to assume the impersonal mask which was still well down over the features of Travers. Before she could pull herself together the Sunshine-Stealer's big fringy eyes ate up inches of her small face, turned in amazement upon her lately so-severe judge.

Pink color, a most becoming pink, transformed the face of Lady Wilcox. Decades younger it was under its fine network of wrinkles. That blush showed immediately what that aged lady might have looked like as a young woman caught out in some egregious folly.

"Wasn't it you we heard preaching against gambling just as we came in, too? You, of all the wicked little punters."

"Bertie! I disapprove—I will not have this racing jargon. And I think you sometimes let your high spirits run away with you, forgetful of my feelings."

"Never, darling," said Bertie coaxingly. He, who had moved to take up the traditional sultan of the hearth-rug attitude with his back to his grandfather's portrait on the mantelpiece, moved back to sit on the arm of her chair to throw a tweeded arm about those straight old shoulders; to catch one of her hands in his. Her frown was a confession. At that moment she disapproved of nothing. She had been thawed, softened, melted by at least four things: by this living love story of the two young people before her eyes; by finding herself in the position to forgive one of them; by having been carried back for a moment into the past, and now by the presence of this cajoling Bertie. "You haven't the heart to keep Mr. Travers out of this joke, either," Bertie told her. "Dash it, you owe it to him as a reward, to tell him where that fifty pounds came from!"

"LORD, I'd give something to hear that story," thought Trav, pricking up his ears, and without seeming to do so, darting a look at Carmen. "But if it means that she's been caught out having some sort of flutter, this sweet little old humbug will never utter."

"No! Dash it," interposed Maurice Wilcox indulgently. "Gran can't be made to give herself away like this!"

"I'm always telling stories against myself though," complained Miss Wilcox. "Nobody makes Gran!"

"Because nobody could." Here Bertram Wilcox took the fragile, pretty old hand in his and laid it against his cheek with a gesture which was perhaps practised but none the less effectual. Lady Wilcox's face, still pinkly flushed, quivered into a smile and Carmen saw among those delicate wrinkles a little whirligig which must have been the headquarters of a dimple. She shook her head, but the favorite grandson persisted. "Nobody could make Gran do anything, but she'll tell that story all on her own. Oh, yes, she will. Just because she's such an absolute little sport."

Whereat through those glass spectacles the dim, love-in-the-mist blue eyes showed a sparkle that transformed Lady Wilcox back into a romantic little miss of the sixties, thrilled by a flattering compliment. Bertie, her pride and delight; Bertie, who looked, who spoke so poignantly like his long-dead great-uncle called his grandmother a little sport? Lady Wilcox was of the generation which could live up to practically any ideal demanded of it by its beloved menfolk; could fling itself into any breach—on those lines.

"Very well——"

"Cheers!"

"If you don't interrupt or fidget it may be a lesson to you all to hear what happened."

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said she with the delicious severity of thirty years ago. "We all have weaknesses to fight against. My grandson, Miss Allen" (she touched Bertie Wilcox's harshly-tweeded knee) "runs, against every wish of mine, a racing stable. Not only that. Many racing stable-owners, jockeys, and horse-breeders refuse to bet. He is deeply involved in betting."

BILLY WILCOX giggled towards the young film actor, but was frowned down by her ancestress. Useless for me to say how strongly I disapprove. He had the assurance to tell me that a woman like myself could not enter into the thrill of the sporting chance. As if I could not understand! Deplorable as it is, and likely to put temptation in the way of countless people, people we've never heard of in our lives, racing, or betting, or gaming, or any sort of gamble has an enormous power. As if I did not know!" Here she glanced at Carmen as though defying her to think that she, Amelia Caroline Wilcox, had not forgotten more about thrills than any of these younger women had ever experienced. Yes, even if she hadn't known what a jack-pot was. "It's a power we have to be on our guard against. But my grandson maintained that I'd no right to any opinion because I'd never had a shilling on anything myself. 'You're afraid to try! You wouldn't let me put five shillings for you on this year's Derby,' said he. And I wouldn't. Not the Derby. But—but—there was that Selling Plate, with his own horse, Her Ladyship, running in it. I would have backed Her Ladyship anytime. A beautiful creature—I mean, I wasn't going to let my grandson go on saying silly, disrespectful things about my speaking in ignorance. I meant to experience everything. I wrote on pieces of paper the names of all the horses running, folded the papers and put them into a bandbox——"

"Exquisite Gran! Did you draw them out, just like secret drinking, when you were by yourself?"

"I did not, Wilhelmina. I did worse," confessed Lady Wilcox in the tone of a slightly showing-off penitent at a revivalist meeting. Perhaps she would be sorry for this impulse to-morrow, but to-night she was still melted, softened, and stimulated. "I even dragged Rufus into it."

"That innocent cho-ild?"

"I said I was ashamed of myself. Rufus is my great-grandson," she explained to Carmen, to Trav, and to the modestly listening naval-looking young actor. "He's only three. I made him put his stubby little fingers into the bandbox——"

"Dashed good theatre, wasn't it?" murmured Maurice Wilcox confidentially to Carmen, who never even heard him. "The head of the family misleading her youngest descendant."

"I said: 'Now, my darling. Draw out for Granny the name of the horse that will win this race——'"

"And young Rufus drew it?"

"Hold your tongue, Maurice. He did not, as it happened," said Lady Wilcox, and flicked at him with a cherry blossom scented handkerchief. "Rufus drew Nonconformist Conscience. But my fancy was Her Ladyship, and I determined to back her, and I did. At ten to one."

"Who's your bookie, darling?"

"I don't know what you mean, Billy. Perhaps rather indiscreetly, I let that little man at the newsagent's tell me what to do. Well, Her Ladyship won, and I paid fifty pounds at once into my bank. But I drew it out again at once. I didn't feel I wanted it to stay there with real money. Oh, already, I knew it wasn't right. Lightly come, lightly go, I thought. And the sooner it was squandered and spent, the better. Presents, perhaps. Charities. Subscriptions. I just stuffed the notes into the purple wallet. When I found I'd dropped it I knew that my ever having had it was indefensible. Those winnings brought me more—more anxiety than you know."

Her voice shook, but she would neither mention nor forget those anguished hours when she had suspected of theft her best beloved, nor yet that afternoon at Ascot when Bertie had exclaimed: "Thought I took it? Good Lord! My own grandmother!" "As I told you, Miss Allen, there was no blessing on that money! Otherwise, why should I have dropped it in the street?"

"Why," sighed Miss Wilcox histrionically, "does one go on dropping and losing one's things? Must be some lack of blessing about me."

"That," concluded Lady Wilcox, "was why I refused to take any steps about my loss."

"And now it's high time we took some steps," said Bertie Wilcox, rising from the arm of her chair. Loudly horsey he might be, and an incorrigible tease; but he was the first to recognise that the little ancestress was just beginning to droop with the fatigue of this invasion, the late hour, the excitement of recovering her property, and all the talk.

"Any use ringing for drinks, Granny, to have a cup of kindness before we go?"

And while Bertie Wilcox turned to the bell, his grandmother (who had obviously forgotten her recent indignation at the mere mention of sherry) rose and took a step towards Carmen and Travers. They were on their feet.

With her back to Maurice and Billy, now gabbling over the cigarette-box to their young friend (who remained as silent as any of those old-time films in which he was too young to have acted), Lady Wilcox stood straight as a miniature grenadier holding that case out to Carmen. "Take it, child," she said quickly, and, sotto voce, "I wish you to look upon this money as the reward for finding the case."

Trav lifted his smooth, blond head. For a second even his expression altered.

But Carmen, being a woman, was quicker to pick up the completely inconsistent, the utterly absurd attitude of little Lady Wilcox, brought up, on cast-iron principles, to a life which had been one long denial of the first principle of all ("Love one another").

CARMEN'S eyes of seapool green met those faded blue eyes of a woman who at one time could have loved a man even as Carmen loved Jim Travers. Dead these fifty years was Captain Bertram Wilcox of the Ninth Royal Fusiliers, who might have made all the difference. Carmen would never know that. She knew, though, that the dim blue eyes bored into her own as though to convey some message. What, what was it—? Do the right thing, girl. Say the right thing and take away from me this burden of responsibility. She picked up that message, did Carmen. If you think that her next move was over-theatrical, will you remember that Lieutenant Juan Osorio (now starring it in Cadiz, having his heart mended by an appreciative Spanish, feminine audience) was Carmen's own first cousin? In the veins of the future Mrs. Jim Travers ran a good deal of the same blood that ran in Juan's. It is a wonder, and may be put to her credit, that she was not, far more often, far more melodramatic!

Now, in one small hand (the hand with that blatant glass ruby ring) she took the case with the one ten-pound note and the forty pound notes—the case she had picked up from the muddy pavement of her slum, that she had worn next to her skin at the Smithsons' party, had slept with under her pillow! the much-travelled case that had so nearly fallen into the churning grey waters of the bay, that had voyaged with her to fragrant Africa, to sunny Spain, and was now here again back at last where it belonged. "Thank you so much, Lady Wilcox. I accept," said the Sunshine-Stealer, softly, but instantly she changed the case into the other, the ringless hand which she held out. "Will you please let me give you this back—as conscience-money?"

Lady Wilcox took it, while Carmen's luminous green gaze asked "Was that right?" and "Yes" said the blue, faded, smiling glance.

"Thank you, my dear." Then the soft, imperious old voice was raised as Lady Wilcox turned.

"Bertie, I want you to know that this fifty pounds will be my year's subscription to the Blind Babies' Sunshine Home."

"THEN honor is satisfied," said Bertie Wilcox on a tone of finality. He intended to roar everybody off in his car in less than five minutes. "Ha! Here comes the old familiar juice."

It was borne on the huge silver tray, engraved with signatures of the many forgotten associates and friends who had made this present to Sir Anthony Wilcox on his retirement from public life. The new parlormaid set it down on a side table. Followed the homely ritual of: "What for you—" "Thank you, I never touch anything, ha, ha." "Just a very little gin——" "When! When!" Siphons squirted. Ice tinkled. A current of warm, human sympathy flowed through that room mellowed by the touch of an outlived past. "Well! Here's extraordinarily good luck to the young couple. All the best. Cheers."

Across the abyss of years and circumstances an ancient Victorian survival looked wistfully above the rim of her glass at to-day's lovers. "If I had married Bertram," thought she, "he would have taken care of me as this delightful Mr. Travers will take care of this young girl. Oh, I feel certain they are going to be wonderfully happy." Diamonds flashed on her fingers as she raised her glass and, daringly, quoted her grandson's phrase: "Happy days!"

"I—I can't—thank you," said the bride-to-be, shyly, ardently, grateful. (The irrelevant thought flashed by her, "Imagine I, I were engaged to Mr. Yorke!"—"The same to you. Happy days, Trav!"

What images, both for Carmen and for Jim Travers, were called up by that wish.

Blue skies! Sapphire-blue sea, laced by swishing foam. A little blue, black-headed swallow clinging to the rigging of a big white liner on whose warm decks a crowd of holiday-makers basked or played games or made love in the golden radiance.

Softly Travers added to his love: "Happy days, dear——"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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